Lily

FLY FISHING MAGAZINE

FISHER

...LISH PRIDE ...N

...ve heard of t... possess its ...ebounds. Man enjoys ch... ...rods, reels and ...world of fly fishing. As t... ...of friends.

O... FUTURE

2/7/93

Lily-san:
The VHC sight
reading I gave you,
Friday was 4.0
On close transition,
the story is un-
changed. This is
what Ken Tsuru saki
said - up close -
Didn't do Lawson.
Cal

特集 原点への紀行 アトランティック・サーモン
SWEDEN SCOTLAND ICELAND NORWAY
実況中継 岩井渓一郎が語る初夏の小坂川
エキスパート・フライドレッシング 第2回 西山 徹
フィールドマップ ...
フライの構造を考... 第2回 ボディに求められる機能
...

FLY FISHING MAGAZINE
...Price...

FLY FISHING MAGAZINE

FLY FISHER

PUBL… WITH PRIDE…

This is an invitation… possess its (beautiful) rivers, lakes a… rods, reels and flies… of friends.
…e world of fly fishing. As t…

WE L… O… FUTURE

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フライの構造を考… 第2回 …

…

FLY FISHING MAGAZINE

…

Simms

イエローストーンの鱒釣り師

MASTER FLYFISHERS IN THE BIGSKY COUNTRY

撮影　津留崎健
文　樽見元雄

ドアを開けて一歩店内へ入ると、いたいた。とてつもない大きな体がフライケースの向こうでのそのそと動いている。や、しばらくぶりか？　といった、相変わらず愛想のない握手。手が潰れるのではないかと思ってしまうほどの握手、それは何年たっても少しも変わらない。初対面の時は、大男特有のくぐもった声のために、言っていることの半分もよく聞き取れなかったのだが、十数年付き合ってくるうちには、話しぶり、立ち居振る舞い、すべてが大男特有のことに受け取れるようになった。ただ、髪の毛に白いものがだいぶ混じってきたこの男が、ヘンリーズフォークにその人ありと言われてきたマイク・ローソンなのだ。マイクとヘンリーズフォークの付き合いは、もう30年以上になるという。マイクの店『ヘンリーズフォークアングラーズ』は、ラストチャンスと呼ばれている、ヘンリーズフォーク沿いにある。目の前が、絶好のフライフィッシング・スポットになっている。ここから南へ車で30分ほどのサン・アンソニーで生まれたマイクは、子供の頃からジャガイモを運ぶ貨車に便乗し、この場所へマス釣りに通ったという、根っからのアイダホポテトなのだ。

MIKE LAWSON

素朴だが、付き合うほどにわかる人柄の温かさ、深さが多くの釣り人を魅きつけている。シーズンには、多くのフライフィッシャーがマイクに会いにアメリカ中からこのラストチャンスへやってくる。

また、著名なフライフィッシャーがヘンリーズフォークについて書くとき、マイクの助言と協力が必要不可欠になっているようだ。メル・クリーガー、ゲーリー・ラフォンテーン、ランドール・カウフマン、フレッド・アルボーナ、レネ・ハロップ……などなど。マイクは、これら多くの釣り人たちと協力して、フライフィッシングの普及にシーズンオフは全米を飛び回るという、根っからのフライフィッシング狂である。

マイクは、1946年生まれの46歳。温かい家庭生活を大事にする一方で、ヘンリーズフォークに生涯を賭ける。

日本の団塊の世代からみると、実にうらやましい人生を送っているアイダホの中年男なのだ。

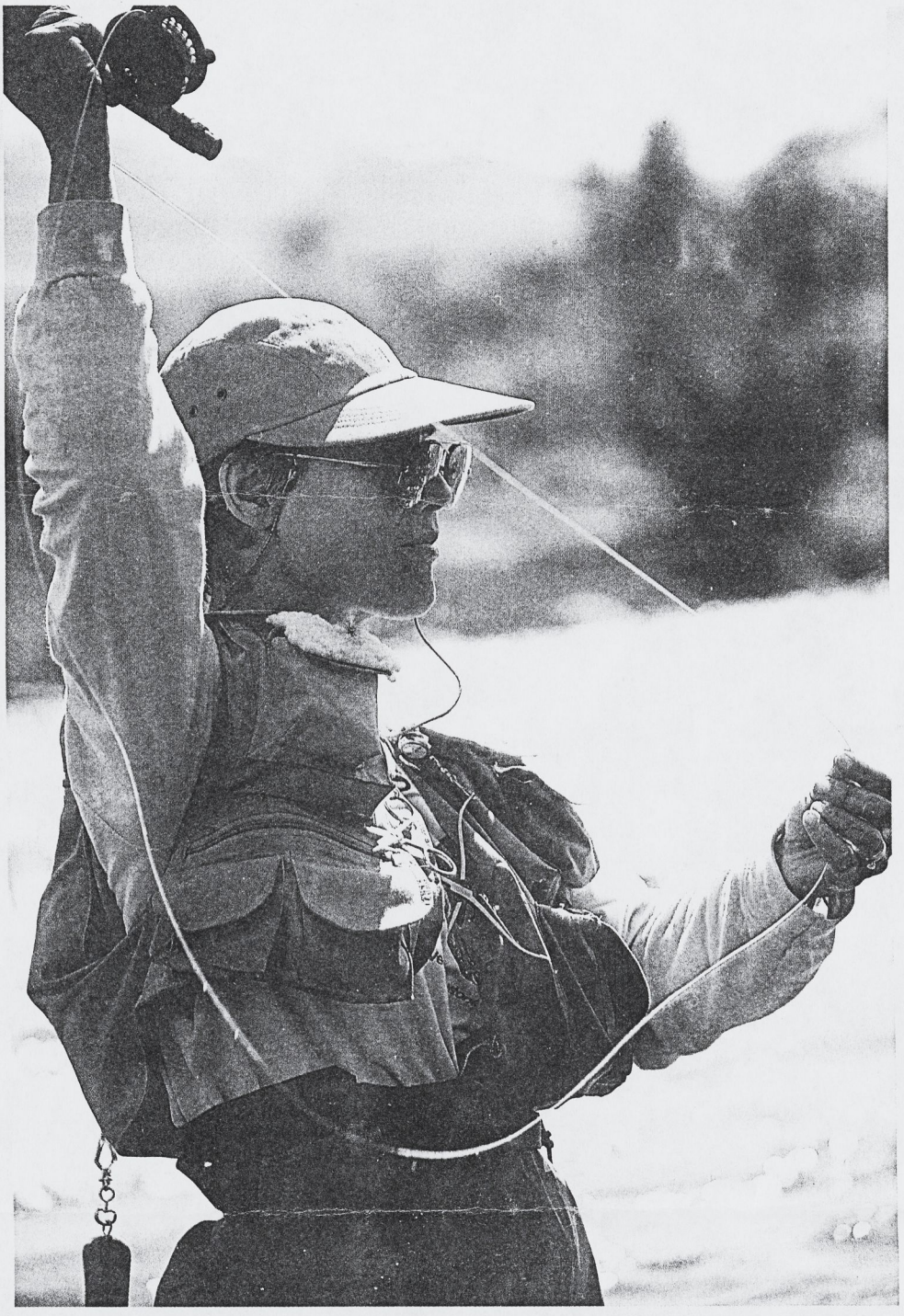
10月のよく晴れた日、ジムに誘われて、マディソン川へ釣りに出掛けた。前日までの雨が嘘のような気持ちのよい日、奥さんのアンも一緒だ。

ジムは、ウエスト・イエローストーンの町で『バッド・リリーズ　トラウトショップ』を経営している。初めてジムに会ったのは5年前、彼がバッド・リリーの店を受け継いで経営を始めた頃だった。当時は、バッド・リリーがつくりあげた店の雰囲気が変わってしまうのではと思ったりしたが、ジムとアンの人柄がそんな心配を吹き飛ばしてくれた。以前より、さらに気軽に入れる親しみやすい店にしてくれた。

この夫婦、当たり前といえば当たり前なのだが、本当に仲がいい。客をいつも温かい心持ちにしてくれる。

誠実さが滲み出てくるようなジム端々、女性らしい細かい気配りでい

をやいてくれるアン。商売繁盛なのジムの店は大きく分けると、フライング・タックル全般、アウトドア・



ワイルドライフなどの絵画を展示してあるギャラリーという構成になっていて、釣り関係はジム、衣類はアンが、と役割が決められて

ANN CRINER

いる。

ジムにはもうひとつの顔がある。アメリカン・フットボールのコーチとしても有能で、シーズンオフには、遠くはカリフォルニアのカレッジチームのコーチに請われるほどだ。52歳という年齢に似合わず、巨漢ながらひきしまった体軀はジムが現役時代、スタープレイヤーだったことをしのばせる。昨年は、サクラメントのサージズを率いてワールドボール・シリーズで優勝するなど、その方面での活躍も素晴らしい。

マディソン川でのジムとアンとの釣りは楽しかった。バンク際のライズをねらうアンにピタリと付いて世話をやくジム。アンの思ったとおりにいかないプレゼンテーションに、ジムが何か冗談でも言ったのだろう、2人は大笑いをしている。イエローストーンの早い冬を迎える直前なのに、本当に暖かい1日だった。

ウエストイエローストーンは、その名が示すとおり、イエローストーン国立公園の西入口にある小さな町だ。

その町の中心に、『ラウンドアップ　スーパーマーケット』という店があり、数年前までは日本人が買い物をしていると後ろから、「あなたは日本人ですか？　どこから来ましたか？」という日本語がよく聞こえてきた。声の主は、そのマーケットのオーナーのカルヴィン・ダンバー、通称キャルだった。だったというのは、現在は引退しフライフィッシングや造園などの悠々自適の生活を送っているからだ。

キャルは、太平洋戦争の後、進駐軍の通訳として来日。当時の駐留軍と日本政府との間の通訳として日本の戦後復興に協力してくれた、大の親日家である。

マーケット在職中は、暇さえあれば愛用のスバルを駆って仕事を終えると川へ直行、時間を忘れて釣りをしていた。長い間、私たち日本人フライフィッシャーと話す以外日本語から離れているため、ときどき変わった言い回しをすることもあるが、それでも私たちが

CALVIN W. DUNBAR

話す英語よりも格段に上手な日本語を今でも話す。

奥さんのジャンは、町の学校の国語の先生。子供たちも成人し、今、キャルは天下晴れて釣りを楽しんでいる。

驚くのは67歳という年齢なのに、日本人がしり込みするような流れでもどんどんウエーディングしていくことだ。

普段の節制の賜物なのか、ただ単に体力の違いなのか、とにかく元気なお年寄りに違いない。

キャルは、3年前にひょっこり来日した。聞けば、戦争中に入手した日本刀の持ち主の家族が判明し、それを届けに来たとのこと。熊本県まで刀を届けに行き、大歓迎され、新聞にも大きく報道された。届けられた家族も嬉しかっただろうが、何よりもキャルが、戦争という極限状態を乗り越えて、その刀を返せたということをとても喜んでいたことに、感激した。

ウエストイエローストーンにあって、いつまでも元気にフライフィッシングを続けて欲しい。

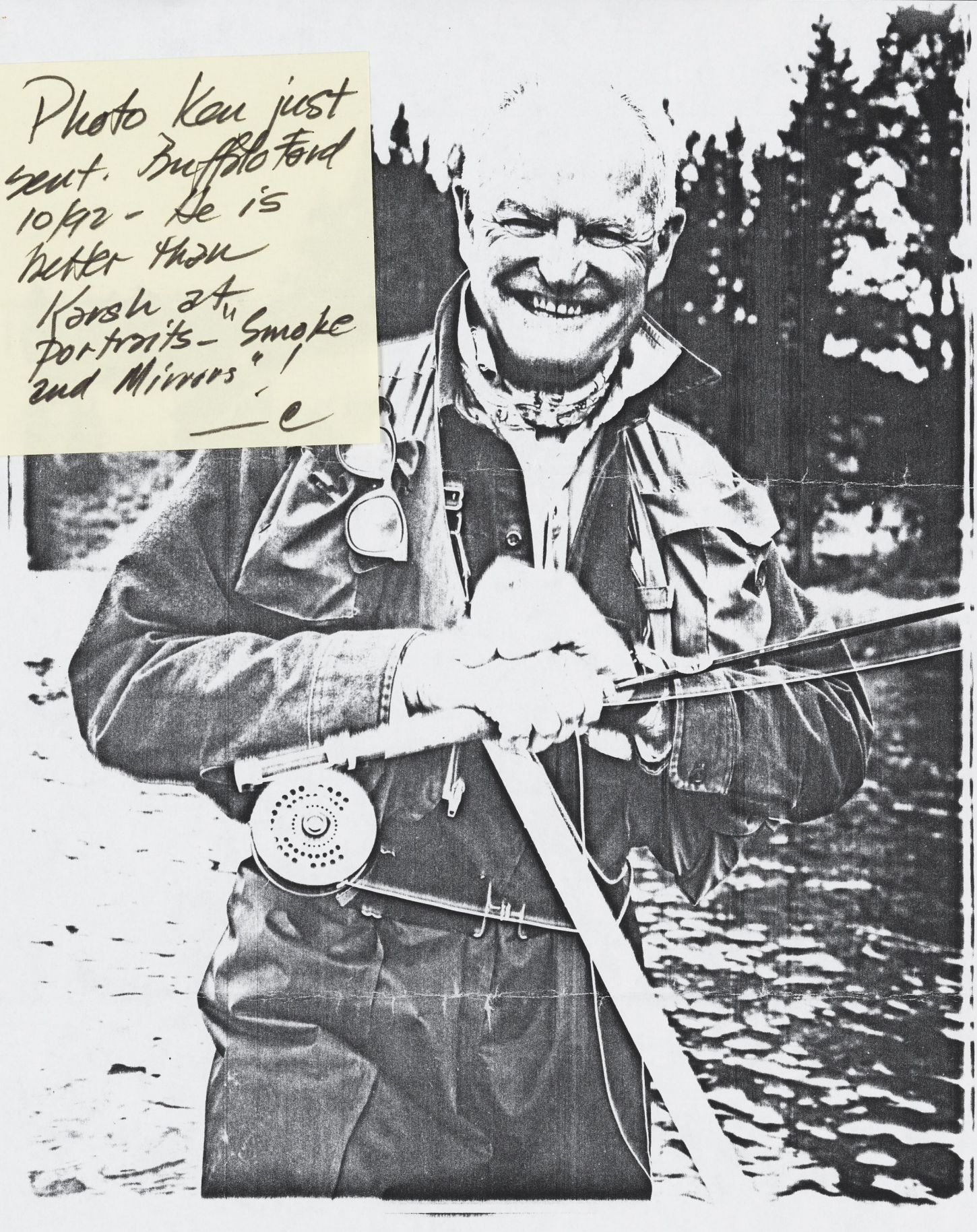


Photo Ken just sent. Buffalo Ford 10/92 - He is better than Karsh at "Smoke and Mirrors" portraits -

— e

Ken.

Ken Tsurusaki

#103, 5-37-8, Matsubara,
Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 156 Japan
Tel & Fax: 3321-7955

January 29, 1993

Dear Mr. Dunbar:

Much time has passed since I had the pleasure of meeting you.
During this time, many things have occurred.

Enclosed are the picture which I took you last year. I have to apologize for being late to send this picture.

I remember that day so clearly, it was beautiful day wasn't it.

I hope to see you again somewhere in the beautiful RIVER !!

Good luck on your Fishing Life!!

P.S. If you have a chance to come to Tokyo, please call me.

Sincerely,

Ken Tsurusaki

Sunday 8/6/06 - 530 pm

Bud:

Good conversation.
We are lucky we made it.
I even got a free season pass to Big Sky this year. They did not say so but the reason I made so +.

Here are the vignettes I wrote for the future family. Jon has been on me to do this. I here covered from Day One 7 July 43 until 6 May 46 in OSME plus some postwar stuff (Guard, trip to Japan with Louis Robinson, reflections. etc.)

Chronologically then:
1- Imoutai comfort troop girl - 2145 Guam
2- Interrogation of Rota deserter Nomo. - 8/45 - Guam
3. - Surrender of Rota, M.I. - 8/45 - Aboard DE
4. — Surrender document, Rota. - 9/45
5 - Asan Point Ambush, Guam - 12/45
6 - Epiloque " " " "
7 - Abe, of Pearl Harbor, in recent times - 12/04

Best,

Cal

Ps. You are undoubtedly right about temperature in Rotterdam on West Hagen galpering. Everything else is copacetic.

The Imontai ("Comfort Troops")

Since the end of World War II much has been said of the Japanese military practice of utilizing military prostitutes in the field for their armed forces. This was a highly organized system involving a far-flung network of brothels placed in the field to service the forces in each area. Usually these women were non-Japanese from occupied territories or peasants from the subjugated populations of the poorer sections of the Japanese islands, such as Okinawa. Imon means comfort and tai means unit or troop.

The Chinese government has a museum in Nanjing (old Nanking) where the "Rape of Nanking" in 1937 by the occupying Japanese forces killed some 300,000 civilian people in six weeks. Some 20,000 of them were raped outright with the survivors sent to the imontai (Figures from the Chinese government travel guide.) The English translation of the caption on the memorial wall reads: "We must be on guard against any attempt to distort the history of Japanese aggression or to mollify aggressive war by the forces of Japan". The subsequent Japanese governments have dismissed the Nanking matter as a "minor incident". Recently they have also downplayed the efforts of South Korea to have compensation for their women forced into the comfort troops in WWII. In short, the official Japanese position has been merely to make certain apologies but nothing substantive further that I am aware of.

I had limited experience with such comfort troop women who surrendered among the Japanese military stragglers on Guam. It is pertinent that I record these experiences for the future.

As I understand the system, there were two types of imontai. The first was the "voluntary" type who were simply bonded or indentured into prostitution by themselves or their poverty-stricken families to a factor representing the military. They were organized and supervised by brothel operators. They were apparently told they would be free to go when they had earned back their bond. Their monthly periods made them physically unable to perform during that time; however the expenses for their keep continued. Consequently they were always falling behind in their repayment, a hopeless situation.

The second type was the woman impressed into the brothel system from occupied areas. This sex slave had little recourse from a ruthless military. I presume these were the majority, from China, Manchuria, Korea and eventually most of the area of Southeast Asia. The Japanese blithely felt that any non-Japanese under their control was fair game.

The ones I saw on Guam were both Okinawan, probably of the first type from poor rural families. They were strictly peasants, short in stature, maybe five feet tall and not attractive, but female.

The first I saw was a girl who came in with a group of some twenty Japanese stragglers from the jungle in February of 1945. This party had been stragglers in the boondocks since the US invasion in July of 1944, a period of over six months. This girl was demure, not coarse, obedient and in apparent good health. Guam had a prolific supply of wild natural vegetative foods and fresh water so that it was easy to live off of the land for extended periods if one became adept at foraging. I did not personally talk with her but merely saw her briefly as she lined up with the incoming party before they entered the stockade. I saw her later talking with other interpreters. She was transferred from our stockade in a day or so, whither I never learned. Also, I never heard just what relationship these women had with the men with whom they shared the jungle existence for months. We never got into that aspect.

The second imontai I encountered was one with whom I had much more personal contact. This girl came in with another group of about twenty Japanese stragglers in April 1945, two months after the first group. That afternooon she was given immediately our standard procedure for processing incoming POWs: her dirty clothes were taken and burned, her head was clipped to the skin to rid her of the lice all stragglers bore after months in the boondocks. This was standard procedure. Then she was made to bathe, after which the resident naval commander doctor gave her a physical exam to see if she bore any infectious diseases, had any wounds and was in fact healthy. She had none and was healthy. After a meal she was isolated in a stockade hut away from the other male POW population close by the gate where the MPs stood guard.

Later that afternoon I was summoned to the colonel's office at our headquarters a quarter of a mile away. In his quonset hut office Colonel Stent instructed me to escort her next day on the

morning naval transport plane to Tinian Island, 100 miles to the north in the Marianas Chain. There they had a large civilian population of Japanese civilian agricultural workers incarcerated in a camp. There she would be amid other women and children. The colonel wanted her out of our Guam camp with only male military prisoners as she was both a distraction and a possible attack risk.

I was to carry my pistol to protect her, to arrive at the Agana airport just in time to load the plane and fly her to Tinian to turn her over to the camp authorities there. The colonel did not want her waiting in the airport lobby to be ogled by the transient troops. At Tinian I was to be met by a chauffered jeep to take us to the destination camp.

I returned to the Guam stockade where our language office was located. It was then late afternoon. I met with her in the isolation hut. I assured her that she was safe as the nearby MPs were watchful over her, and that we were to fly in the morning to Tinian where she would associate with other women and children. She was wearing the GI khakis given each POW and had a handkerchief over her shaven head, babushka-style. She looked at me soberly and said: "Komban asobi ni kite kudasai". (Tonight please come and play). I told her that that was impossible. That the US military was far different from the Japanese and did not tolerate that sort of conduct. I had worked long and hard to bcome a corporal and I would be immmediately demoted for such unseemly conduct with a POW in my custody. Nothing personal. (She was a rural Okinawan peasant, about twenty-three years or so of age, blocky stature, olive skin and not particularly attractive facial features). I felt that she was making an effort to ingratiate herself with her captors using the only asset she had available and had always used as currency - her body. She smiled that she understood and I left.

The next morning about eight I escorted her to our waiting stockade jeep and we went to the Agana airport. We were a little ahead of schedule so we waited outside in the jeep a bit and then entered the airport lobby. Okinawa was then under US assault so the airport was filled with our troops in transit. I went to the counter where the attendant had been briefed by our colone.l He quickly put us aboard the DC-3.

There were some dozen passengers who boarded after us, mostly naval officers. I had her sit in one of the bucket seats along the wall, on the parachute in the seat recess which served as a cushion. I tightened her safety belt, sat beside her and did likewise. She was sitting on my left. She placed her right hand tightly on my left leg just behind the knee. I asked her if she had ever flown before, to which she replied that she had not. Obviously she was scared. She never released her tight grip throughout the whole flight which took about an hour or so. I thought I would have a black-and-blue mark. Several of the officer passengers were very interested in just who this young lady was. I carefully explained it all.

The plane headed north but swung to the west to avoid passing directly over Rota Island - about thirty miles north of Guam. Rota had been bypassed because its hilly terrain and small seven by five mile size made it unsuitable for B-29 airfields. It had some 2500 or so naval and army troops still there and heavily armed. They would later surrender to us at war's end. (A surrender conference aboard a US destroyer at which I interpreted later that August effected the peaceful withdrawal of these forces. See my vignette on the Surrender of Rota). This bypassed garrison had effective anti-aircraft artillery which had shot down US fighter planes who ventured too close.

We landed at Tinian and were driven by jeep to the camp where I turned her over to the authorities. She seemed relieved to see the mass of women and children among the folk in this low-security stockade under civl affairs control. That night I had a cot at the USMC motor pool tent and went to the movie with a friendly NCO. The movie was "National Velvet", my introduction to the beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, then a mere child in her early teens. Mickey Rooney I knew from the pre-war Andy Hardy movie series. The next morning I flew back to Guam by the same plane.

That is the extent of my experience with the imontai. Two observations: one, they were to be pitied for their lot in life; two, they were not particularly attractive - apparently the Japanese military in the field were easily accommodated.

Cal Dunbar
West Yellowstone
13 January 2003

2.

HEADQUARTERS
ISLAND COMMAND, GUAM.

CONFIDENTIAL

PRELIMINARY POW INTERROGATION REPORT

NAME: NŌMA, Takashi. Rank: Private
AGE: 26 years.
NATIONALITY: Japanese.
UNIT: 3d Plt, KAWABATA Engr Co.
DUTY: Engineer.
REGISTRY: CHIBA-KEN, SAMBU-GUN, KATAKAI-MACHI, KOSEKI, MAIYA.
PLACE ENTERED SERVICE: TOKIO. TOBU 14.
DATE ENTERED SERVICE: 10 January 1942.

DETAILS OF CAPTURE:
LOCATION: At sea off ROTA.
DATE: 15 August 1945.
CAPT. UNIT: USS DE 701.

MILITARY ITINERARY:

DATE	ORGANIZATION	DUTY	LOCATION
10Jan42-Mar42	TOBU 14	Engineer	TOKYO
Mar42-23Feb44	MANSHU 970 - 1st Engr Regt	Engineer	SONGO, Manchuria.
23Feb44-23Mar44	Abd transport	In transit	FUSAN to TOKYO to GUAM to ROTA.

DATE ARRIVED ROTA: 23 March 1944.

ROTA ITINERARY:

The prisoner debarked at ROTA Village and proceeded to TARUKA on 23 March with the 3d Platoon. Here he was engaged in beach defense construction on the coast between TATAACHO PT and ASUZUDO until 11 June 1944 when the American air raids began. During the raids he worked in a field kitchen in a native school at TATAACHO and in July, 1944, took charge of his platoon's food supplies until the end of November, when he left his platoon, proceeding alone to SEIREIGAI, 800 yds S of TATAACHO. (IN: He had a native Chamorro girl here, with whom he had been associating since September 1944. This relationship was sharply criticized by his platoon leader as the Japanese troops were not to become familiar with the native population. As a result of this criticism, the prisoner became bitter and finally deserted to the girl's home on 9 December 1944). On 12 December, he was returned by soldiers to his platoon at TATAACHO only to take off again a week later. He was arrested a few days later and returned to TATAACHO, but he repeated the process of leaving and being returned by force three times in January 1945. Although he spent 3 months at SEIREIGAI from 23 February until 3 May, he was again arrested, taken to TATAACHO and placed in confinement in an airraid shelter. Remaining in custody until 3 August, he fled that night to ROTA Village area and hid for several days on the bluff just N of ROTA Village. About 11 August, he took a small sailboat, stocked it with some bananas, and set out to sea by night from beach on W coast of ROTA Village.

He intended to go to GUAM and tell the conditions on ROTA so that the American forces would land there. (IN: According to POW, the Japanese on ROTA had come to be considered as his enemy.) After 4 days at sea, he was picked up by an American destroyer on 15 August 1945 and taken to Prisoner of War Camp, GUAM.

SITUATION ON ROTA:

OB FOR ROTA ON BASIS OF THE INTERROGATION OF POW.

The commander of all the military forces, Army and Navy, on ROTA is Army Major IMAGAWA.

The Army forces consist of one infantry battalion, one company of pack artillery (SAMPOHEI), 3 engineer platoons, one independent rapid-fire artillery platoon, and a unit of 150 mixed troops.

The infantry battalion is commanded by Major TOKUNAGA and appears to be the 1st Bn, 10th IMR, reported in the GUAM OB as on ROTA under Capt. TOKUNAGA. (IN: POW reports that TOKUNAGA was promoted to Major in February 1945).

The pack artillery company could well be the 1st Co, Regt'l Arty Unit, 10th IMR, but as POW has no information as to the CO, this is a supposition only.

The three engineer platoons are apparently the remainder of the Regt'l Engr Unit, 10th IMR. He states that one platoon remained on GUAM when these 3 were sent to ROTA in March 1944.

The independent rapid-fire artillery platoon and the unit of 150 men which arrived from TINIAN on 7 June 1944 are unidentified.

Outlined as follows:

UNIT	COMMANDING OFFICER	STRENGTH
1st Bn, 10th IMR	Major TOKUNAGA	approx 700
1st Co, Regtl Arty Unit 10th IMR	1stLt ?	approx 200
Regtl Engr Unit, 10th IMR (less 1 plt)	1stLt KAWABATA	approx 140
---2d Plt - 2dLt SAITO		
---3d Plt - W.O. YANAI (killed by bomb 23Jul45)		
---4th Plt - 2dLt KOBAYASHI		

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PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION REPORT - ROTA POW NŌMA, Takashi.

Unidentified Rapid-fire Arty Platoon	?	approx 40
Unidentified unit from TINIAN	?	approx 150
	ARMY TOTAL	approx 1230

NAVY UNITS

ROTA Naval Commander -- Lt ABE.
(IN: According to POW, ABE is under Maj IMAGAWA).

SETSUEITAI Unit	--	strength unknown
OTORI BUTAI Elements	--	" "
SHISHI BUTAI (Air Unit)		" "
IKAJICHI BUTAI (Air Unit)		" "
KAIGUN KOKUSHO (Naval Arsenal)		" "

NAVY TOTAL approx 1500

ROTA MILITARY TOTAL: approx 2730.

Civilian Population:

Japanese	(200)
Okinawans	(5000)
Chamorros	(1000)
Koreans	(10)
CIVILIAN TOTAL:	6200 (approx)

Present ROTA Population:

Military	2800
Civilian	6200
	9000 approx.

(IN: All these figures are POW's estimate).

These Army and Navy forces are detailed as garrison forces under Maj IMAGAWA and are engaged in the construction of defense positions along the beaches. The garrison consists of various units of 150 men mixed personnel stationed at village areas about the island. TARUKA is the location of Maj TOKUNAGA's battalion headquarters and TOKUNAGA is the commander of that part of ROTA east of a N-S line through TATAACHO. The commander of western ROTA is Navy Lt ONIZUKA at ROTA Village.

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PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION REPORT - ROTA POW NŌMA, Takashi.

Communications System:

The prisoner reports that the headquarters of Maj IMAGAWA at MINIRA is in contact with TRUK and TOKYO by wireless. The wireless communications system is capable of both sending and receiving, he believes. The troops at ROTA are aware of the war situation and JAPAN's loss of the PHILIPPINES, IWO, and OKINAWA. The day he left ROTA, about 11 August, the news of the SOVIET UNION's entry into the war against JAPAN was heard. In light of this, he believes that ROTA is aware of JAPAN's surrender and the cessation of hostilities with the UNITED STATES. ROTA has no voice radio equipment in use, according to POW.

Effect of American Air Raids:

Although the raids have demolished all of the villages on ROTA, they have caused few casualties among the military since January 1945. However, the civilian casualties have been heavy up to the present time. Psychologically, the raids have harassed the civilian elements far more than the military, and the former desire a let-up in the attacks. The military, with their shelters, are evidently not so hard pressed.

Leaflets:

POW saw one leaflet on ROTA in March 1945. The front had a description of the destruction of Japanese war plants written in characters and the word "SHIKORUSUKI" (IN: Probably SIKORSKY) written in KANA. The back of the leaflet bore a likeness of a bomb. His reaction to the leaflet was positive, as he fully believed it possible that AMERICA was capable of the destruction of Jap factories. However, he has no information as to the reactions of other Japanese because they never discussed the leaflet, he states.

Discipline and Attitude of Troops:

The discipline is good and there is little trouble in this regard. The officers are still able to maintain proper obedience and adherence to orders. (Previously, the prisoner had said that there was little attention paid to the orders of officers, but he was presumably speaking of his own case.)

He has no information regarding the attitude of Maj IMAGAWA towards surrender. He has never seen the Major and knows of him by rumor only.

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PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION REPORT - ROTA POW NŌMA, Takashi.

Relationship between Natives and Military:

The natives are openly friendly toward the military, but he believes that they harbor a dislike owing to the discomforts caused by the soldiers. The natives are unarmed and have no method of resistance, so that they are easily and completely controlled by the military. The natives have no choice but to be superficially friendly.

Food Supply:

Since Japanese rice supplies have been exhausted since February 1945, the island is largely self-supporting. Farming is done throughout the island and at present the entire food supply is dependent upon the produce from this source. Fishing is also done with explosives, the natives being unable to use the method as they have no explosives. Although the natives are a little worse off than the military, they are not starving to death. (IN: POW's physical condition is good and he appears to have had a sufficient diet.)

Sickness:

He states that there is no great amount of sickness at all and the general health situation is fairly good.

Coast Artillery and Anti-aircraft Defenses:

The prisoner has little knowledge of the CA and AAA dispositions because these are manned by naval personnel and he had no access to them. However, the report he heard in April 1945 was to the effect that there are 3 YOSAIHO (Fortress guns) of unknown caliber, 1000 yds S of the phosphate plant. At TATAACHO Village beach defenses, there are 2 rapid-fire 37mm guns and 2 pack artillery pieces that he knows of.

INTERROGATOR:

C. W. DUNBAR,
Comp., USMCR.

CONFIDENTIAL

Supplement to Interrogation Report, POW NOMA, Takashi.

(IN: The small boat the prisoner used for his escape had been the property of an Okinawan fisherman at ROTA Village and was the last available boat there. The remainder had been damaged beyond repair. The POW had repaired the boat himself and made it seaworthy for his escape.)

Water Supply

The water conduit still supplies ROTA Village, SABANA, TARUKA, and SHINAPAARU with water, but TATAACHO is entirely dependent upon rain water, which is collected in a concrete tank.

Assessment of Credibility:

The information concerning ROTA is that given by the prisoner and should be judged accordingly. However, the prisoner seems to be truthful and as he was discontented with the Japanese authorities on ROTA to the extent that he deserted, there should be little reason for falsifying his statements. The escape from ROTA as he gave it seemed to be highly possible and no indication that it was false appeared. In cross-checking information, he has been consistent in his statements. The possibility that he had been well briefed by the Japanese on ROTA prior to being sent to sea seems illogical. He claims a strong hatred for the leaders on ROTA and throughout the interrogation was cooperative and, on occasions, volunteered various information. The prisoner seems to be of good intelligence and highly observant.

Information concerning downed aviators:

POW had heard of an American pilot bailing out near the island late in November 1944, but did not know whether or not he had landed on ROTA, and, if he did, what had become of him.

INTERROGATOR:

C. W. DUNBAR,
Corp., USMCR.

CONFIDENTIAL

3.

The Surrender of Rota, Marianas Islands
August 1945

A Remembrance, Cal Dunbar, 28 November 2001

August 1945 I was on Guam attached to G-2 Language Section, Island Command, Guam as a USMC corporal, age twenty, serving as a Japanese language interpreter. Our mission was to encourage the surrender of enemy holdouts hiding in the jungle areas of Guam. Here we had some 2000 stragglers, the leftover of the 20,000-odd original defenders of the island before the Marine invasion in July 1944. The USMC declared that the island was "secure" on 10 August 1944 and no further combat ribbons would be issued to Marines thereafter. The island was secure in the sense that organized enemy resistance was terminated but there were these armed stragglers hiding in the remote areas who were dangerous, in some cases even well-led and -disciplined and who lived easily off the land where there was an abundance of coconuts, tropical fruits and vegetables with plenty of fresh water. Our unit was kept busy daily interrogating any incoming prisoners, planning to contact stragglers on whom we developed leads and administering the POW stockade which usually had some 300 plus inmates, the overflow being sent to the rear areas such as Pearl Harbor from time to time. A considerable number of POWs were kept for labor parties as permitted by the Geneva Convention.

On 16 August, it had been several days since the second atom bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. The Japanese government finally agreed to surrender unconditionally and so announced. This was a very sudden event almost beyond our comprehension as we had been steeling ourselves for the forthcoming invasion of Japan in October, an event that would be a real bloodbath at best.

That afternoon Corporal Bob Kraft, my fellow interpreter who had graduated in my class from the Camp Pendleton Enlisted Japanese Language School, and I joined our two naval Japanese Language Officers, Boulder grads, in the nipa hut of the G-2 Lang Section at the Guam POW stockade for a beer to celebrate the war ending. This was highly unusual, first to have a beer openly in the stockade area; secondly to have one with the naval officers who had never fraternized with us. Some Marine junior officers did on occasion but the naval officers were standoffish with the Marine enlisted because, I think, they were less confident with leadership. They had not been to leadership classes as had Marine commissioned officers but had graduated from language school to receive a direct commisson. By being somewhat aloof I think that they felt that they could more easily deal with the gulf between enlisted and commissioned rank.

Anyway, into our first beer, the phone rang in the hut. I answered it. It was the Port Director at Apra Harbor. There was a destroyer that had just entered the harbor with a Japanese picked up 20 miles at sea in a native canoe. We were to get him as quickly as possible because the ship had to return to patrol, the fleet being on alert lest the Japs pull some sneaky attack now that we were expecting peace.

The officers obviously were not interested in such mundane work so it fell to either Kraft or me. I suggested we flip a coin. I did and lost the toss. I got a jeep with a guard and went to the harbor. We went out to the destroyer in a launch. The destroyer was in 'the stream" (out in the harbor as it did not want to take the time to dock). The guard and I boarded the destroyer, saluting the deck officer after we scrambled up the ladder put over the side for us. We told the Japanese to get into the launch and headed for the dock. Enroute I asked the man what part of Guam he had come from. He replied that he came from Rota. I thought we had hit luck: a deserter, our only live contact with Rota, some thirty miles north of Guam which had been bypassed in the invasion of the Marianas because it was a mere 5 by 7 miles, very terraced with the uppermost terrace having the area for only a short fighter strip. (It is known in the postwar tourist world as the "wedding cake island": because its terraced features look like a wedding cake). It was not suitable for B-29 bombers, the main reason for the aquisition of the Marianas so not worth the investmernt of US lives to acquire it. It had been isolated since the Marianas operations began in June 1944.

This Japanese, Takeshi Nooma, was a private in the army engineers, mid-twenties, a discipline case who had been in the brig several times and had fled Rota rather than face further discipline (see my separate report on his interrogation which gives the details). I could see that we had a prize, that he would cooperate with us and whose greatest fear would be his being returned somehow to

Japanese military authority where he would be summarily executed for desertion. I asked him where he had intended to go. He said: "Yap". Now Yap is an isolated island several hundred miles southwest of Guam across open seas but then it was in Japanese control. I told him he was lucky we had picked him up as he had but four gallon jugs of fresh water and no seafaring experience. "You couldn't have got to Yap if you had had a yacht!", I remember telling him disdainfully.

I had him put in isolation at the stockade and returned to our hut. The group was much as I had left them an hour and a half earlier except for the several empty beer cans on the packed coral sand deck of the hut. I reported that we "had our first real live Jap from Rota'. The JLOs said that inasmuch as I had procured him I could interrogate him on the morrow. I did for two or three days, filling in whatever blanks the colonel (Colonel H.N. Stent, our G-2) frequently requested by messenger from his office a quarter mile away at headquarters.

Nooma was a fund of information about some things but knew little about many others, being of low rank and being a "brig rat" a lot of the time. Still he was "Our Brig Rat Deserter" and we were glad to have him.

A day or so after I finished with him, we were advised by the Commander Marianas USN that our G-2 was to handle the forthcoming conference on the surrender of Rota. Our group consisted of Colonel Stent; his assistant Captain Bernie Halprin; the naval JLOs, Lts Bill Jones and John Oliver; Corporals Kraft and Dunbar, some six or seven naval officers of captain rank speciliazing in everything from medicine to engineering, plus some dozen enlisted personnel of Stent's G-2 as armed Marines. Colonel Stent was seeing to it that most of his enlisted boys were in on the doings. We went over there on a destroyer escort, USS Osmus (DE 701), accompanied by USS Currier (DE700), about a two-hour cruise from Guam, stayed out of small arms fire range about a mile offshore of the beach at the town of Songsong, the only small collection of buildings that could be termed a town on the island. The ship's cutter was sent ashore.

The group in the cutter, besides a destroyer naval officer with navy eight cutter crewmen, were JLO Jones Oliver and POW Michio Nino, the former Guam Civil Affairs officer under the Japanse occupation, now a POW who was our calligrapher who transcribed the Rota surrender document for the occasion. Nino was extremely helpful in seeing to it that the documents were well executed, highly legible and clearly understood. After Rota he did the calligraphy on the surrender leaflet we used with such success with the holdouts on Guam. Three of our armed G-2 Marines went along in the cutter as guards.

At the Rota dock they picked up four officers: Major Shigeo Imagawa, Imperial Japanese Army, CO of the island, his subordinate 1st Lieutenant Odanaka, IJA; Lt. Commander Zenji Abe, Imperial Japanese Navy; and a subordinate Lieutenant, IJN. The four men were boarded onto the destroyer with full military courtesies and were escorted below decks to the ward room where they crowded around a table. It was hot there in that cramped place as destroyer escorts are rather small.

As they sat around the table the colonel beckoned me to join them at the table. He said that I knew more about Rota than anyone (in the Pacific probably) from my interrogation of Nooma so I was to talk to the Rota group. I was astounded. The JLOS standing aside said nothing, the colonel having ordered me to so do, of course. I proceeded to talk with Major Imagawa, the CO of the island. We went over the maps, troop dispositions of the some 2500 Japanese military, general health matters and food supplies, and the condition of the native Chamorro population that numbered some 800.

The main interest of the colonel, though, was whether the Japanese would peacefully surrender. He was leery of any guerrilla activity such as that by the stubborn holdouts who had continued to plague Guam after the battle. The major replied, with a smile, that the Emperor had commanded the troops to surrender so there would be no question. The colonel, not understanding the language, asked me the significance of the smile. I replied I guessed that the major was giving us the island by imperial mandate, that we had not taken it ourselves by force of arms. The colonel allowed as how this was a valid point.

Along the way in the conversation, a naval medical captain kept pressing me about health concerns on Rota. He kept mentioning diseases which I had to look up in the language dictionery. He piled them up rapidly so that it was difficult for me to keep up as I barely had heard of some of them in English, let alone Japanese. Finally the colonel jumped in: "Charlie, Dunbar will get the information for you, just let him find the right words. It takes time. I know because we had student interpreters in

China (the colonel had been in China in the Thirties with the Fourth Marines). They got the job done but they were working with a diffiicult languge so it took them some time. Give Dunbar a chance, he'll get it for you". I breathed under my breath: "That-a-boy, Colonel, get this guy off of my back!". He did.

The formal surrender document was signed aboard the DE USS Heylinger on September 2, 1945. (See the document I have on file). Major Imagawa signed the surrender document for the Japanese military. Colonel Stent signed for Major General Henry L. Larsen, Guam Island Commander who, in turn, represented Admiral Murray, Commander Marianas of the USN. (I was still at Truk where I witnessed the surrender ceremonies there aboard the heavy cruiser USS Portland).

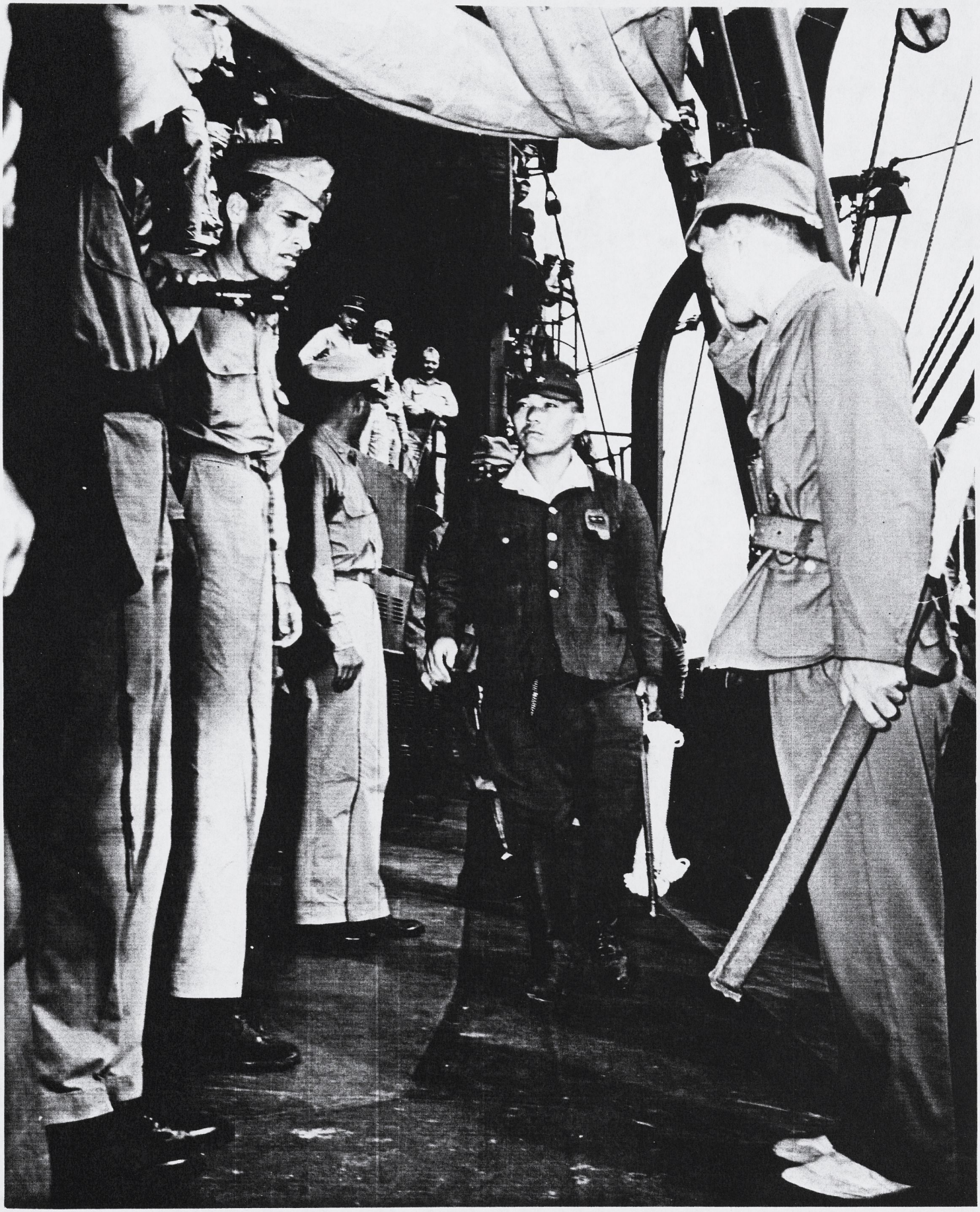
After the conference this day to arrange the later surrender, the Japanese party was returned to shore. We all returned to Guam.

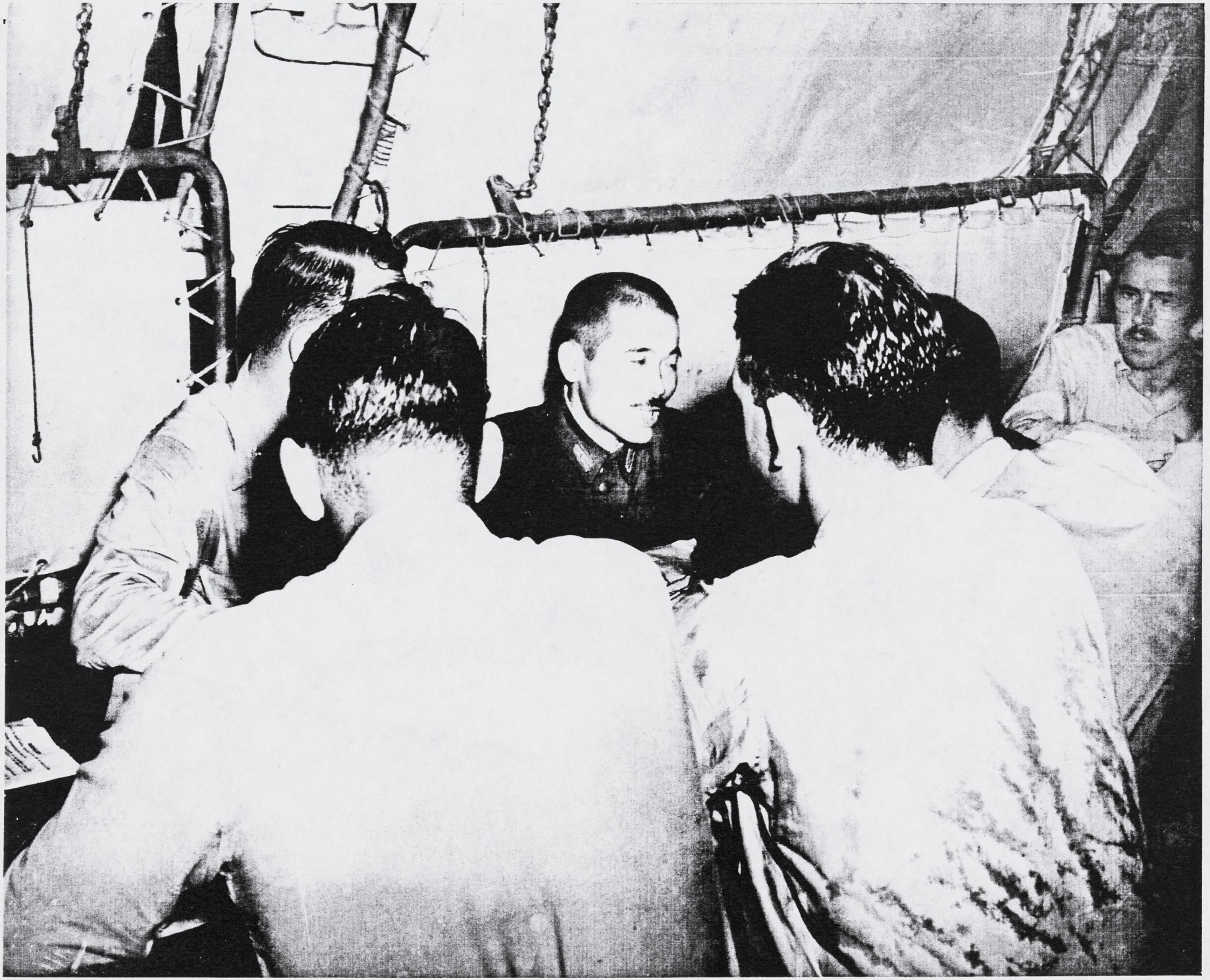
All of the Japanese troops were taken off of Rota after September 2nd and incarcerated in the new Guam POW camp built especially for them where they would be more easily fed and cared for. I took no part in the evacuation nor in these facilities at Guam.

We of G-2 went to Truk, Caroline Islands shortly thereafter the Rota surrender conference for the conference to set up the surrender of Truk. After Truk we returned to our principal duties of encouraging the surrender of holdouts on Guam, an activty that kept us busy throughout the rest of 1945 as there were still substantial holdouts at large when I returned to the USA in April 1946. In fact, the last Japanese military to surrender on Guam was the late Japanese soldier Yokoi who finally came out of the boondocks in February 1972 to international media attention. The USMC invasion of Guam had been July 1944, so Yokoi had been out there hiding for almost 28 years.

Interestingly, the senior IJN officer, a Lt Cdr, at Rota whom I saw aboard ship that day was Zenji Abe, the Pearl Harbor dive bomber pilot who currently makes the annual commemorative services aboard the USS Arizona memorial. He is a familiar figure on today's TV and in magazines. He is a buddy of Dr. Mitsuru Yazu, the Rota naval surgeon now retired in Kyushu to whom I returned, in 1987, his 400 year-old samurai sword given me as a souvenir of Rota by Colonel Stent in 1945, immediately after the Rota garrison had surrendered their weapons.

So, when I lost the coin toss that afternoon and had to leave the cozy beer party behind it actually was a break for me. I gathered up the low-ranked POW Nooma, was ordered thereafter to interrogate him and so became a recognized "expert" on Rota. Consequently I became the interpreter for the shipboard surrender conference involving Marine colonels, naval captains and the Japanese officers commanding the island. All the while I was but a twenty year-old Marine and a mere corporal to boot. One can't lose 'em all, I guess!





Rita PCW - cms

W.M.G. Jones Jr.

4-

COMMANDER MARIANAS

UNITED STATES PACIFIC FLEET

Unconditional Surrender of the Japanese Held Islands Under the Command of the Senior Japanese Imperial Forces Based at Rota Island, Marianas Islands

1. We, acting by command of and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters, hereby accept the provisions in the declaration issued by the heads of the governments of the United States, China and Great Britain, 26 July 1945 at Potsdam, and subsequently adhered to by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which four-powers are hereafter referred to as the Allied Powers.

2. We hereby proclaim the unconditional surrender to the Representatives of the Government of the United States of all Japanese Armed Forces and all Armed Forces under Japanese control wherever situated under our command.

3. We hereby command all Japanese forces wherever situated under our command and the Japanese people within our area of command to cease hostilities forthwith, to preserve and save from damage all ships, aircraft, and military and civil property and to comply with all requirements which may be imposed by the Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet or by agencies of the Japanese Government at his direction.

4. We hereby command all commanders of units under our command to issue at once orders to their respective forces wherever situated to surrender unconditionally themselves and all forces under their control.

5. We hereby command all civil, military and Naval officials to obey and enforce all proclamations, orders and directives deemed by the Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet to be proper to effectuate this surrender and issued by him or under his authority and we direct all such officials to remain at their posts and to continue to perform their non-combatant duties unless specifically relieved by him or under his authority.

6. We hereby undertake for the Emperor, the Japanese Government and their successors and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters to carry out the Provisions of the Potsdam Declaration in good faith, and to issue whatever orders and take whatever action may be required by the Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet or by any other designated Representative of the Allied Powers for the purpose of giving effect to that declaration.

7. We hereby command all forces under our command at once to liberate all Allied Prisoners of War and civilian internees now under Japanese control and to provide for their protection, care, maintenance and immediate transportation to places as directed.

8. The authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government to rule the state shall be subject to the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate these terms of surrender.

9. The English is the official version of this document.

Signed at Rota M.I. aboard USS Heyliger at 1100 on the 2nd day of September 1945.

日本軍ロタ島守備隊長
陸軍少佐 今川 茂男

By Command and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters.

Accepted at Rota M.I. aboard USS Heyliger at 1100 on the 2nd day of September, 1945, for the United States, and in the interest of the other United Nations at War with Japan.

H. L. Stark
Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps

H. L. LARSEN, Major General, United States Marine Corps,
for the Commander in Chief,
United States Pacific Fleet.

ロタ島 日本軍最高指揮官の指揮下に在る日本軍を領する島嶼に関する無條件降服

一 余は大日本天皇、日本政府及び大本營の命に依り又之に代りて一九四五年七月二十六日ポツダムに於ける米國、支那及び大英帝國政府首脳より定められ其の後聯合國として四大國となりし蘇聯邦に依り聞知され且宣言の諸條項を受理す

二 余は茲に合衆國政府代表に對し所在を問はず余の指揮下にある全日本軍及び日本の支配下にある全武力の無條件降服を宣す

三 余は茲に所在の如何に関らず余の指揮下に在る全日本軍及び余の指揮範圍にある日本國民に對し直ちに敵對行動を止め全船舶航空機及び軍民の財産を損害せざる如く保存し米國太平洋艦隊司令長官又は其の指示に基く日本政府の代表に依り課せらるる企要求に應ずる事を命ず

四 余は茲に余の指揮下に在る全部隊指揮官に對し其の所在の如何に関らず各部隊及び其の指揮下に在る全武力として無條件降服する如く直ちに命令する事を命ず

五 余は茲に日本國政府及び大本營の命に依り又之に代りて一九四五年七月二十六日ポツダムに於ける米國、支那及び大英帝國政府首脳より定められ其の後聯合國として四大國となりし蘇聯邦に依り聞知され且宣言の諸條項を受理す

六 余は茲に大日本天皇、日本政府及びその後継者の命令に依り又之に代りてポツダム宣言の諸條項を忠實に實行すべく太平洋艦隊司令長官又は他の聯合國の指命せらるる代表に依り此の宣言を効果あらしむる為必要と認められる命令を發し行動を取る事を誓ふ

七 余は茲に余の指揮下にある全軍の武裝解除の実施に関し現在日本の統制下に在る全聯合國の捕虜及び民間抑留者を自由にし且つ指示せられた地点に於ける安全輸送の為に指示せらるる聯合國最高指揮官の要求に應ずる事を命ず

八 大日本天皇及び日本政府の國家を統治する權限は聯合國最高指揮官に服し且つ聯合國最高指揮官は此の降服條件を実施するに適當と認める手段を講ずべし

九 茲を以て此の文書の公式書面とす

署名場所 ロタ島沖にて USS ESTES (AGC 12) 乗艦
年月日 昭和二十年九月二日 午前十一時
氏名 日本国第五艦隊長 陸軍少佐 今川武男

受理場所 ロタ島沖にて USS ESTES (AGC 12) 乗艦
年月日 昭和二十年九月二日 午前十一時
氏名 (Signed) (Signed)

米國及び日本と交戦せし他の聯合國の利益の為に

米國太平洋艦隊司令長官に代りて
米國海兵隊少將 エイケ・エル・ラルセン

5.

The Asan Point Ambush
December 1945, Guam

Vignette of Calvin W. Dunbar, Sergeant, 839916, USMCR, WWII.
Written at West Yellowstone, MT, April 2001, revised March 2003.

In WWII I served as an enlisted Japanese language interpreter, having joined the Marines in June 1943 at age 18, attended the school after finishing boot camp at the San Diego Marine Base. In November1943 I began study at Camp Elliott on Kearney Mesa near San Diego. Today this is the site of United States International University next to the USMC Miramar airfield. In January 1944 the facilities at Camp Elliott were abandoned to the navy by the Marine Corps and all Marines were transferred to Camp Pendleton at Oceanside, the vast former Santa Margarita Spanish land grant ranch which was then ready to serve as the west coast USMC training area as it is to this day. After completion of the twenty week course in military Japanese I was sent to the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific in late May 1944. After travelling through Hawaii and the Marshall Islands I arrived on Guam 16 September 1944 as a private first class.

Guam had been retaken by the Third Marine Division, the First Provisional Marine Brigade (4th and 22 Marine Regiments) and the army 77th Infantry Division (NY Natl Guard), landing on 21 July 1944 and declaring organized resistance ended 10 August 1944. The term "secured" was loosely used and was a misnomer although no battle credits were given out after 10 August. The back country and jungled boondocks were still full of Japanese military survivors of the original 21,000 enemy defenders, most well-armed and effectively organized into random bands .

On 2 September 1945 the war officially ended. By that time I was a corporal of twenty years of age serving as an interpreter for the G-2 (Intelligence) language section stationed at the Agana Heights POW stockade which housed some 500-plus Japanese who had surrendered from the boondocks since the operation. Many more had already been sent to rear areas such as Hawaii. Those remaining in the stockade were employed as woking parties in non-military related activities around the island. Altogether some 2000-plus POWs were taken at Guam, some 10% of the original defenders. This was an unheardof number for the Central Pacific as the POWs at Tarawa were a mere 20 out of 2500 while at Iwo it was a paltry 500 out of a similar 21,000. The size of Guam (200 square miles plus plenty of fresh water, bountiful native flora and fauna and dense scrub jungle for cover made it a good place for hideouts. By December 1945 we were still actively seeking hideouts as reports of individual and small group sightings came to our attention.

7 December 1945, Friday, about 1500 hours: I was told by our G-2 First Lieutenant Harold Caldwell to accompany him and Guam Insular Police Corporal Joachim Aguon to investigate some rifle shots that had been fired into the cookhouse area of the Asan Point avgas depot where aviation gasoline was gravity-loaded into trucks from the storage tanks on the bluff above.

Asan Point is on the west coast a couple of miles below the town of Agana where forty-foot cliffs bordered the highway which runs between the point and the cliffs. This is the main highway along the west coast, Marine Drive, connecting the harbor at Apra with Agana and the-then B-29 airfields to the north. The surrounding area atop the cliffs was dense scrub jungle wherever there was not any military activity. It was then an essentially undeveloped rural area.

Our Jeep was left at an offroad gravel pit about 100 yards in from the highway.There was a trail winding through the brush along the cliff edge about two hundred yards from the tank farm above us. Aguon went first with his .45 caliber government-issue Browning automatic pistol at the ready. Caldwell was second with his .30 caliber carbine and I brought up the rear with my .30 caliber carbine and holstered .38 caliber Colt revolver, which belonged to my father, his having sent it out to me at my request some months earlier as we lacked enough pistols for enlisted men.

About 150 yards along this narrow trail though the dense brash Aguon hand-signalled us to stop, cocked and raised his pistol at arm's length in aim. Directly in front of us was an abandoned firepit surrounded by trampled grass where men had slept. The fire area was cold. We saw nothing else so returned to the Jeep and Agana Heights.

8 December 1945 Saturday: I performed my regular duties at the Agana Heights POW

stockade.

9 December 1945, Sunday, about 0700 hours the phone rang in my nipa hut at the stockade which was where I had my cot in the rear and our language section office was in the front area. This enabled me to be available for stockade purposes and to process new POWs who could be brought in at all hours by patrols. I was surprised by the phone ring as it was Sunday and we were almost on garrison routine. I was even more surprised to hear the voice of our Colonel H.N. Stent, G-2 of Island Command and the head of all of our intelligence activitries on the island. I was startled that the colonel would be calling me at such an hour on Sunday.

The colonel said: "Dunbar do you know where Asan Point is?" I replied that I did having been there with Caldwell and Aguon just last Friday. He went on to tell me that we had had an ambush of a four- man patrol yesterday afternoon (Saturday) in which three Marines were killed and one wounded near the avgas depot.

I was to take a POW and report to a Gunner (Marine Warrant Officer rank) Rose who had been a corporal under the colonel at Shanghai in his prewar China days. I was to investigate this matter under Rose and report back to the colonel. It was uncertain just who the miscreants were and our job was to ascertain whether these were in fact Japanese stragglers.

I selected IJN (Imperial Japanese Navy) petty officer Niitsuma, a POW of the 54th Naval Guard Force, IJN, which had been the Japanese naval occupying force of Guam. He had assisted us in the past by broadcasting on the loudspeaker to hidden jungle holdouts. We had worked well together. I trusted his opinion. We set out for Asan Point by Jeep.

At the gravel pit a Marine patrol of some 40 men in green dungarees came out of the trail just as we drove up. They were heavily armed with rifles and submachine guns. They bore three bodies on litters, a second lieutenant, a sergeant and a corporal. I reported to the gunner and some other officers assembled there. I explained the necessity of Niitsuma's looking at the wounds to determine the caliber of the bullets. Most Japanese rifles in the field were of .27 caliber for the older-issued models (Model 38) while the newer of .30 caliber (Model 99) had appeared recently. I implored the officers that I did not want any reaction from the Marines as this Japanese handled the bodies of their freshly-killed buddies. I was assured there would be no problem, the Marines understood that Niitsuma was being helpful. These were the usual well-disciplined Marines.

Each dead Marine had been shot through the throat at the chestline by a single shot at apparent close range. Niitsuma said that the wounds certainly looked like Japanese arms and opined that it was indeed a Japanese ambush. I told the officers.

The colonel would want to know the exact location so I arranged for the patrol to provide some dozen men to show me the spot. I asked Niitsuma to go along to assess the site. He declined. I assured him that the Marines had just scoured the area. He still declined. I asked him if he wanted a weapon for self protection. (I did not tell anyone I suggested such a thing as giving a POW a wepon but it seemed fair to me. The enemy would kill him as well as us if they saw him with us). He declined the weapon. I told him that as a POW under the Geneva Convention he had every right to refuse but I valued his appraisal. Finally he reluctantly agreed to accompany us.

The platoon sergeant led and we came to the fire pit area where we had been Friday. Thirty feet past the firepit the sergeant indicated the site where the bodies were found. A mere thirty feet beyond where we had stopped Friday was where the shots came that massacred the four men.

The wounded Marine at the the rear of the four men, a pfc had been wounded but not killed. He crashed through the brush for some yards to the cliff edge, went over it dropping down onto the nearby Marine Drive highway below where a passing vehicle saw him and immediately rescued him by taking him directly to the fleet hospital at Agana where he survived.

I returned Niitsuma to the stockade and drove to the G-2 quonset hut headquarters at Agana Heights a quarter of a mile away. Inside, all of the G-2 staff were active at their desks. As I passed Caldwell I said:"Lieutenant, somebody up there likes you! Thirty feet past where we turned around!". I reported to the colonel in his office in the rear of the quonset.

The colonel was deeply disturbed that the ambushed patrol had had no business handling the sniper shots as the security of Guam from stragglers was his jurisdiction. Nobody had notified him on Saturday.

The patrol had been hastily scrabbled together from an MP company at Apra Harbor. This

MP company was on strictly MP detail. The atom bombs had ended the war unexpectedly so that many Marines intended for the invasion of Japan were without a mission so they were used as MPs to guard facilities, patrol traffic and similar garrison duties. Simply on police duty they were not assigned nor organized for hunting stragglers in the boondocks. Somehow when the shots were reported the MP office was called and responded even though such activities were outside of their jurisdiction. Colonel Stent's G-2 was never alerted and the MPs were summarily dispatched to their doom. I was told later that the colonel was overheard castigating the MP officers in charge behind the closed doors of his office. The colonel was a quiet reflective man without bombast. He was incensed at the needless loss of the men by the failure to follow proper procedure. He had to have been irate to even have raised his usually quiet voice. He was a confident longtime professional Marine officer of considerable experience and intellect.

Over the next three days the ambush area was combed by Marine and Guamanian (Chamorro) Insular Police patrols. Even though these native Chamorros had the abilities of our American Indians to track in the wild nothing further was found of possible ambushers.

In a discussion in his office, the colonel asked me what further might be done to locate the ambushers. The Chamorros and the Marines had drawn a blank. I suggested that the war was over and the Emporer had commanded all warfare to cease, therefore it was the duty of all Japanese to surrender peacefully. These Japanese should be so informed. I suggested that jungle-wise POWs might find them as they knew the ropes of life in the bush. However, I advised the colonel that whoever was sent in there should be armed in self protection. If the holdouts were fanatic against surrender they would just as readily kill the POWs who had located them as the patrol Marines they had already done in. The colonel said that that was a fair position and that he would talk to the island commander Marine Major General Henry L. Larsen, his superior. He asked whom I might suggest for the POWs. I reminded him of IJA (Imperial Japanese Army) Warrant Officer Asajiro Yamamoto who had led some twenty men into surrender after hiding in the bush surrounded by training Marines for six or seven months. He was a "mustang" (former enlisted man) of twenty-plus years service in Manchuria and China who was an excellent leader - and trustworthy to tell us the truth. He had become the senior hancho (group leader) for the stockade when it had been segregated to enlisted men only two months months before. I was told by the colonel to await further word at the stockade while the colonel discussed the matter with the island commanding general.

In about an hour I was informed that the general had given us the go-ahead. I told Yamamoto that he was cleared to select two others for this operation. He agreed to go and to lead the men. If located the stragglers were to simply surrender as they were presumed unaware of the end of the war and of the order of the Emporer to stop fighting. I told Yamamoto that he would have the arms to protect himself if any recalcitrant straggler became dangerous to him and his group.

My fellow corporal interpreter Robert Kraft and I went to the armory and obtained three .30 caliber carbines, two ammo clips each and one hundred twenty rounds of ammunition. We carefully counted each round as we loaded the 20-round clips because every round had to be accounted for later. I would do a pile then Kraft would recount it and so on. Each POW was to be issued a carbine and the two clips of twenty rounds each for self-protection. We hoped that if they were located the ambushers would not kill the POWs as they had the Marines. This was a real possibility once the location of the ambushers had been discovered, if they did not want to surrender.

General Larsen had the area sealed off and the US troops alerted to the presence of the POWs. The POW patrol was inserted at the gravel pit early the next morning equipped with two days rations in gunny sacks, canteens of water, a compass, a watch and a contour map upon which Yamamoto was to record his time and location periodically.

Two days later we met them at the gravel pit at 0800. They were awaitng our arrival, lounging liesurely on the gravel.They had seen no one and seen no sign. The Chamorros and the Marines were right - apparently the snipers had left the area immediately for more secure hiding in the mountains to the east, a remote isolated region. (Some Guam Police patrol had killed stragglers in that general area to the east later on but we never knew if they were the actual culprits.)

Yamamoto produced the map on which he had recorded their patrol. In fact, he even drew

his own free-hand map showing the times and locations. The colonel was impressed with the scope and detail of the maps commenting that Yamamoto had received excellent military map training as a professional.

This incident involving the self-protective arming of POWs was commented on by the late Roger Pineau, Captain USNR, of Washington, D.C. as being the only incident of which he was aware of wherein POWs were permitted arms for such a mission. The arms were solely for their personal protection. Pineau was the leading authority on US naval Japanese language activities, the one-time assistant to the renowned naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison and an eminent naval historian in his own right. He was a linguist with Japanese code work in Washington's OP20 super-secret code deciphering activity in WWII. He had sought me out in 1982 for history of the enlisted Marine language school and its graduates in the Pacific in WWII. At his request supplied him with all of my knowledge and materials on the enlisted Marine language school and the efforts of its graduates whom I knew. He was working on the book, The "US Naval Japanese Language Effort In WWII", when he died suddenly in 1993, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. I had corresponded with him since 1982 and had met him personally later at the University of Colorado at Boulder in August 1992 where the 50th reunion of the Japanese language school for Marine and naval officers was held. The Boulder campus had been the site of the naval language school for officers, a sixteen-month course resulting in a naval or Marine commission.

Later, here in Montana, about 1990, I met a West Yellowstone-resident friend Byrns Fagerburg, who also had attended LA High School. We were both fishing the Madison River that day. Byrns told me about his friend in the V-12 program at Redlands University, CA being killed in an ambush on Guam in December 1945 as a Marine second lieutenant. This man, whom Byrns now remembers only as Roy, had been sent to Guam after the Olympic operation against Japan had been cancelled at war's end. From the description Byrns gave me (reddish-brown hair, green eyes, weight about 180 lbs and built like a running football back) he was that very same lieutenant killed at Asan Point whom I had seen, although I have never known any of those dead Marine's names. (See my vignette of April 2001revised March 2003, "Epilogue to the Asan Point Ambush" describing this startling chance conversation with Byrns on the banks of the Madison River forty-five years afterward).

I thought at the time of seeing this lieutenant's body on the litter right after the ambush: here he was dead, the war itself had long since been ended and that he would never even rate a battle star for the island campaign. Guam had been declared "secure" on 10 August 1944, a whole year and a quarter beforehand!

I have never rated a battle star for Guam either because I arrived there on 16 September 1944 a month after it was declared secure. I arrived in fact to a jungleful of armed stragglers who kept me busy right up to my departure for the States in April 1946, over a year and a half later.

A survivor of the IJA regiment of the 29th Infantry Division from the Nagoya, Japan area, one Shoichi Yokoi, finally surrendered as late as February 1972 amid great world-wide press coverage, after hiding out in the Guam jungle for twenty-seven years after the war had ended. I think he was the last of the holdouts on Guam.

To this day I remember well that"secure" is simply not synonymous with the "end of organized resistance".

(I have written this vignette in considerable detail to inform my family of the myriad facts in this interesting case).

Cal Dunbar
West Yellowstone
March 2003

Epilogue to the Asan Point Ambush
West Yellowstone, MT, April 2001
Calvin W. Dunbar, (Sergeant, 839916, USMCR, WWII)

The ambush at Asan Point, Guam in December 1945 was the closest call to me that I knew about. In exactly the same area that I had been on patrol with Marine Second Lieutenant Harold Caldwell of our G-2 unit and Corporal Joachim Aguon of the Guam Police Combat Patrol, the Marine patrol was ambushed the next afternoon. The four man patrol was wiped out with three killed and one wounded by Japanese rifle fire at very close range as the patrol approached along a narrow jungle path.

The subsequent investigation and fruitless search for the enemy has been covered on my vignette on the ambush, updated March 2003. The following is the almost unbelievable development which occurred forty-five years after the ambush:

I was fishing the Madison River of Montana in the Raynolds Pass area some thirty miles downstream from West Yellowstone one summer day about 1992. I fished this area weekly on my Wednesday day off at the parking area we call "Three Dollar Bridge", because the landowner had let you park for three dollars on his land off the road that goes over the bridge to Cliff Lake some miles beyond. (The then-owner, the late Frank Shaw, sat in his small inexpensive unairconditioned foreign sedan with his Blue Heeler sheepdog, a common breed in rural Montana, and personally collected the fee which never increased with inflation. Frank was a lean weatherbeaten Montana cowboy type, the "real goods" in his straw ten gallon hat, who loved rapping with the fishermen. He owned several ranches but this was his preferred recreation, in spite of the blazing summer sun. He refused to build a small log cabin at a nearby inlet creek , as I suggested to him several times, but sat instead in the blazing sun chatting with arrivals as they geared up.

In 1992, I was to take a lunch break from flyfishing the adjacent river and had returned to my parked car. Also eating his lunch was my friend Byrns Fagerburg, an avid flyfisher. Byrns had graduated from LA High in the summer class of 1943. I had graduated in winter class of '43 but never knew Byrns until he moved to West Yellowstone about 1985. He had lived only a mile from me near LA High while there and even attended the same junior high but I never had met him until Montana.

As we ate our bag lunches, the talk drifted to the years of World War II.

Byrns had been in the naval officer training V-12 unit at Redlands College, CA and when he was due to enter the unit at USC in LA, the war ended and he was discharged forthwith.

He said however that a friend of his in the class ahead of him at Redlands had graduated and opted for the Marines, which one could do, either the navy or the Marines. His friend was sent to the Pacific as a second lieutenant just before the war ended in August 1945. The atom bomb-caused surrender of September 1945 had cancelled the proposed invasion of Japan, (Operation Olympic), scheduled for October 1945. The operation was dreaded by all because the casualties were estimated to be horrendous. The the US combat losses were increasing greatly as America approached the Japanese mainland. The operations at Pelilieu (September 1944), Iwo Jima (February 1945) and Okinawa (April 1945) told the story of fighting ferocious dug-in Japanese who refused to surrender before death. The mainland would include a dense population of highly motivated civilians to augment the military. A bleak prospect.

This friend of Byrns had been killed at Guam in an ambush in December 1945.

My ears pricked up.

His friend had written home that he was glad he had been spared the invasion. These troops, with the invasion being cancelled, had been sent to Guam in numbers and used temporarily as garrison forces, mostly doing MP and guard duties.

His friend, as an extra hand awaiting discharge now that he was no longer really needed in the Pacific, was attached to an MP unit at Apra Harbor, the large fleet anchorage for Guam. To this military police unit was sent information about sniper fire into the aviation gasoline tank farm area on the bluff above Asan Point. Originally, the first of this fire had been properly reported to our G-2 office the day before, Friday, and we (myself, Lieutenant Caldwell of our G-2 and Corporal Aguon of the Guam Insular Police) patrolled the area finding only an abandoned fire pit and some matted grass where the Japanese had slept along the trail. (See my vignette Asan Point Ambush, revised (March 2003).

The next day, Saturday, more sniper shots were again fired into the tank farm area. Only this time the Marines at Apra were notified, a misdirection as our G-2 section at Island Command headquarters at Agana Heights had jurisdiction over all enemy straggler activity on Guam. Unfortunately, the Apra Marines had sent out the patrol, regardless, without anyone notifyng G-2. (The colonel was furious about this breach of procedure which produced these dire consequences. These Marines at Apra were new to Guam and, apparently, their superiors were unaware of the chain of command regarding Japanese straggler operations).

The patrol consisted of a private first class, a corporal, and a sergeant, led by a second lieutenant. They proceeded a mere thirty feet along the path past where we had found the firepit and they were ambushed, the foliage being thick there. The private was in the rear of the patrol and although wounded he crawled over the Asan cliffs, a bluff about fifty feet high, onto the main Guam highway, Marine Drive, just below it. He was spotted immediately by passing motor traffic and rushed to the fleet hospital up by Tumon. The other three had been killed instantly by accurate close range single shot rifle fire into their throats at the chest level.

As told in my vignette of the Asan ambush, I was phoned in our nipa-thatched duty hut at the POW stockade by Colonel H. N. Stent, our Guam G-2, at seven on the Sunday morning. We were on almost peacetime status, the war being officially over since September 2nd, and I wondered what in the world the colonel would want of me at that early hour on a Sunday morning. He asked me if I knew where Asan Point was, and I replied that we had been in there just a couple of days previously. He told me about the ambush, ordering me to take a Japanese POW, who had been helping us in the straggler roundup program, there to investigate, reporting to a certain Gunner Rose, a Marine warrant officer who had been a corporal under the colonel when they both were in Shanghai with the Marines in the thirties. I did so and the cited vignette has the detailed story of the subsequent investigation operation.

The lieutenant was shot in the throat. He was about 5'11", husky, in green dungarees, with brown sandy hair and green eyes. He looked like a football running back. I never had seen any of these Marines before, the living or the dead.

When I reported back to our G-2 quonset hut office at Agana Lt. Caldwell was at his desk. As I passed by enroute to report to the colonel, I said to him: "Lieutenant, somebody up there likes you! Thirty feet past where we stopped Friday!". Caldwell sort of gulped.

In 1992, as our lunchtime conversation continued, I told Byrns: "Now your friend, was he built like a running back with green eyes and brown hair?" Byrns said; "Yea, then you knew Roy". (Byrns cannot recall his surname these days). I replied: "No, I didn't know him but I saw him". I never even knew the lieutenant's name until just then when Byrns had said it. I went on to relate the details of the ambush. Both Byrns and I felt our hair stand on end as we realized the strangeness of the whole matter being unfolded by chance at this late date.

Byrns has said that Roy had had a premonition, often expressed to Byrns and everyone, that he would be killed. Unfortunately, he was correct. He had not even a battle star to show for it. Guam had been declared "Secure" on 10 August 1944, well over a year and a half earlier.

March 2003 update on the story:

When the bodies were brought by the patrol that morning I was reporting to Gunner Rose as ordered. Standing with Gunner Rose were two or three Marine lieutenants of this unit. One of these officers, a fellow about twenty-five, told me that he had gone all of the way through V-12 with the lieutenant lying dead in his green dungarees on the litter at our feet. He said that it was at "Redlands College in California". I remember that he said Redlands because I had been through Redlands often as a youth when we were driving to our cabin up Mill Creek canyon at Forest Home (now Forest Falls), some twenty miles east. This particular officer was deeply shocked at the sight of the body with a bullet hole through his neck at the chestline, his eyes open and his tongue grotesquely protuding partially. A very grim sight even to one who had not known the person in life as a friend.

Byrns told me recently that he recalled name of this officer from Redlands V-12 as being one Frank Pearson. Byrns is still cannot recall the surname of the dead Roy.

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Monday, December 6, 2004

FL MORRIS / FMORRIS@STARBULLETIN.COM

Former Japanese pilot Zenji Abe paid respects Thursday to friend Richard Fiske, buried at Punchbowl cemetery. Fiske, a Pearl Harbor survivor, befriended Abe after the war.

Bonds of War

A former pilot who bombed Pearl Harbor honors the memory of a U.S. survivor

By Leila Fujimori
lfujimori@starbulletin.com

Their 13-year friendship defied all odds: A former Japanese navy pilot who bombed Pearl Harbor and an American Marine bugler who survived the attack and overcame decades of hatred for the Japanese.

But on this Dec. 7, the 63rd anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Zenji Abe will not embrace his friend Richard Fiske nor shake his hand as they first did in December 1991 and last did in 2001.

Last week, the 88-year-old traveled from Japan to pay his respects to his dear friend, whose ashes were laid to rest at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in April. Standing with friends and family, he gently rubbed his hand over Fiske's marble marker.

It was as if to say, "Richard, I'm here. Please rest in peace," said his daughter, Naomi Shin, who with her mother and husband accompanied Abe to the cemetery Thursday.

Abe, his palms pressed together in prayer, wrapped with prayer beads, bowed solemnly, then placed a bouquet that included pink and red roses, along with a wreath.

John DeVirgilio, a teacher who introduced the two men in 1991, could not hold back the tears.

"Friendship and love and truth is stronger than hate and war," he said. "In the end, love and friendship will heal the hearts and minds of all veterans."

He knew the pact the two men made in May 1992. Abe would send $500 each year to Fiske. Every last Sunday of the month, Fiske would buy two roses. One was for American soldiers who died, the other for Japanese soldiers.

He would tie them together and drop them in the waters off the USS Arizona Memorial.

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Monday, December 6, 2004

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STAR-BULLETIN / 2001

Friends Zenji Abe and Richard Fiske attended the Pearl Harbor 60th Anniversary Conference gala banquet in December 2001.

Abe related how Fiske would then show his photo to the visitors and say: "This is Zenji Abe. He is my dear friend, who once dropped a bomb in Pearl Harbor, but we are friends."

He would then play American taps, then Japanese taps.

Fiske vowed to do it for as long as he lived, and kept his promise, Abe said.

"To make friends with (people of) other countries is the best thing to make world peace," said Abe, through a translator. "It's the best thing to know each other. The reason Japan and the United States had the Pearl Harbor attack was we did not know each other. America did not know Japan, and Japan knew less than the United States."

Hearing those words, his son-in-law, Kyoji Shin, was moved to tears.

"I cannot believe that World War II happened more than 60 years ago," said the 62-year-old Shin. "My father-in-law, Zenji Abe, made big history and after the war contributed to the friendship between Japan and the United States through Mr. Richard Fiske."

Abe, who has been battling cancer, thought he would be the first to go, since he was Fiske's elder by four years. His illness prevented him from returning to Hawaii since 2001, the 60th anniversary of the bombing.

Abe, whose squadron took off from the Japanese aircraft carrier Akagi, said he can never forget Fiske, who built and gave him a model of the Akagi.

Abe is also in town to meet old friends and work on having his memoirs of the war, already published in Japanese, published in English.

During his visit to the cemetery, Abe freely expressed his views for a Japanese audience in an interview with Asahi TV, explaining that the bombing of Pearl Harbor was a sneak attack and was, therefore, a violation of bushido, the samurai code of honor.

A samurai would never attack an enemy while sleeping or from behind, according to Abe.

Abe said that Japanese soldiers were told that war had been declared with the United States, and did not realize the bombing was a sneak attack.

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Chronological List of Dunbar WWII Marine Corps Vignettes

1 Service Record, USMC, 6/43-5/46
2 Boot Camp, San Diego, 6/43
29 EM-T school
3 Dutch Transport SS Sloterdyk, Hawaii to Guam, 7/44
4 A Heck of a War, Guam, 10/44
5 You Too Can Capture a Jap, (Collier's Magazine), Guam, 2/45
6 The Imontai (Comfort Troops), Guam, 2/45
7 The Dolphins - Guam, 4/45
8 The Pilot - Guam, 5/45
9 The Cannibals - Guam, 5/45
10 The Surrender of Major Sato, Guam, 6/45
11 Interrogation of Private Noma, Guam, 8/45
12 The Surrender of Rota (Shipboard Conference), Marianas, 8/45
13 The Surrender of Truk (Shipboard Conference), Carolines, 8/45
14 Surrender Document of Rota Island, Marianas, 9/45
15 Surrender Leaflet, Guam, 9/45
16 The Aircraft Carrier, Guam, 9/45
17 - Bones of the Brass, Guam, 10/45
18 Rat Control, Guam, 10/45
19 Yokoi Correspondence, (Yokoi, last Japanese holdout), Guam, 11/45
(2/72 recap)
20 The Asan Point Ambush, Guam, 12/45
21 Epilogue to Asan Point Ambush, Guam, 12/45
22 War Crime Trial of Igawa, Guam, 1/46
23 Profile on Warrant Officer Yamamoto (Letter to Japanese Authorities), 2/46
24 Not So Strangers on a Train, Japan, 3/46
25 Sword Story (Return of sword to naval officer Yazu), Montana, 5/87
26 Dunbar Trip to Japan (Yazu visited at home), Japan, 4/88
Yazu Trip to Montana (Dunbar visited at home), Montana, 8/89
27 Remembrances of Colonel Stent, Montana, 3/01
28 A Veteran Reflects on War and Peace (The Yellowstone Times), Montana, 11/90

29 The Postcard
30 Postwar OZ Experience
31 Butch Roosevelt
32 Japan Trip 1985
33 Abe (Sec 12) at Pearl Harbor memorial

(1)

For [illegible] Stan OLS Reunion 8/92

CALVIN WARNER DUNBAR
Box 368, West Yellowstone MT 59758

Sergeant (Linguist Temp.) 839916 USMCR. Born Pomona, CA,12-16-24. Raised Los Angeles, CA. Graduated: LAHS 1-43, UC Berkeley AA 6/48, UCLA BS 6/52, Ethyl Corporation sales 6-52 - 9-61. Co-owner Food Roundup Supermarket, West Yellowstone, MT 9-61 - date. Married: Janice Horlick Romney, Salt Lake City, UT 6-54. Children: Elizabeth Dustin/Norman Romney.

USMC Experience 6-23-43 - 5-11-46. Entered Los Angeles, CA. Platoon 559, MCRD, San Diego, CA 7-43 - 10-43. Japanese Language School, Class No. 10, Camp Elliott, San Diego CA 11-43 - 2-44. JLS Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, CA. 2-44 - 5-44 Graduated class No. 10, 5-44.

Pacific Ocean Area; 5-30-44 - 4-27-46: USS Denver, San Diego to Pearl Harbor 6-44. 5th Amphibious Corps Transient Ctr., Oahu 6-44 - 7-44. SS Sloterdyk, (Dutch Registry), Pearl to Eniwetok, Marshall Islands to Guam, Marianas. 7-44 - 9-44.

G-2 Lang. Sect. 1st Base Hqs Bn, FMF, Pacific (Island Command, Guam) 9-16-44 - 4-10-46. G2 Lang. Sect. POW Stockade, Agana; POW investigation/interrogation; POW straggler roundup; general linguistics. Surrender conferences for garrisons of Rota, Marianas and Truk, Carolinas 8-45. Escorted repatriated Guam POW proselytes to Uraga, Honshu, Japan 2-46 via Okinawa. Returned USA, Treasure Island CA from Saipan, USS PITT (APA) 4-46. Discharged MCB, San Diego, CA 5-11-46. Sergeant (Ling. Temp.) 1-46.

Highlight of WW II experience: Location/ return directly to former Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) surgeon, Naval Guard Force, Rota, Marianas in 12-87 of 400 Year old Samurai sword he surrendered at Rota 9-45. Ongoing contacts with former LJN surgeon in Fukuoka and Montana. I have many present contacts with Japanese in Montana and Japan including Zenji ABE, currently of Tokyo, formerly Lt. Cdr, IJN, who was a dive bomber pilot of the IJN carrier AKAGI in the Pearl Harbor Attack, 12-41. Abe ended the war as CO of IJN Guard Force, surrendered Rota 9-45.

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Platoon 559, Marine Corps Recruit Depot
San Diego July-Sept 1943

Remembrance of my Marine days for my family history
Cal Dunbar, West Yellowstone, January 2002

Probably the most definitive period of my life was my time in the Marines from 1943 until 1946. I will try to document my experiences in boot camp. Every Marine must go through recruit training, "boot camp", either at San Diego for recruits west of the Mississippi or at Parris Island, South Carolina for those east of the Mississippi. However, this arbitrary division can change depending on the available space at these training centers. A boot is a recruit because in naval days of yore they wore boots, I suppose.

I had been active in the ROTC at LAHS and liked the military philosophy. I graduated in the W'43 Class in January 1943 and according to the Selective Service Law (Draft) then in place, anyone 18 to 45 was eligible for the draft and could not enlist, being subject to call by the local draft board and assigned as the government saw fit. I wanted to join the Marines because I believed they were the best outfit and fitted my concept of a great military tradition. I could not volunteer so I asked my father to contact his American Legion friend "Cappy" Cappodice to offer his assistance. Cappy was a familiar Legion figure. Having lost one leg at Belleau Wood with the Marines in WWI, he ambled around on crutches as he said wearing his artificial leg bothered him. Cappy was a romantic figure in his dress blues. He was the recruiter, a sergeant, for USMC in their Hollywood office. Cappy had been a well-known resource person for the original filming of "What Price Glory?" in the late twenties. Now he was serving WWII as a recruiter. Cappy told Dad that he would take my name so that when I was called by the draft board the USMC would know of me.

The local draft board deferred me until June1943 so that I could attend college for a semester. I went up to UC - Berkeley because Mother had graduated there and I wanted to get away from LA and the students I had been in school with since kindergarten. I was not terribly interested in college, had my mind set on joining the Marines to fight Japs and did not do very well scholastically. In fact, I got an F in chemistry in which I had earned A at LAHS. My only first cousin George Wood, Jr., a naval Lieutenant Commander, came into Oakland shipyard where his submarine tender USS Griffin, after two years in Australia, was refitted. At a shipboard lunch in the officers' wardroom he told me about the forthcoming naval officers training program, V-12, whereby I could get a commission, Marine or naval, and a college education. I told him that I did not want to sit around a college for years, "The war might be over by the time I got out. I am headed for the Marines in June." I left Berkeley for LA by train and with no real regrets.

was notified by the LA draft board to report for induction on June 23rd. I went down to the LA central reception center at Sixth and Main.
There were some two hundred plus men, mostly the eighteen year-olds who were finally being called up. They gave us a rudimentary physical (two feet, one head, no hernia, etc) I was worried that my eyes would sink me with the USMC but I passed. (At the period of the USMC my eyes must have changed because I did not wear glasses from 1943 until 1950. I even fired well at the range on 500-yard targets. A God-sent window on bad eyes, I guess). I remember a navy corpsman held up a watch and asked if I could hear it. I replied I could (I lie sometimes) and the hearing test was OK. At the end of the afternoon the navy had about 35 men, the coast guard 7, the Marines 9 and the remainder, some 170 or so went to the army.

We nine Marines were "discharged" from the service so that we could "enlist" in the USMC. (The discharge stated that we were being discharged explicitly so that we could enlist forthwith in the USMC. The Corps wanted only volunteers). We were told to report for active duty in two weeks, 7 July 1943 and furloughed home. I was elated. I was now a Marine (I thought).

On 7 July I reported back to Sixth and Main. The other Marines were there. George Berger, a year behind me in LAHS (he had enlisted at 17), Mike Godfrey in his San Pedro High track letterman sweater, Dwain Dowty and Homer Hollingsworth from Santa Maria, Roth, Jackson and some others from LA. Jackson would be washed out in boot camp. I saw him later selling shoes at Bullock's on Wilshire after the war but did not approach him. I though he looked like a slack-jawed effeminate type,

very un-USMC when I first saw him, but I figured the Corps knew what it was doing. Actually all of the men were strangers as I only had known Berger by sight at LAHS.

We were put on the Santa Fe train at downtown LA Union Depot and sent to San Diego, passing along the very familiar shoreline at San Clemente enroute. "Fafie Warner" had been the judge there and wehad spent a lot of happy childhood time at San Clemente. Bettie Lu lived on the beach there every summer. Arriving at San Diego at the Broadway terminal, we were summarily herded into buses and driven into the Marine Base Recruit Depot a short distance up the Pacific highway.

Under terse orders we left the bus and lined up on painted marks on the asphalt street. It was a motley crew; shaggy hair, shabby western levis, tennis shoes, cowboy boots,sport shirts, western shirts and a mixture of shabby looking suitcases. There were men from all walks of life especially rural working-class types. No Ivy League preppies here. We were directed into barracks and addressed by our self-introduced drill instructor or DI. We sat on the bunk cots as he outlined what was expected of us.

He was Corporal Sanders. He had been to Sea School and had done shipboard duty before becoming a DI. Our platoon was #559 of the year 1943. We had 58 men. Our recruit training was to last 8 weeks. He expected to hear 116 feet hit the deck as one every morning at reveille. He was to be called "Sir" at all times. We were not Marines but mere recruits - boots.

A few of the fellows, tough-looking guys from the coal mines and backwoods, were quietly sobbing. They had never been away from home, their small town or "hollow" and were homesick already. A 20-gallon GI can was placed in the middle of the squad room and we were told to put any hair lotion, cosmetic, patent medicine or the like into it. I asked the DI if I could keep my bottle of the poison oak serum I was takng orally to prevent PO by building an immunity. I only had a few days to go. He said OK: "I don't want to have to take you out and bury you tonight". With darkness and taps we spent our first night wondering about the mental stability of our DI and if we had not, in fact, joined the Foreign Legion.

We were up at 6 AM reveille, ate breakfast in the mess hall in the permanent stucco barracks and reformed for the first day's activities. We were lined up in three ranks according to height with the taller fellows on the left tapering down to the shortest on the right. The shortest men were referred to as the "feather merchants" after the cartoon characters in the then-popular comic strip "Snuffy Smith" where the feather merchants were really short characters. I was somewhere in the mddle range about six men from the short right end. I was 5' 10" and weighed 135#.

We were marched to the barber shop where we were told to point out any moles or such that might interfere with a clipper cut. The barbers used clippers only, rapidly shearing the hair of the recruits who quickly sat in the four chairs in the shop. Each person took about a minute. The floor was littered with cut hair. The recruits lined up outside. Everyone was shorn bald, a method used by the Marines to break down the individual personality of the recruit and enable them to be rebuilt in a uniform pattern favored by the USMC. I remember that for several weeks I had the rear of the head of the man in front of me memorized, every bump and knob. The back of the human head is not smooth. There are lots of bumps and knobs one never sees under some hair cover.

Next we went to the quartermaster where we were issued clothing: two sets of green cotton twill dungaree pants and tops, socks, undershirts and shorts, a pair of green woolen trousers, a khaki cotton tie (field scarf to the USMC) a cotton khaki shirt, a green woolen garrison cap, a cotton GI belt with open metal buckle (I still wear my buckle), a sweat , "boondocker" field shoes with the rough side of the leather out and the smooth side on the inside - very comfortable, a sweatshirt, a fiber pith-helmet (no Globe and Anchor insignia whatsoever for mere boots) and a towel. For gear we were issued a mess kit, a metal wash pail, a stiff-fibered wooden laundry brush, a bar of laundry soap, a canvas seabag and two green woolen blankets which we stenciled with our name: C. W. DUNBAR. Also a canvas cartridge belt. Our civilian clothes were placed in cardboard boxes which we addressed to our homes.

We marched to our new homes , the fiber prefab huts in the sand area south of the permanent base buildings. The Lindbergh Field airport abutted the east fence of the area with B-24 bombers taking off there as they were produced by the Consolidated-Vultee plant nearby. Three months earlier one went through the fence and killed several recruits in some huts there.The huts accomodated about eight cots each.

Our first effort was to learn close order drill without arms. We practiced marching on the parade ground. The DI explained the positions. One earnest recruit asked if the feet were to be at a 60-degree angle when at Attention. The DI replied: "Just put your feet like I have here. Just like that. I am a Marine, not a mathematician!".

We were issued rifles to second week, the M-1 or Garand, 30 caliber, 8 shots per clip, semi-automatic, weighing 8.65 pounds. A cartridge belt and bayonet went along.We had to memorize our serial number as well as the characteristics of the rifle. It was never ever to be dropped - the cardinal sin. It was "our best friend". A major breach of proper rifle handling, such as dropping, was punished by having to stand in the sand company street with the rifle in the left hand and the right hand pointing to one's exposed penis from the open fly, yelling loudly: "This is my rifle. This is my gun. This is for business and this is for fun". I never had to do this but I had heard tales about it.

Several days later we received our second DI. He was PFC Forister, a tall lanky fellow with a limited IQ and expletive-loaded vocabulary, definitely not the equal of our Corporal Sanders who did most of the DI functions. Forrester was mostly the secondary DI. I later saw him at Camp Pendleton the next March where the 5 MarDiv (Iwo Jima) was forming and he was wearing field clothes. His head had been shaved. It appeared that he must have been in the brig and was in the infantry as a grunt. He was capable of getting into trouble.

We got our shots from the naval corpsmen at the sick bay. We walked down between two lines of corpsmen who shot our arms on both sides with about eight or ten different kind of shots. The one that stung and made your arm sore was the tetanus shot. Afterward the DI had us do rifle calisthenics to "work the shots into our system."

Several mornings a week we assembled on a parade ground to do rifle calisthenics. A DI stood on a raised wooden platform and led several platoons through the exercises to the tune of a scratchy old phonograph playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning". It was early morning, just after breakfast, and foggy and cold by San Diego Bay. We had to wear our sweatshirts.

Among the lectures we got from the DI was one on sexual hygiene. This was scheduled but the spin that the DI put on his was something. At that time the principal sexual diseases were gonorhea and syphilis, both curable with treatment. Today's horrible incurable AIDS was unknown. The DI got us asssembled on the benches under the galvanized ramada where all of the lectures were held. He started out by saying that "All redblooded Marines screw." From there he instructed us into the official prophylactic technique after sexual intercourse. Then he waxed eloquent into what was a treatise on proper conduct in a cat-house, figuring that that was where most Marines eventually end up. "Go for one of the less good-looking girls. She will probably be cleaner and will probably appreciate your attention. Because of this appreciation she will probably give you a better 'stick'". I suppose the Marine brass told DIs to give their platoons the word on sexual hygiene but I doubt if they meant them to go this far. I suspect our DI spoke from experience.

In this same bleacher area we also learned to field-strip our rifles, laying out the parts on our blankets on tables. I have heard that some were required to do this blindfolded but we never got that far. All we were asked to do was know the rifle intimately, be able to field-strip it, know the nomenclature and memorize the serial number. I think we did have to field-strip the rifle hidden behind a blanket. Each boot was constantly asked his personal and rilfle serial number until it became ingrained. Sixty years later I know my personal serial number by heart but because I had several weapons in the time in the Pacific, the original boot camp rifle serial number is long forgotten.

We drilled on the parade ground under arms with our rifles - the M-1 Garand, a semi-automatic rifle firing a .30 caliber 8-shot clip. It weighed 8.68 pounds and was gas-operated, meaning the gas from the fired cartridge moved the bolt, ejecting the spent empty cartridge , moving the next cartridge from the clip upward into the breech, closing the bolt. The injected new cartridge was fired by the pull of the trigger. This is what is meant by semi-automatic; the trigger must be pulled for each shot. The M-1 was a very reliable rifle and accurate. The Corps had really loved the .30 caliber 1903 Springfield as it was extremely accurate at ranges up to 1000 yards but it was a single shot whereas the M-1 gave forepower. The Corps continued to use the '03 with a scope as a sniper rifle in WWII and Korea because it was so accurate at extreme range, and firepower is not an issue to a sniper.

When marching on the parade ground DI Sanders carried a swagger stick with which he would rap your pith helmet if he wanted to correct something. It was like having your head inside of an

empty oil drum or a bass drum with someone pounding on it. He could also neatly reach into the marching ranks with his foot to punch your rear end without making anyone miss cadence. As the platoon marched in three columns this was a neat trick if the culprit was in the middle column. All DIs "sang" cadence, sort of like a tobacco auctioneer. "Hut, too three, foh, to your left ,right lehuft". Their chants from the different platoons echoed across the vast drill area.

We were advised by the DI to attend church service on Sunday. "Better give your soul to Jesus because your ass belongs to the Marine Corps." I found that attending church on Sunday while in training in the States was wise because otherwise you were put on some police duty cleaning up the barracks or the head (naval term for toilet) by the NCO in charge of police duties. If he saw you leisurely relaxing on your bunk on a Sunday morning you were fair game for his cleanup detail. Often I was not off the premises on liberty on a Sunday and this was the time to be certain you were safe in church. Later in the day I went over to the schoolroom to study for Monday.

The morning we had our official platoon picture taken the DI told us not to smile for the photographer.. "Marines don't smile in photos. I don't want to see any 'shit-eating grins' when this photo is developed. Hence the very serious demeanor of the fellows in the attached photo.

Our platoon was a real mixture of people. About ten were from around LA, some six from central CA, one Paiute indian from NV, three from ID and UT,eight from WA, some six from the central Midwest and the rest of the 58 from TX around Beaumont, urban cowboys. These were working-class types, very racist, white supremist and southern. They had nicknames like "Clabber" as Reinhard was called. There were a few who had been near a college briefly but most were high school graduates and many were not well-educated at all. Their ages were mostly about eighteen or younger with the eldest probably 35, he being a retread Marine of the 1930s who was told that he would have to repeat boot camp upon reenlisting after several years as a civilian. This Crawford Knox was a former seagoing Marine on the old USS Oklahoma. He was sort of a know-ot-all who smugly went through the motions. The DI never gave him difficulty.

I was awed by most of these types as they were vastly different from the social class I had known in LA. The main worry that I had was being washed out and sent home. I weighed about 135 wringing wet and was not of the tough type that I was with. We did have one of our LA guys wash out: Jackson, whom I thought looked like a wimp when I first saw him but I figured the USMC knew what it was doing.

The night I tried Black Duck plug chewing tobacco, I swallowed some and passed out at evening rollcall. The DI took me to sick bay but I was Ok by then. The others kidded me later. All the way to the sick bay I was worried about being sent home. Once in the shower room a Texan looked at me, a young skinny kid and said: "Dunbah, we must be losin'". I knew I was in if they were kidding me.

The food was excellent in boot camp. We did get served a lot of creamed hamburger on toast for breakfast, probably because it was nutritious, simple to make in large quantities and to serve rapidly. It is called "SOS" in the Marines, euphimistically termed to civilians as Something on a Shingle" (really "Shit on a Shingle" to the troops).

One morning several platoons were assembled in the amphitheater . (This is the amphitheater where I saw comedian Red Skelton one evening. He entertained the recruit depot. He was very funny. In a skit that would never make later TV, he did his drunk act where he was peddling this gin, "Guzzler's Gin" - "a smooth drink". He got tipsier and tipsier until he was on the floor. I don't think it would be PC these days but the Marines loved the act). In this setting we were addressed by Colonel Hall, the Recruit Depot commandant. He told us that as Marines we would be fighting and that killing the enemy was part of the job for which we had volunteered. Should anyone have any reservations about killing an enemy he should speak up now, tell the DI and see the colonel for an interview. The man would be sent home. A man had so told the colonel the week before and he was gone. After the war I quizzed all of the veterans from different services and none told me that they had ever been asked directly about killing. I guess the USMC did not want any last minute question about this in the field.

We gradually learned the ground rules for life in the Corps. The main thing was honesty. Once our DI asked Dick, an older recruit, if he was tired after we had run in the sand. Dick said he wasn't so the DI had Dick run to the bay about a hundred yards or so away. After Dick returned he replied he

was tired. The DI said he should have told the truth the first time. Once we were washing our clothes at the washracks when a platoon was marched by. A couple of the guys started counting cadence, mimicking the passing DI. Shortly the DI returned and asked who were the wise guys counting cadence. Two guys 'fessed up. The DI said that they were OK but there were many others that were not OK and that they were going to have trouble in the USMC with a sneaky attitude like that. So 'fess up if you did it. I never forgot the warning.

One day we learned about gas masks. We entered an enclosed room in groups of about ten. The instructor had us sniff the dilute tear gas that was released then put on our masks. They helped. He said that the protection would be similar with poison gas. Actually gas was never used in the Pacific, and we all sort of discarded our gas masks out there. They were issued but never carried. Neither side wanted to be the first to use gas.

Postwar I read where the naval brass wanted to use poison gas shells against Iwo Jima where the Japanese were deeply dug in. President Roosevelt denied its use which would have been a first use in WW II. Taking Iwo by conventional weapons cost us 25,000 casualties, 7000 killed and 18,000 wounded, with almost 20,000 Japanese as less than 1,000 ever surrendered. Still it was a smart move not to be the first to use gas which had been so condemned by the international community in WWI.

One day the DI had suggested our platoon do something about one recruit, Whelan I think, who had been remiss in bathing every day. He was taken into the shower room and given a dry bath with sand from the company street gathered in a bucket. Several other recruits used their issue stiff laundry brushes to apply the sand to the naked recruit. There was no intimidation or brute force, the scrubbers merely explained what they were up to, and the washee quietly submitted. It was over in a matter of minutes with some red skin spots, but thereafter the culprit was seen in the shower daily.
One day the DI said our platoon could go to the naval hospital at Balboa Park to give blood if the entire platoon did it. One Alexon said he was against giving blood, so we didn't get to go. Asked why, he simply said he "didn't believe in it". The DI replied that he hoped he never needed any blood in the field. We were nonplussed over such a strange attitude for a fellow who would be destined for combat soon.

One day we did bayonet drill. There were straw-filled dummy man-sized structures holding a spring-loaded stick forward at bayonet height. When one parried the stick with the bayonet, It was hinged and swung out of the way. Then one lunged with the bayonet into the straw-stuffed torso - making a proper bayonet attack. We were made to yell ferociously as we attacked. A loose head-sized block was on the top of the dummy. We were to hit it with vertical or horizontal butt strokes, sending it sailing. I must not have been a good bayoneter. My grade was a 68 as my records I got from the government after the war showed. Just as well I never had to use the bayonet. I don't know what the criterion was, but 68 in any scoring doen't sound too good.

When we ran the obstacle course out in the sand area we all thought it great sport. I know that I ran it twice one day just for fun.

The day of the arithmetic test I was having a bad day. Ten simple problems of basic multiplication, long division and fractions. One had to get seven correct to pass. Somehow I got only six. It kept me from being promoted to Private First Class (PFC) at the end of boot camp. Almost half of the platoon was so promoted. I had to wait until I had served six months and was automatically promoted to PFC. I was embarassed that I had flunked such an easy test but I had had a bad day, I guess.

On weekends we were sometimes assigned to simple guard duty at the office, being on hand when visitors came to visit recruits. We wore our green wool pants, a khaki shirt, a green wool garrison cap, field scarf (tie), and our canvas cartidge belt. One Sunday while on duty, I was visited by our old family friends Muriel and Peg Glenn who lived nearby on Point Loma. We sat on the grass outside the office and talked. We pointed out the surrounding area and Point Loma where their house was. After an hour or so they went home. I was immediately approached by
another on-duty boot, several years older than I and obviously an unlettered rural southerner. He apparently had seen me talking to the Glenns and gesticulating. He said earnestly: "Keep your mouth shut!" The Glenns knew more about the neighborhood than anyone. This boot thought I was divulging the secrets of Recruit Depot perhaps to unworthy listeners. "Loose Lips Can Sink a Ship." I replied nothing and this fellow disappeared, having saved us all from unwarranted disclosure of

the deep secrets of Recruit Depot. Unfortunately the Corps was full of semi-educated but earnest fellows of that type. An occupational hazard.

After a month of practicing drilling and general indoctrination, we were trucked to Camp Matthews, the rifle range near La Jolla. Camp Matthews is now the campus of UC-San Diego. Here were spent three weeks: two weeks of "dry firing" without ammunition and a final week of "live firing" with ammunition. In boot camp we never had live ammunition except when firing on the range premises.

The Corps was very careful about rifle training because every Marine is first a rifleman and secondly whatever specialty he has been trained for. The Marines count on every man to be a front-line fighter. The support non-combat services for the USMC are provided by the USN. The first two weeks consisted of practicing firing positions, standing, sitting, kneeling and prone. The instructors were particularly fussy about your doing it properly. The most difficult aspect was in the prone postion where your left arm had to be inside the taut sling, under the rifle with the outside of your left elbow resting on the ground. In this way your elbow would not shift under rapid fire conditions and affect your aiming. This flat of the side of the elbow is hard to do at first and the instructors pushed your arm under the rifle, usually painfully to get the right placement. It hurt but you gradually got it right. It would make all the difference in rapid fire when the rifle moved about with the rapid succession of shots. With your arm properly planted, the rifle would return to the original aimed position after each shot and the bullets would then go straight as aimed originally, not straying and wandering off target.

The third week they let us shoot. The final day we shot for record. 300 yards for sitting, standing and kneeling and 500 yards for prone. Prone included a rapid fire sequence.

I shot Sharpshooter which is the middle grade between the top Expert and the lowest Marksman - a respectable scoring. Expert is very difficult to attain. I had simply followed instructions to succeed. Also I did it without glasses - a miracle as I had worn glasses since three and today I could not see 500 yards to a target without them. I never wore glasses the three years I was in the Corps. I had been farsighted as a youth and am now nearsighted. I guess my eyes were in a "window" between far- and near-sighted when my age was 18 to 21 - the Corps years. I became nearsighted about 22 and had to wear glasses again to see distances. I was granted a reprieve so that I could be a Marine! I am told that the shape of your eyeball affects the vision and the shape changes as you age.

You could readily tell the platoons who were live firing because their right lips were swollen from hugging against the rifle stock as they shot. The kick made their right canine tooth push against the lip causing swelling. The left-handed fellows were made to shoot right handed anyway, the M-1 had a right-hand bolt, and the ejected cartridges and clip flew out to the right, away from the shooter. Shooting was a learned process to the Corps. The M-1 was made for right hand operation with a clip of eight cartridges. The clip was ejected up and out with a "whang" when the final round was shot. (I heard that the Japs listened for that noise and knew the rifle was empty, but it may have been mere hearsay).

While we were cleaning our rifles at the cleaning rack after a shoot, Mike Godfrey, of San Pedro who had entered the Corps with me at LA, and I were complaining that we would not make PFC because of our having failed the arithmetic test. He allowed as how they could "take their PFC and stick it". Little matter to him, it proved. He was awarded the Silver Star posthumously at Pelilieu 13 months later.

One Sunday afternoon Dad, Mom, Bettie Lu and Addie came for a picnic. We held it at the picnic tables in the visitor area under the tall eucalyptus trees. My Berkeley Sig Ep fraternity brother Bob Brorsen, then at the range, joined us. He later went to Sea School then to the Pacific on the battleship USS New Mexico as an antiaircraft 40-mm cannon gunner. This simple picnic was really a well-planned outing for the family because there was gasoline rationing and from our house in LA to the rifle range at La Jolla is a good one hundred plus miles.

While at Camp Matthews we learned to throw grenades although not live ones, nor did I ever shoot a .45 pistol. I guess if we were proficient with a rifle, it would suit the Corps.

We returned to San Diego for the final week. We had a field kit inspection on the asphalt parade ground. The DI told us to go to the PX and buy a small box of matches to display, "all

Marines smoke". I did. I placed it just where he told us on the blanket next to the mess gear. It all looked great, I thought. The inspecting officer passed our ranks followed by the DI, inspecting our displays on the parade ground. The officer passed in front of me and passed on down the rank without comment. After he had inspected the last rank in the rear and departed the DI came up and stopped in front of me. He said as he pointed to the match box: "Dunbar, how is that officer supposed to read your matchbox, stand on his head? I don't care if you can read it, it's the officer that counts!". I had placed the box so that I could read "Matches" but to the officer it was upside down. The Corps can be fussy.

About this time I was interviewed by a sergeant who went over my aptitude tests. I had scored well with a high IQ. With my almost five years of Spanish, I had sufficient foreign language experience to qualify for the Japanese language school. However, the sergeant asked me what school I was interested in. I said some college would do. He replied that it was a little late for that. He said such "schools" as infantry, artillery, sea (shipboard guards), cooks and bakers, tanks, snipers and the like. I asked about Japanese language school as I had heard they had one, and my high school LAHS Spanish teacher Isadora Pedroarena had told me that Japanese was pronounced much like Spanish, making spoken Japanese easy for Hispanics. The sergeant said that they indeed had such a school but that few ever finished it. He asked for a second choice and I chose the artillery, mainly because my late lifelong friend Tom Johnson had just joined the artillery and had talked it up. (He served as a PFC in the artillery for the 4 MarDiv at the Marshalls 1/44, at Saipan 6/44 and Iwo Jima 2/45. He served as Instrument Personnel on a battery of 105-mm pack howitzers in 1/C/14, the 14th Marine regiment being the artillery regiment of the 4 MarDiv. He actually directed fire for his battery C at Iwo because of the attrition of senior NCOs and officers.) I was accepted for the Japanese language school, then at Camp Elliott, San Diego, because my IQ grades were high, and I had had a foreign language.

We had the final parade at the Recruit Depot in our greens (no blouses were issued us until after graduation from boot camp). I will never forget the band playing "Semper Fidelis", the Sousa march which is the official Marine march, not the popular "Marine's Hymn." After the graduation and were assigned to our next duties. At last we were Marines, could wear the globe and anchor insignia, received blouses so thast we could "go ashore" on liberty.

Our next duties were simple for us members of Platoon 559. We were all, as a unit, to be messmen at Mess P of Recruit Depot for a month before we were assigned to further training.Our graduation happened at the month-end of August to coincide with the turnover of a previous platoon which had just finished their month of mess duty. I was aselected to wash the pots and pans in the galley - the "scullery" as washing pots and pans is called. We had to keep up with the use of galley pots, pans, and tools by the cooks. With me in our team of two was an Idahoan from around American Falls whose family raised sheep. Standing for hours over the sink with our gloveless hands, we soon developed enlarged pores - like sponges (rubber gloves were not even thought of in the Corps, probably deemed effete). When I frequently complained to this fellow Ewing, he told me that probably in five years I would have forgotten all about it . My current West Yellowstone friend Ed Benson, who grew up near American Falls, tells me that a Ewing was killed later in the Pacific. So I guess our Ewing was right about it not mattering in the long run.

During this month of mess dut, we were granted liberty, both nightly when we could go to the close-by downtown San Diego and on the weekends when I could go up to the folks' at LA. On the nights I frequently went to the Glenns' house a few blocks away on nearby Point Loma. This hiatus in my Marine career gave me a chance to get my uniform squared away and take on the persona of being a "real" Marine.

When the month was up, in early October, I was sent to Camp Elliott on Kearny Mesa about twenty miles east of San Diego. Camp Elliot was the main Marine Fleet Marine Force training base as Camp Pendleton was not yet fully developed. Here was the School Battalion which included the Japanese Language School to which I had been accepted. My class, which I later learned was number 10, was to start November 1, 1943.

Also in the battalion was the Navajo Code Talkers School. I saw some of these young Indian fellows, but they were somewhat reclusive so I never made any acquaintences.

Finally my Japanese Language Experience was about to begin.

CORP. R.G. SANDERS PFC J.R. FORISTER

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Left to Right.

1. Simpson, Knox, Cuff, Fischer, Griffin, Bollater, Boughton, Dick, Goff, Walsh, McTear, Black, Bergen, Anderson.
2. Luffee, Raymond, Reynolds, Jabbora, Allen, Keyes, Fereday, Hamilton, Rassmussen, Trent, Knoll, Reinhard, Lake.
3. Jones, Cheesman, Jackson, Hollingsworth, Dalsasso, Webb, Markovich, Dunbar, Dowty, Roth, Pritchard, Robinett, Morris.
4. Sigler, Whalen, Welches, Lewis, Gudgal, Morgan, Godfrey, Johnson, Lavender, Macabe, Allen, Delu.
5. Super, Wright, Ewing, "Geronimo" (chappero) Rose, Cpl. Sanders, P.F.C. Forester, Abraham, Barkley, Soza, Alexon, Hagopian—

The Enlisted Marine Japanese Language School

Vignette of experiences in EMJLS in WWII
Calvin W. Dunbar, formerly Sergeant, 839916 USMCR
13 January 2004, West Yellowstone, MT

The education given me at the EMJLS was without doubt the most influential education I ever received with a profound effect upon me for the remainder of my life.

The EMJLS was formed in 1942 with the purpose of training Marines in Japanese so that they could perform battlefront interrogations of captured Japanese and do rudimentary translation of captured field orders and other pertinent documents at and below the battalion level. The ability to recognize documents of importance which could be later translated at higher levels was important. In this literary work a basic knowledge of military kanji characters was crucial. Therefore both conversational Japanese (kaiwa) and characters (kanji) were taught. The Marines had a language school under the USN at U of CO, Boulder, where university level students of Phi Beta Kappa quality were trained for sixteen months whereupon they were graduated as officers in the navy or the USMC, their choice. To supplement this limited supply of language people in the field the USMC elected to train enlisted personnel to assist these officers in the field. The EMLJS was originally of a mere ten weeks for selected personnel whereupon they were sent out to the combat area. It became apparent that more time was needed to adequately prepare these candidates for effective language work so the course was lengthened to twenty weeks in December 1943.

I heard of this school shortly after I joined the Marines in June 1942. I recall that my Spanish teacher at LAHS had said Japanese and Spanish had similar pronunciation except that Japanese had no accents or stresses. I thought this interesting as Japanese seemed very exotic and unknown. I had studied Spanish since Grade Seven in junior high school, was passable in reading but, like every other public school student, my conversational ability was mediocre. The language was taught primarily from a literary basis. Still I thought my B Grade ability might qualify me for language school. I had joined the Marines because I knew I would see an enemy, and the thought that I might actually converse with one intrigued me. It turned out that in the future I talked with many.

At boot camp I was interviewed by a Sergeant Bob Snider who was a friend of Dad's in the American Legion in LA before he was called to Marine duty as a reserve. Snider was involved in the testing and assignment of boots after boot camp. He asked me what interested me, and I told him that the Japanese language school did. Our encounter was a brief barracks room chat where he was merely saying hello as a friend of Dad's. As boot camp progressed I was formally interviewed by some sergeant. He had the test results in front of him as we talked. This sergeant asked me my choice of assignment. I replied that I would like to go to some college unit. He smiled as he said that it was a little late for that: what else in the Fleet Marine Force? I told him I would like Japanese language school. He replied that he knew little about it except that few ever finished it and so were assigned elsewhere in the Corps. I needed a second choice so I took artillery as my LAHS pal and longtime fellow- student from grade school, Tom Johnson, had gone to the Corps right after graduation that January while I had taken a semester at UC, Berkeley. Tom was in the artillery, later the 14th Marines, 4 Mar Div, and said he liked it, so I opted for the artillery as second choice. It never happened. I was selected for the Enlisted Marine Japanese Language School (EMJLS) and so assigned when we finished the month of mess duty our platoon was assigned after our recruit training; I washed pots and pans in Mess Hall P along with fellow bootcamper Ewing of American Falls, Idaho, who was later killed in the Pacific. I was to report to Camp Elliott at Kearny Mesa east of San Diego, across from the Miramar Air Station. It was now early in October 1943. I had been an active Marine since that July, ranked private.

I was driven to Camp Elliott and housed in Barracks 44, like all of the other two-storied clapboard barracks aligned in a north-south direction. At each end there was a squad room on an east-west "tee" direction filled with two lines of double-decked bunks with clothing racks in the middle. We were on the second floor along with various other schools of the school battalion, such as combat intelligence, motor transport, quartermaster, cooks and bakers and the like. At the other end of the barracks I noticed a few Indian fellows about my age and spoke to one of them once but he was aloof.

I thought it merely his ethnic reticence. I asked a sergeant just who they were. He replied that they were in some kind of a "radio school". Later we became aware of the Navajo Codetalkers. I guess they were told not to fraternize with others, hence his reticence with me.

After a couple of days there I was summoned to the sergeant major's office. He asked where I had been. I had missed several morning roll calls. I told him I had been there going to chow and awaiting the word. I was used to the boot camp atmosphere where you were told what to do and when without initiative. He said to get in the routine which I did. He was a kindly Marine of many years and believed me. He probably thought that the Corps was getting a bunch of spoon fed teenagers and maybe he was right.

About the first of November we were organized as a class, Class 10 I later found out from Roger Pineau's history records. We had about forty-plus to begin with, including a Chinese, a Russian speaker from an immigrant family and several highly-educated students from classy eastern prep schools. I was snowed. The USMC was not. Eventually they all flunked out.

The course was ten weeks on a five-day week with each day lasting from 0800 until 2200 (8 AM until 1000 PM, civilian time) with time out for chow, drill and necessary personal chores. We were granted liberty on weekends after Saturday morning inspection of our quarters at 0900.

The school was in a fiber prefab building which antedated the Quonset hut. There were about three classrooms consisting of wooden picnic tables and benches, blackboards but no voice tapes nor records nor any electronic equipment at all. The main assistance we had available were "flash cards", blank business-sized cards on which the new kanji was written with the sound translation on the reverse. We had new kanji to learn each week which were utilized in the field order we had to translate in the weekly exam. We were issued a dictionary for character translation (*Beginners' Dictionary of Chinese-Japanese Characters and Compounds, A. Rose-Innes*), a four-inch thick dictionary for words (*Kenkyusha's New Japanese-English Dictionary*), a textbook on grammar (*Modern Conversational Japanese, J.K. Yamagiwa*) and a dictionary of military vocabulary (*A Dictionary of Military Terms, Lt. Col. H.T. Creswell, et al.*) a compilation by British and Japanese military officers. These four books were printed in the USA in 1942 to serve our war effort. I still have and use all four after having carried them through the Pacific.

We never had an assigned class textbook as such, the lessons being compiled by the school staff. The famous *Naganuma* textbooks used in the Boulder naval school and at U of CA, Berkeley were unknown to me until I heard the naval JLOs on Guam talking about them. I later used *Naganuma Book One* in the course I took at Berkeley in 1946 under Professor Nakamura who had taught at the Boulder naval school and knew some JLOs I had served with. I guess the school felt that we needed military Japanese and specialized in it to the disregard of the fairy tales and Japanese cultural aspects featured in Naganuma.

We began with close to forty-odd pupils. I think only six of those original eventually finished the course. The material was: literary of phrases and grammar prepared by the staff, field orders and kanji and conversation by various teachers.

The school was headed by a Major Frederic O. Wolf (OinC) who had lived in Japan. He had been an interpreter at Guadalcanal with 1MarDiv. Major Wolf never taught any classes that I knew of. At least he never was an instructor to me.

It turned out that he roomed with our familiar LA Bronson Ave neighbor, Arthur "Doc" Seavey who had gone into the navy as a dentist with rank of lieutenant commander. As he and Major Wolf were equal in rank, they were billeted together. I saw Doc very little those days other than his telling me that he could be of no assistance to me in helping me pass, and I told him I expected no such thing, but that it was interesting to me that he had connected with Wolf. (I was slightly insulted that Doc would even think that I might expect him to use influence on my behalf but I never said so to Doc).The only time I ever saw Doc at Camp Elliott was once when he was in the chair at the barber shop.

The senior sergeant administator was a Staff Sergeant Alfred E. Volpe. He might have been a veteran of the Nicaragua campaign in the Thirties. Captain Paul S. Dull who had originated the school in 1942 had been discharged for health to be replaced by Wolf. I read after the war that he had become a Japanese history professor at University of Oregon, had written a book of his translation of the IJN fleet operations in the war, which I bought later from the USN press, and had died as an emeritus professor.

The actual teachers were a Captain John H. Jewett whose family were silk merchants. He taught us spoken Japanese or" kaiwa".

His assistant was Corporal Doyle W. Harris, called by us "Gocho", meaning corporal, who had just returned from duty in Samoa where he had received schooling in Japanese. Harris eventually became a s/sgt. Sergeant Lawrence E. Sarson taught us grammar. He had been a Latin teacher in a parochial Catholic Boston school. He was very acerbic with a sadistic streak: he would begin to count cadence when a pupil faltered in some grammatical point, indicating that the person was headed for the infantry training center as a flunkout. He never had to get on me like that but he did others.

We had a Sergeant Phillip R. Irwin, Sergeant Fred B. Potter, Corporal Henry Warten and Pfc George E. White who taught us kanji and field order translation. They were not very effective as they knew not much than we did being just a few classes ahead of us before beginning their teaching roles. I heard later on that Irwin had attempted suicide by slashing his wrists because he was afraid off being shipped out. I never heard what happened after that. He lived but I suppose he was given a bad conduct discharge.

Staff Sergeant Lou Yet Ming was a huge Chinese-American who had been born and raised in Mississippi but educated somewhat in China. Ming taught us calligraphy as well as kanji. He tried to teach us sosho, or grass-script cursive kanji writing. This was supposedly to enable us to read handwritten diaries in the field. However, sosho is very difficult as it is really a cursive shorthand wherein the kanji character is abbreviated and stylized by the individual writer just like our English handwriting in letters. For me and the rest of us this was mostly an exercise in futility. The great aspect of Ming was his profane speech rendered in his southern accent with Chinese overtones. To hear Ming hold forth, especially when excited, was compensation for our inability to absorb his lessons.

Captain Harry D. Pratt was there in November 1943 just back from the Tarawa operation with the 2MarDiv. He drew an organization chart of a IJA infantry battalion on the blackboard for us to copy. I drew mine on the inside hardback cover of my Cresswell military dictionery. At the 1992 50th reunion of the naval language school to which I was invited by the late USN Capt Roger Pineau, the historian of the naval Japanese language effort, I met Pratt again, now a retired colonel from Sonoma, CA and had him inscribe the dictionery next to the chart I had copied 49 years earlier. Harry was also at the 60th reunion in Boulder, CO in 2002. Postwar he had been selected as court interpreter for the war crimes trial for executed IJA General Yamashita in Manila, postwar.

In school, the working day started at 0800 when we assembled in the classroom after morning chow. Each class period lasted an hour with differing subjects until noon when we broke for chow. From 1300 until 1500 we had more classes. From 1500 until 1700 we had some free time to do our personal chores such as washing our laundry and policing our barracks. Evening chow went at 1700. And thereafter, about 1800 we returned to the classroom to do our homework, mostly studying grammar, flipping flash cards and translating kanji. We had blank business cards onto which we wrote the kanji character on one side and the sound and translation on the reverse. These "flash cards"were held up by one Marine while the other responded. Then they would trade places, ad infinitum. At 2100 "Tattoo" was blown. ("Tap-to", or close the taps in the slopchute because "Taps" is only minutes away.Then followed by "Taps" at 2200, which meant lights out. We headed for the sack in the darkened barracks. Studying ended with Taps. This was a long day: Revielle at 0500, Roll Call at 0530, morning chow at 0600, straighten our sack area, police up then report to class at 0800. Being Marines we were made to close-order drill several times a week in that "free period" between the end of classroom classes at 1500 for a hour or so. Saturday morning was inspection of our barracks at about 0900. The field music (bugler) went around with the inspecting officers and blew "Attention" as the party entered the barracks. I remember we all snapped to and stood rigid in front of our sacks as the officers looked everything over. Then, the bugler blew "Rest"as the party departed.

Once my cap ornament was an unofficial Globe and Anchor I thought sharp-looking. I recall the Marine gunner (warrant officer) stopped in front of me remarking to his fellow inspector that the insignia was not "issue". The other agreed. "I guess he's trying to be salty", he said before he passed on. I replaced the insignia that day. Once there was a newspaper left in one of the stalls in the head. Major Wolf was summoned to tell us personally in formation that our weekend liberty was cancelled and we were restricted to the base. I had to phone home that I would not be up to LA that weekend. I do not recall the movie but I went at the base theater as well as the beer garden (slopchute). The

slopchute had advantages because I could drink a couple of beers there whereas I could not in San Diego because CA had a 21 year-old age regulation on alcohol. I never liked the idea that I could go out and die for my country but I could not order a drink anywhere outside the base.

Every Friday was examination day. We had tests on grammar, kanji and field order translation. If one did not pass he was sent on Monday forthwith to the infantry training center (ITC) in the camp. As the school progressed I recall many friends with their seabags packed awaiting the truck transport. The USMC brass felt they needed hardcore infantry a lot more than some "effete" Japanese speakers. The first weeks were the worst as those inept at Japanese study were quickly eliminated.

The school had been set up as ten weeks originally but was lengthened to twenty weeks midway in December 1943. It was felt that ten weeks was too short a period.

During November 1943 they filmed the movie "Marine Raiders" at Camp Elliott with a segment filmed in our classroom. I was not in it but was told to stay outside until the classroom was vacated. Captain Jewett and Gocho Harris were filmed. They said: "Do iu fu ni horyo ni natta ka?" Captain Jewett, as the interrogating Marine, asked "How did you become a prisoner?" Harris as the POW replied: "Kawa wo watatte horyo ni shimashita." "I crossed the river and became a prisoner". To a non-Japanese speaker this probably sounds more important. It is the part of the film where the Raiders are supposed to get language training which they never did except for duly trained language officers (JLOs) but not the run-of-the-mill Raider.

When I came back from noon chow the classroom was still occupied. Out in front there was a black sedan with Marines all around the rear windows. I looked past them and saw a good-looking brunette seated in the rear seat. I recognized her as actress Ruth Hussey. She was the female lead in the film. I heard my name called. It was Ray Wood who had been in my LAHS graduating class that January. He was a naval corpsman with the Marines there. He was surprised that I was there in the Marines studying combat Japanese. He thought I would be in "some college someplace". I had been a much better student than he. Less than ten LAHS students in our 1943 class of 1000 ever were enlisted Marines. Such a calling was not of the social and educational milieu of our upper middle-class students. Maybe the air corps or the navy but the Marines was probably regarded as too physically basic.

One night in November I went to the base theater to see the film "Cover Girl" starring Phil Silvers. The black and white changed to color when the magazine cover girls were shown. Of the ten or so, one was Shirley Ballard of my LAHS class. I had always fantasized about this knockout of a girl but was too shy to ever approach her. She was a good-looking brunette who had a figure that "would not quit". I told the fellows around me that she went to our high school with me. They were impressed. I did not tell them that I hardly ever even talked to her.

Once at the base theater we saw an American war film where the IJN carrier pilots were assembled in rank about to enter their fighter planes aligned on the deck. Their officer faced them and said curtly: "Ame ga fureba furanakereba kamaimasen!" Which means: "If it rains or not it doesn't matter." We students howled and explained our laughter to the nearby seatholders. I guess the producers thought that American viewers would think that the Japanese were being as deadly as ever.

That month we "surveyed" our worn clothing at the quartermaster shed. There was Ming with about eight pairs of field shoes to survey. He got pairs in return of various sizes from large to small, obviously for some of his family members of all ages. One of our fellows kidded him. Ming took exception and replied hotly in his inimitable accented profanity before departing with his selection of new field shoes. "Whasa matta, nun of yuh goddam bizness!"

Once when we had had a poor inspection showing. We were so told by Sgt Volpe at formation. Volpe said that the senior sergeant had told him to "get those piccolo players" in line. Ming hit the roof: "Wolpe, who do deh mean is deese pikoloh players? Who say dis damn ting anyways?" Luckily Volpe never revealed the source of that remark. They would have seen a monstrous southern-accented profane Chinese bearing down on them.

I went to LA and home most weekends on pass. I usually hitchhiked with a buddy north up the Pacific Coast highway through Oceanside, San Clemente, San Juan Capistrano, Tustin, Norwalk, and into LA.. It took at least six hours with one ride after another. People were kind to pick me up but the shortage of gas limited car traffic. Once I hitchiked up the inland route through Escondido, Temecula, Lake Elsinore, Corona, Chino, El Monte and Alhambra into LA. It took about ten hours due to the lack

of traffic in that less populated area during those gas-rationing days.

I usually had a buddy or two with me. Naturally they ate up the homecooked food. My mother, who had to watch the food rationing like everyone else, never said a word as we gobbled up lots of the ration points for our family.

The return trip back to camp required that I take the Southern Pacific train from the LA Union Station to San Diego where I could catch the shuttle bus to Camp Elliot at the General Grant Hotel on Broadway. The first time I took the train at LA was in the evening about 6 PM and dark in the winter. There was a long line of Marines and other servicemen lined up awaiting to board. I noticed that many carried newspapers. I thought it peculiar as most were not noted for a high degree of literary interest. I soon discovered after boarding to find all of the seats occupied by those ahead of me. The only space left unoccupied was the floor of the railroad car in the aisle between the seats. I had to lie down on the floor. Luckily a kindly fellow nearby gave me a few sheets of his newspaper to shield my uniform from the dirt of the deck. I rolled up my blouse for a pillow.

Thereafter I sought for a ride to LA with some Marine at camp who might be going there for the weekend. I soon found such a ride with a quartermaster student who drove to LA for the weekend to visit his wife. He took me and at least three others for a small fee.

At Thanksgiving 1943 weekend I went to LA for a family reunion. Uncle Pop Warner was down from Palo Alto. The ride I had to LA and back was with this quartermaster student who later served as a sergeant with the 5th 'Phib Corps Long Tom artillery at Leyte. He had his wife in North Hollywood and this girlfriend with an apartrment in the Rampart Boulevard district east of Western Avenue and Wilshire Boulevard. On this Sunday evening about seven PM after picking me up at Wilshire and Western he cavorted with this girl in her apartment until the wee hours. Meanwhile the other three fellows also riding waited with me in the car. We finally got into camp from LA after dawn just as Revielle was blowing. I walked into the barracks, took off my greens, put on my khakis, grabbed some coffee and chow and went to class. The first class was kaiwa under Capt Jewett. He called on me to recite. My conversational Japanese was terrible as I had had no sleep. He asked if I had had a big Thanksgiving with "lots to eat?" He did not say drink although I know he meant it. I replied it had been a big one. He passed on. One of my friends told me later that he thought that I was finished for sure. Later that week I wrote a short essay on the Tarawa operation that had happened earlier in the month. I had kept it simple, using safe polite verb forms and omitting any complex structures where I might err. I read it. The only criticism Jewett had was my word for "concrete" in the gun emplacements. I used the term from my Creswell dictionery which was "beton". Jewettt said he had never heard that term and it should be simply "konkureto". Later Gocho told me that Jewett thought my essay was excellent. I am sure it saved me in the school.

One day Gocho got me and another fellow to go with him to the base theater. Some officer was giving a lecture on the necessity to stay alert at all times as the Japs were tricky. He had given Harris some firecrackers. We entered the rear of the theater. At the officer's prearranged signal the "Goch" had us light the firecrackers and toss them in the back of the theater. All of the men spun around at the noise. When they turned back to the stage there was a crew-manned light machine gun trained on the audience. The officer said they had better watch out. I thought it a nice break from studying kanji.

There were the first of WWII Women Marines stationed in a barracks near ours at Camp Elliott. They were drivers and office staff. They were new to the Corps. They were called "BAMS" by the male Marines but not to their face. BAMs was the acronym for Broad-Assed Marines. Now women are a regular component of the USMC but then they were kind of an unknown special wartime reserve. One night I was returning from San Diego on the camp shuttle bus which had wooden benches on each side the entire length like NY subway cars. There were some ten BAMs aboard. One, a blond thin type had been out on the town. She appeared to be an ethnic working-class girl possibly raised in one of the eastern industrial cities. She was really gassed. She saw me across the aisle facing her contingent and thought she would have some fun at my expense. She came across the aisle and sat on my lap, tweaking my cheek. I was really embarrassed. I was nineteen from a nice neighborhood and not used to this. Her pals pulled her off. One of the Marines nearby laughed as we debused at camp. I said she was really a "witch without a broomstick". The Marine made some salty remark to the effect that that was what she was probably looking for. I let it go unanswered and went quickly to the serenity of our

darkened barracks.

At Christmas 1943 we were given ten days leave with the stipulation we were not to leave the 12th Naval District (CA). Pfc Bob Adams, our class paramarine, decided to see his family in Oklahoma City. He arranged through USMC flier friends of his to be flown back. Unfortunately the orders were not printed up by the time this flight was to leave. Adams asked me to get his orders and mail them to Oklahoma telling the school that he was in LA where he had gone the previous weekend on liberty and rather than return to camp I would simply give him the orders on Monday in LA.

Meanwhile he flew to Oklahoma. Monday I went to the office and told Volpe that I wanted Adam's orders to give him in LA. Volpe was nonplussed and got Major Wolf in the act. I stood by my story and finally Wolf said to have the sgt major give them to me. It was irregular but he said that there was "honor among thieves" and not to leave Adams stranded in LA. I got the orders and mailed them immediately at the camp post office. I then left for LA. Luckily no one asked me to show them the orders. Towards the end of the week at midday I was at lunch with Dad in his downtown Jonathan Club when I was told I had a phone call. It was Mrs. Adams, Bob's mother, calling from Oklahoma, telling me in her southern accent that she had not received the orders and Bob was running all over the place. She was afraid he might be caught. I told her that they were mailed that Monday morning. At his return Bob told me that they had come the next day. I was relieved it all came off well with us not being caught. I hated lying to the sergeant and to the major as to where Bob really was but, as it would be the only chance Bob would ever have to see his family before going to the Pacific, I felt it worth the risk.

January 1944 our school was transferred north to Camp Pendleton because Camp Elliott was then obsolete for Marine training. There was not enough room around Elliott to conduct full-scale training operations while Pendletion was huge in area. Even today unexploded shells are found in former Camp Elliot locations now being developed into residential areas. At Pendleton, still undeveloped today , this is no problem. The EMJLS was stationed in new Quonset huts in the remote area near the Fallbrook gate. Today it is the Delus residential housing area. We were 24 miles from the main gate on Highway 101 near Oceanside, a far cry from the proximity of Elliott to San Diego, less than 20 miles. The locale then was rather remote and undeveloped with perhaps two dozen Quonset huts on concrete foundations forming the unfenced open compound and a supporting mess hall clustered on the hilly terrain featuring grassland of an open pasture. The nearest other compound was probably several hundred yards away. There was a hut devoted to a beer garden, or slopchute as the Marines called them, about one hundred yards away.

One morning in April 1944 when we were winding up the last weeks of our school Class #10, I was sent with two other students to clean up the slopchute hut. The hut had about four tables with built-in benches in front of the counter over which the cans of beer were issued. At our arrival the place looked as if it had had heavy traffic the previous night. I thought that the matter might be easier if we three divided up the chores. I was unaware of the term "specialization of labor" but that is what I proposed. One would clean off the tables and dispose of the debris of cans. One would then sweep up and swab the deck. Finally, one would drymop the deck to finish the job. We would then return to our classroom together. I was to clean off the tables and get rid of the cans, which I did. The second man swept and swabbed the deck. Then we both climbed onto tables and reclined to await the other to finish. Just then the door opened and in came a Lieutenant Colonel Crowell, an Irishman from Boston with a typical Boston-Irish accent and temper. He saw us on the table and yelled for all of us to get back to our classroom at once. He threatened that we were to go to the brig. We three walked rapidly toward our school hut. He yelled from thedoor for us to run as fast as we could "On the double!". We did, scared. We sat in the class trying to act as if nothing had happened. About five minutes later Major Wolf entered and said there would be no brig as orders had come through for the entire class to be sent to the Pacific at once. We were relieved. In fact, Bob Adams and I did a dance of joy after Wolf had left. We were glad school days were over and we could get on with the business of being a real Marine by going overseas.

As transients under orders we were restricted to the base but I could phone home. I do not think my folks were elated with the news.

Actually seven of us were so ordered. Robert Adams, Vernon Crenshaw, Calvin Dunbar, LeRoy Hansen, Robert Kraft, (first name forgotten) Martin,and Hafford Paschall, all pfcs.

Anthony Raymondo of our class was not so ordered. The "Goch" told me that Tony was "not ready yet". However Tony was sent into the newly-forming 5MarDiv with others of our previous Class # 9. In so doing he came under an existing table of organization (T/O) whereby he received the rank of sergeant. I will always think that the Goch, who was a good friend of Tony's, had a political hand in this manuever to the new division. The rest of us in Class #10 were thrown to the uncertain whims of the huge Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, or FMFPAC, with no certain T/Os awaiting us.

The morning we left Camp Pendleton we wore our greens, packed our seabags , donned our field packs, held our rifles and boarded six-by-six trucks for our ride to San Diego. We drove down the Pacific highway. I can still recall riding through the town of Leucadia on that overcast morning seated in the truck holding my rifle butt down on the deck. Leucadia had a row of eucalyptus trees next to the highway. As we rode along we got a stroboscopic effect as we passed by these trees. I was in Leucadia in 2001 and the trees are still there.

We seven went to Hawaii, all but Crenshaw, who went on a transport, aboard the light cruiser USS Denver, CL51 which was returning to the Pacific after having been shelled at Bougainville. We boarded her at the Broadway Pier, San Diego on June 1. She had come through the Panama Canal from the navy repair yard at Brooklyn, NY. We were passengers without duty as the cruiser did not have a full complement yet. She was to get replacements at Pearl Harbor. It was a nice cruise for us, ice cream, good food, comfortable bunks and a friendly crew of sailors. They had brought a bunch of Marines back to the States from Bougainville and were impressed with them. I asked one sailor why they were so nice to us who had never seen overseas duty and fighting. He replied:"Yes, but you will!"

We arrived at Oahu on 6 June 1944, D-Day in Europe, after a trip of five days from San Diego. At the replacement camp we were assigned to various units:

Adams had volunteered for the amphibious reconnaissance outfit (recon) which operated from submarines in rubber boats in raids ahead of the invasion. It fitted his paramarine personality. We never saw him after he left us for the unit at PH.

Crenshaw went to the 3rd Base Hqs Bn at Pelilieu and Angaur. He eventually became commissioned in the field as a 2nd Lt.

Kraft and Martin went to the 2nd Base Hqs Bn at Tinian. Martin, searching a cave shortly thereafter was wounded by a grenade, evacuated to PH and we never heard from him again. Kraft came to 1st Base Hqs Bn at Guam in April 1944 along with Cpl AJ Tillery, graduate of Class #8, EMJLS, who had been in the 22nd Marine Regt at Eniwetok, Marshall Islands campaign. The 2nd Base Hqs Bn was de-activated as the army had taken over the occupation of Tinian.

Dunbar and Hansen went to 1st Base Hqs Bn at Guam. (See my vignette on our trip from HI to Guam on the SS Sloterdyk.)

Paschall went to 5th 'Phib Hqs, FMFPAC where he served at Iwo Jima in the command ship, Rocky Mount, of Admiral Kelly Turner and Lieutenant General Holland. M. ("Howling Mad") Smith.

In the war, Tillery served in the Marshalls, Tinian and Guam, a corporal; Crenshaw at Pelilieu and Angaur, finally a lieutenant; Dunbar, Guam, finally a sgt.; Hansen, Guam and Iwo, sent stateside to teach at the EMJLS at Camp Lejeune in mid-1945, a cpl.; Kraft, Tinian and Guam, a sgt. at discharge but a pfc and cpl, like me, most of the time..

I personally was a pvt from enlistment 6/43 until pfc at 12/43; pfc until cpl 1/46; finally sgt until discharge 5/46. We received no promotion at graduation, merely a certificate of completion signed by Wolf. Tillery is the only man I know who was promoted to corporal at graduation. The official records I received in 1995 from the Natl Records Archive at St Louis showed my EMJLS grade as being: EXCELLENT, printed in ink in handwriting. Crenshaw sent me a copy of his: VERY GOOD. This is surprising as Crenshaw I regarded as my superior as a student. Of course I never saw his class grades.

What of these seven in the postwar?

Adams disappeared from our knowledge into recon at PH in 6/44.

Crenshaw was an executive with Texas-Oklahoma Express lines in Dallas, TX. He is presently in a rest home in Mesquite, TX from stroke problems. I write but he cannot phone nor answer the mail. He became a captain in the reserves. In 1963 he was located by a former Pelilieu POW Sgt Hiroshi Funasaka of the crack 14th IJA division who evolved into a wealthy owner of

Tokyo bookstores, a prominent figure in postwar Pacfic veteran affairs in Japan. Funasaka had Crenshaw and his wife Georgia visit Japan as his guest amid considerable public acclaim in 1963.

Hansen graduated University of Wisconsin journalism school, was a UPI correspondent at the armistice talks at Pammunjon, Korea, married a Japanese lady Michiko, was in the news business ending as Foreign Editor of *US News and World Report* magazine in Washington, DC and retired. He died of a stroke in 1990.

Kraft graduated University of Washington medical school, practiced in Soledad, CA as a prison doctor, moved to Ukiah, CA, about 1960, was sued there by a patient for inappropriate actions. Reportedly he lost his insurance coverage as a result. He has never answered any of letters sent him by me or Tillery. Apparently he was still residing in Ukiah in 2000, according to one of my friends there who saw him pass on the street.

Martin was evacuated to the hospital at PH in 7/44 with grenade fragments in one eye. The report to us was that there the hospital was to use a strong magnet to extract them. We have never heard of Martin after he left Tinian.

Paschall ran an auto mechanic training school in TN for those under the GI Bill, was elected to the legislature and had held a position with Proctor and Gamble. He became depressed, a family trait, and committed suicide by drowning from a rowboat on a lake in 1955. I happened to see his name listed on a memorial plaque on a pillar in the photo background in a BPOE hall in Paris, TN. This photo was published in the Elks magazine in early 1963. I wrote the lodge and learned of his death from a surprised lodge secretary. His widow subsequently wrote to me. I could not help her as to his motive for the suicide from any experience I had had with him.

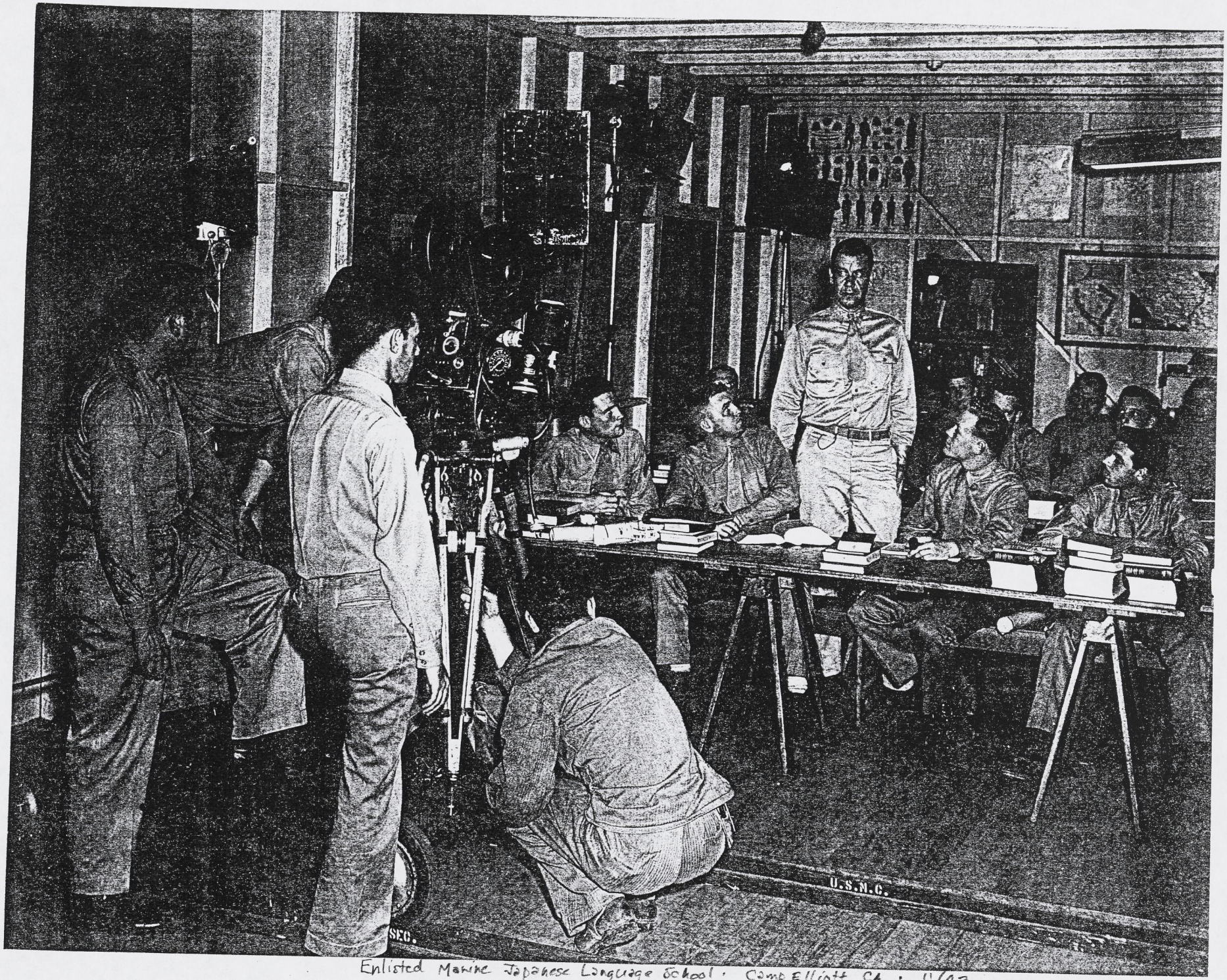
Raymondo went on to become general sales manager for Schaeffer Pen company before he was retired with a bad heart to Nashville, TN. I had tracked him down by a summer resident who knew the Raymondo family in his hometown of Knoxville, TN. I talked with hm on the phone in 1985 when he told me that he and Major General Keller Rockey were the "first people" in the 5MarDiv organization. Tony always had a flair for the dramatic. Rockey was CO of the division. Tony died about 1995.

Tillery was in Class #8, graduating 30 October 1943 ahead of us, but we knew him at EMJLS because he was not sent overseas immediately. He was sent to the FMFPAC in December 1943. At PH he was summoned to the office where an officer asked him: "Tillery are you ready to go to war?" Tillery answered "Of course!", so the officer had him get into a jeep. The driver was instructed to take him to an awaiting transport at the harbor already loaded for an operation. The driver drove out to Waikiki Beach and Diamond Head, the opposite direction from the harbor, before turning around. Tillery asked why. The driver replied that he "might not have another chance to see it." Boarding the transport Tillery reported to a gunnery sergeant who made a remark about him being a "boot" corporal and told him to hang on to his rifle because he would need that but doubted if he would find any Jap to talk to. These were the 22nd Marines who had been on Samoa for months, were older, bonded together and "salty". Tillery landed on Enjebi Atoll in the Marshall Islands later in January 1944 and thereafter was assigned to the 2nd Base Hqs Bn at Tinian, Mariana Islands. He came to Guam, Mariana Islands in April 1945 with Kraft to join me at 1st Base Hqs Bn. He was selected for a school stateside in June 1945, left Guam and was discharged after the A-bombs ended the war. He became a lawyer in New Orleans where he is now retired. Tillery was the best kaiwa, or conversational Japanese speaker, that I ever encountered from our EMJLS.

An interesting development: in 2003 I was sent a copy of a letter from Irwin Slesnick, a former EMJLS graduate of a class in late 1944 (Pineau has no listing for Slesnick), veteran of Okinawa and retired botany professor of Washington State University, Bellingham, WA, who is formulating the history of the USN-USMC JLS effort in his forthcoming book. A letter "Sles" found in the archives of the naval language school at the University of Colorado, Boulder, dated in early June 1944 was an official USMC correspondence from the chief JLO of the then-forming 5MarDiv, Colonel John Erskine. "Tiger" Erskine, as he was called by Marines, requested that the EMJLS authorities transfer Crenshaw and Dunbar to the 5MarDiv language unit. Unfortunately for the colonel we were already underway to PH. Had he caught us, we might have made the Iwo Jima operation where the 5MarDiv took Suribachi.

This is my story of experiences in Class 10 of the EMJLS at Camp Elliott and Camp Pendleton from the first of November 1943 until the end of April 1944.

For further information on other Japanese language personalities I served with in the Pacific, please read my other vignettes of my service on Guam, the surrender of Rota and Truk as well as my time in Japan. The above is about the time spent at the school. Lots happened after that, involving people not in class at this time and therefore not herein mentioned here.



Enlisted Marine Japanese Language School · Camp Elliott, CA · 11/43
Seated: Cpl. Henry Hutchinson Pfc. Vernon Crenshaw · Pfc. Robert Adams · Cpl. Eugene L. Shay
class 9 class 10 Class 10 class 9
Standing: Major Fred O. Wolff, OinC

LANGUAGE LESSON—Private Calvin Dunbar, left, of Los Angeles, receives a lesson in Japanese from Private G. E. White at Camp Elliott, where marines learn language. (AP) photo

Marines Master Jap Language in Three Months

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 10.—Only 90 days are required now to train combat interpreters in the Japanese language school at Camp Elliott, where marine instructors have streamlined a process that ordinarily took two to six years.

Graduates go to combat zones, where they interview enemy prisoners and translate captured field orders and other documents.

The three-month course in "military Japanese" is directed by Capt. F. O. Wolf, who questioned one of the first Japanese captured on Guadalcanal, and Capt. J. H. Jewett. Five enlisted instructors assist the two officers.

Chinese ideographs, from which the Japanese written language was derived, are studied by the men, selected on the basis of classification tests equal to those required for officer candidate school.

Among the enlisted instructors are Staff Sergeant Lou Yet Ming, a native of Mississippi, who was educated in China.

So rigid is the instruction that only a small percentage of the students complete it, officers said.

Los Angeles Times. 11/43

PFC Dunbar Masters Japanese Language

A Wilshire District Marine, Private First Class Calvin W. Dunbar, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman D. Dunbar, of 917 South Bronson Avenue, has been graduated from the Japanese Language School at the Camp Elliot Marine Corps training center, near San Diego.

He has been schooled to converse in Japanese, as well as to read and write the language. A Los Angeles High School graduate of the Class of Winter '43, Private First Class Dunbar was a student at the University of California when he joined the Marines on June 23, 1943.

Wilshire Press. 11/43

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Life Aboard the SS Sloterdyk
July21 to September 16, 1944
A Remembrance, Cal Dunbar, 23 November 2001

27 April 1944 our Class 10 of the Enlisted Japanese Language School, School Battalion, Training Center, Camp Pendleton, CA had finished the 20 weeks of schooling and were graduated. We had come to Camp Pendleton from Camp Elliott, Kearny Mesa, CA in January 1944 where we had started school in November 1943 because all Marines were transferred to Pendleton as the USMC abandoned Elliott to the USN. Elliott was not as apt for USMC training because of its smaller size and the necessity to have armor, artillery and other specialist infantry training, such as snipers, at separated locations. At Pendleton all could be readily accomodated in the spacious primitive interior areas plus the advantage of a coastline for amphibious training.

The new 5th Marine Division (Iwo Jima) was just forming at Pendleton with the graduates of the class just ahead of us being assigned thereto. Instead, our class was ordered to the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific (FMFPAC) which needed interpreters to use in the larger western islands of the Central Pacific where numerous populations of Japanese were anticipated. The combat divisions would be relieved of the task of assembling and handling these people. The divisions would be deeply involved in the acquiring of new territories by assault and had little time to devote to the Japanese in the aftermath of the battles.

So, we seven, all PFCs, were assigned to three units (of which we knew or had heard nothing at the time): Forrest Crenshaw to the 3rd Base Hdqs Bn at Pelileu, Cal Dunbar and Leroy Hansen to the 1st Base Hdqs Bn at Guam, Robert Kraft and Robert Martin to the 2nd Base Hdqs Bn at Tinian (these Base Hdqs Bns were Island Command which meant they administered the islands after they were taken), Hafford Paschall went to the FMF Fifth Amphibious Corps staff where he served on the command ship for USMC General "Howling Mad" Smith, the operation CO at Iwo, and Robert Adams volunteered for the Amphibious Reconnaissance unit when we reached Pearl Harbor (they were an outfit that reconned beaches prior to landings, frequently from submarines in rubber boats I never heard of Adams again but this fitted his personality: he had been a gung-ho paramarine prior to coming to language school).

Six of us boarded the light cruiser USS Denver (CL 51) at the Broadway Pier at the foot of Broadway Street in San Diego. The cruiser was returning to the fleet after repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for damage sustained in action at Bougainville. She was undermanned, to pick up the rest of her complement at Pearl Harbor, so she had room to carry sixty fortunate Marines there as passengers. Remember USN capital ships had all sort of conveniences, such as ice cream machines, never ever found on spartan crowded troop transports. Crenshaw, somehow, was boarded on a transport.

After five days at sea, on 6 June, D-Day Europe, we were landed at Oahu where we were assigned to the sprawling FMF Fifth Amphibious Corps tent camp replacement depot, (now a golf course), some ten miles west of Honolulu near Pearl Harbor. Crenshaw rejoined us there. We inquired about Corporal AJ Tillery who had been the two classes ahead of us in language school and had participated in the Marshall Islands operation that January. We were told he was" off on an operation". This puzzled us because there had been no new operations since the Marshall Islands in January 1944. Five days later the Saipan invasion was announced so we later learned that Tillery had been bound for Tinian, the island just south of Saipan whch was assaulted secondarily as part of the Saipan operation. Tinian is where the Enola Gay , the Hiroshima A-Bomb carrying B-29, was later based.

We spent a month or so in this Oahu tent camp with only a couple of liberties granted us because we were "on call" all of the time. The authorities did allow us to hold classes in our tents which was helpful to keep us sharp and passed the time. Gradually all of us were reassigned and separated to go to our destinations (unknown to us). We were in the depot so long, as a multitude of troops passed through to the action at Saipan, that the sergeant asked about it one night at roll call. We told him we were "awaiting call", that we were interpreters, that we spoke Japanese. He replied that we were not going to find anyone to talk to because we were "killing all the little SOBs". Anyway, finally Hansen and I boarded the Dutch motor transport, SS Sloterdyk, a refitted merchantman flying the Netherlands ensign on her stern, on July 21st.

This ship could carry about 1000 plus Marines in its four holds. There were tiers of canvas

bunks deck to overhead, about four high, in each of four holds. There was a crowded below-decks standup mess at which we were all fed on long waist-high tables. The heads were just off of each hold sleeping area: a line of mirrored simple wash basins and a room-length open metal two-foot wide trough through which a stream of seawater flowed constantly to carry off the feces. The toillet seats were two parallel painted wooden boards upon which one sat. Showers were several simple galvanized stalls. All of the water was salt water requiring saltwater soap. Fresh water for filling drinking canteens was only available for half-hour periods four times a day. One made sure his canteen was filled then. This was the only fresh water available to us. The evaporators on the ship only had the capacity to provide such a limited amount of fresh water for that many troops.

My sack was a second sack up from the interior deck in the fourth hold aft next to the fantail area. After boarding we were served our first meal, dinner, of some sort of bratwurst and sauerkraut. Then we went topside to watch us leave Pearl Harbor for sea in the late afternoon just before sunset.

We lined the rails as the ship plied the channel beside Ford Island. Shortly we passed the sunken USS Arizona, victim of the December 7th attack, where the silhouetted hulk was seeping up shiny strands of oil to the surface. The Marines were awed, "Yeah, they're still in there!" and such muffled remarks. All of our training and preparation was behind us now, no more "pleasure cruises" from CA, from now on this was FOR REAL. We were going "Out Past Pearl".

Days at sea were boring. Breakfast followed by household chores with sweepdowns fore and aft, then interminable lifeboat drills, rifle calisthenics and physical exercises. In about eight days we spotted a thin line of green on the horizon in the morning light. This became the atoll of Eniwetok in the western Marshall Islands, taken by the Marines that January. Our ship entered the vast Eniwetok Lagoon, now a wide fleet anchorage full of huge repair ships and miscellaneous vessels of all sorts closeup and on the horizon, and proceeded to drop anchor. We were to be there well over a month at this same spot, riding on this anchor.

In spite of the attempts to keep us occupied by various activities time, passed slowly. One thing that made life bearable was that we could have movies at night, safe inside the fleet anchorage. I think I saw "Casablanca" at least four times, maybe not all at Eniwetok but the selection of films was limited and what did it matter the content, "Casablanca" or "Going My Way". We had boxing matches (the USMC felt that boxing was a suitable relief for tension, was suitably aggressive, required the barest of gear and took little space). I never boxed. At 135 pounds, slight build and somewhat cautious demeanor I just looked at the husky products of coal towns, steel mill cities and red-dirt southern farms and decided that a kid from upper middle-class LA was out of his league here. A wise move as the impromptu referees were never quck to stop these bouts which often became somewhat bloody.

Inevitably, with the boredom and the confinement there was petty pilferage. Someone actually swiped my mess knife while it was hanging by my bunk where we dried them between meals. Why a simple mess knife which everyone had been issued, I never figured out. So, every so often the officers would assemble us at attention in the hold and read us the Articles of the Navy, commonly known as the "Rocks and Shoals". There is a passing reference to the punishment of anyone who ran a USN ship aground on a shore or reef,"rocks and shoals", hence the slang name.
After the reading we were warned that "we have a brig on this ship and intend to use it". We knew that the brig was a very tiny compartment up forward in the bow, and the shipboard rumor was that it was already so overcrowded that the occupants had to "trade off to serve out their time".

Besides reading everything I could get my hands on, I spent a lot of hours leaning on the rail watching tuna heard small baitfish. They rapidly circled the cluster of baitfish, circling tighter and tighter until the baitfish were in a dense massed ball, then the tuna would slash through them eating as they went. Then they herded the dispersed fish into a clump again and repeated the process over and over again. This occupied me somewhat. Now and then we had a rifleman placed in the superstructure to watch us as we swam off of the ship. No problems, nor any sharks ever seen, just being careful.

One day a couple of the Dutch crew took a bunch of us in their ship's small lifeboat cutter to a nearby atoll (Runnit?) which had some palm ramada-shaded tables at which we were issued two cans of beer in olive drab camouflaged cans. The beer had been cooled somewhat and tasted good. I noticed that the reefline outside the lagoon where the ocean hit the reef appeared higher than the small atoll we were on. The water level was so high on the atoll that the MG emplacements

manned by Marines there for fleet protection had the sandbags piled up from the ground. No trenches could be dug as they would quickly fill with seawater seepage. I presume the highest spot on land on these atolls was under ten feet high at most. I felt sorry for the fellows who were assigned there in this confined boring environment. Even the few palms left standing were mostly defoliated from the invasion shelling .At least we went back to the ship, for which I was glad. This is the only time in fifty-eight days I was off of the ship.

We had a firehose rigged over a beam through which seawater was pumped continuosly. This was our shower and "cooler-offer" into which we stepped frequently during the tropic heat of the sunny day. Our apparel consisted of khaki pants which we cut off crudely into shorts, a kapok life jacket which we always had at hand, "boondocker" USMC-issue field shoes without socks and the two dogtags around our neck tied on a shoelace-like canvas string. For a head cover all we had was a khaki garrison cap which had no visor for sun protection. It was hot and stifling in the hold so we slept on deck at night whenever we could with our ponchos to make the deck softer and shield us from squalls we frequently experienced.

In mid-August Rotterdam was freed by the Allies in Europe. To celebrate the Dutch ran up a huge ensign on their stern and began to party. The fantail area near the stern was roped off as it was restricted for the crew and off-limits to us. They began to drink beer and had iced drinks. In fact, they even tossed ice cubes at each other. Remember, we were on water rationing, it was torrid and ice and beer were out of our world of reality. Darkness fell. The Marines looked over at the revelry with unsympathetic eyes. Once a huge Dutchman fell across the clothesline onto our side of the deck. Immediately he was silently slid with many Marine feet across the deck to his own side. Things were absolutely quiet for seconds. The Dutch looked across at the Marines and vice-versa. After what seemed like ages the Dutch resumed their partying, the Marines relaxed. I thought for a while that we would forget the Japanese and go for the Dutch.

Every day at anchor, we would pass the topside officers' mess returning along the deck from our hot crowded below-decks standup mess hall. We walked right past the portholes through which we could see the Dutch officers dining on linen with silver service served by white jacketed Javanese stewards. Maybe we had just had a messgear full of beans, a piece of bread with fake butter, a cup of cold cocoa and an orange or apple. I have never forgotten this experience. Postwar I always remember what it is like to be "underprivileged" or "treated black", as the Southerners say. Today I never enter mens' club grille or a country club dining room without recalling this experience.

Finally, about late August we get underway to sea and our final destination. In our convoy we have with us another transport and are escorted by a USN destroyer escort (a small destroyer). The transports are a slow ten knots so it seems we are creeping along. The destroyer circles our two ships on constant patrol, presumably loooking for enemy subs. Being torpedoed is not far from our thoughts. We hope the sight of the destroyer is a deterent to any lurking enemy sub.

Every evening just prior to dusk we are ordered to stand at the railing with our M-1 rifles at ready and each of us is issued several clips of ammunition. To the south within airstrike distance are the Japanese-held Caroline Islands which have operative airfields. Our orders are to shoot at any incoming enemy aircraft that may target our transport. I thought at the time that this was merely busy-work duty to occupy us, but I learned after the war that aimed rifle fire by massed infantry units actually was deadly to low-flying aircraft as each shot was aimed. I read that in the North African desert this was effective against strafing aircraft. After several evenings we had passed the range of enemy aircraft and this practice was stopped.

Finally the word was out to us as to our destination. Guam. Our sergeant went to the ship's paltry library and found an old National Geographic magazine about Guam. Black and white photos and a story that told of simple native villages, rural areas surrounded by scrub jungle and unsophisticated culture. This article was probably published in the early Thirties.

On September 16th, after 58 days aboard ship, we made landfall on Guam: at first there appeared a thin green line on the horizon which later became the elevated green mountains to the south and the a mesa-like green plateau to the north as we approached in the early morning sunlight. We sailed directly into Apra Harbor and I saw the wreckage of a Japanese airplane, red meatball insignia on the wing, up on the cliff of Orote Peninsula to my right which forms the southside of the harbor. Also I saw several bombed out buildings atop the peninsula. Later I learned that Orote had a

fighter strip with concentrated Japanese troop facilities so was the object of some intense fighting during the battle for Guam. Also it had been the barracks for the prewar Marine garrison, hence the place where the overwhelmed Marines had met defeat when the Japanese took Guam in December 1941.

The official word was learned that we were to be unloaded on the other side of the island in the 3rd Marine Division camping area of Pago Bay on the east coast of the island. Most the reason that we were held up so long enroutre to Guam with the lengthy stay at Eniwetok. Saipan was difficult, the operation had run late and this division which was floating reserve for the Saipan operation was not released to take Guam on time. Hence the reason our holdup and the long time afloat: the division was simply not ready to take replacements as they were in a tough delayed battle for Guam.

The trip around the north end of Guam to Pago took us until mid afternoon. We were unloaded by DUKs, the wheeled amphibious trucks, manned by salty-looking topless barechested fellows in dungaree pants and "Raider" billed field caps. I thought that at last I was seeing real life Pacific Marines. We went ashore to a cool tent camp area near the beach in a grove of high shady coconut palms, just like the movies. Along the way one of our fellows picked up a discarded hand grenade core which he was showing around. I thought that I would be killed by this stupid guy, but it really was a damaged dud piece of a grenade.

The troops were trucked off to their destination units. Hansen and I went by truck west across the island to Agana Heights where the stockade and our headquarters were located, some 12 miles through narrow verdant valleys. I thought it a beautiful place even though I did not realize then that the foliated hidden hinterland was teeming with armed Japanese stragglers who would keep us busy over the forthcomong months rounding them up.

We arrived about sunset at the headquarters area. The sergeant told us to bunk out in this pyramidal tent until morning when we would go to our permanent billet at the POW stockade. The fellow sharing our tent cheerfully told us that he was there because the brig had not been finished, that he was "sentenced to some brig time but that the place was not ready yet". We told him we had acquired language skills which we intended to put to god use and he commented that the Japanese were certainly "brave little brown bastards".

Farewell to the Sloterdyk and Welcome to Guam!

(I was told about 1975 by Harvey Hayes, a summer resident of Madison Arm Resort and a retiree from Holland-America Lines in LA, that Sloterdyk survived the war and was scrapped postwar. Her sister ship Blomfontein, another transport used by Marines, had been sunk by submarine, I read in a war history. I laugh every time I see the TV Holland-America Lines ad describing the wonderful accomodations and service).

(4)

A Heck of a War

(A vignette of my Pacific days. 15 March 2001 West Yellowstone).

On Guam in the fall of 1944, we were busy at the G-2 Language Section rounding up stragglers from the fragmented Japanese military who were hiding in the jungle. The landing had been 21 July with organized resistance ending 10 August, the date the USMC declared the island "secured" with no more battle stars issued. I arrived there on 16 September with the replacements for the 3rd Marine Division. The jungle was crawling with Japanese holdouts.

Actually Japanese continued to hold out on Guam until 1972 when Shoichi Yokoi, the last Japanese soldier, surrendered. Guam, a rather large island of 200 square miles (about 20 miles long by 10 miles wide with high cave-infested cliff areas along the north coast and densely foliated scrub jungle areas, savanna grasslands and coconut plantations in the southern mountains) had lots of fresh water in rivers and rainfall with abundant native friuits and coconuts for food. Consequently there was an ample area to hide in and lots to live on. Guam realized some 2000 plus POWs out of a defending garrison of 20,000. Iwo Jima, by contrast, had some 500 POWs at best out of a same-sized defending force. So, we were the heavy POW area of the western Pacific prior to Okinawa where the Japanese forces were much larger.

As I say, the mountainous southern end of Guam held a lot of stragglers, so we were in that area frequently. One afternoon in that fall of 1944 we were in the area that the army 77th Division was training (New York National Guard, a really good outfit. Winthrop Rockefeller was one of the officers. Another NYNG outfit, though, the 27th, was a disaster at Saipan. Cronyism and political appointees made it poorly led. USMC General "Howling Mad" Smith, in charge of the entire Saipan operation, replaced their division commanding general Smith, for which the army has never forgiven the USMC. In fact, I have read that most of the higher officers in the 27th were replaced before the Pacific war ended). The 77th was training for what was shortly to be the invasion of Leyte Island in the Philippines. The army had had the 77th land at Guam with the Marines to give it amphibious experience, but thereafter the division was transferred into the army zone of operations in the Southwest Pacific under MacArthur in the army sphere of influence. The Central Pacific was entirely a navy show, utilizing Marines for land fighting under Admiral Nimitz. The army and the Marines had difficulties operating together at the Marshalls and Saipan. Iwo was all Marine. Okinawa, being a very large operation, was both army and Marine with USMC General Geiger becoming overall commander for a time when army general Buckner was killed in action. This is the only time a USMC general had overall command of both services in Pacific combat, the army being careful to see that, if at all possible, Marines did not run their operations. (The memories of the glory of the Marines in WWI irks them still).

Anyway, this particular day we were in the 77th Division training area. We had a recently surrendered POW helping us locate some of his buddies still in the boonies. We had him riding in the back seat of the jeep with me.

As we drove along an extended column of infantry lining both sides of the dirt road, a soldier infantryman sweating under his marching gear said loudly: "A heck of a war, the Jap RIDES and we WALK!"

The POW spoke no English so he did not understand the remark, but we felt rather sheepish as the soldier had a point well-taken. I often wondered how this infantryman fared. The soon-to-come Leyte operation in the Philippines, like all Pacfic operations a fierce struggle, involved him to be sure.

You Too CAN CAPTURE A JAP

They all laughed when Colonel Mowbray's daughter died in their throats when he bounced down a Guam road and a skinny, undernourished Jap crept out of a bush with his hands up. And, as we always say, what Reynolds can do, our readers can do

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

DRAWING BY ROBERT GREENHALGH

THERE was a clearing here in the jungle, and a small native hut leaned against a towering palm tree. Inside the hut there were the bodies of two Japs, but we were not interested in dead Japs, for here on Guam dead Japs are no novelty. We were after live Japs. We had a truck with us and a loud-speaker on the truck. We were trying to persuade Japs to surrender.

"We announced yesterday that we'd be here today," Lieutenant William Jones said. "Right now maybe twenty Japs are looking us over. In fact," he added complacently, "this would be a very nice spot for an ambush."

Jones had eight men spread around and they held their carbines casually but their eyes were wide open. Then through the loud-speaker came the high singsong voice of Mr. Takahashi (which is not his name), late of the Imperial Japanese Army, but now a very contented prisoner of war who was doing his best to convince his former colleagues to give up. Guam had been taken and in Marine language it was "secure," but there were still several hundred armed Nips hiding in the jungle and in the caves that pitted the coral of the shore.

Mr. Takahashi broke the silence of the jungle by crying out, *"Jungeru no naka ni oro Nipponjin minnasama"*—which, so help me, means, "You out in the jungle, listen to me." He went on to explain how well he and his fellow prisoners were being treated, how well they were fed and clothed and how silly his pals were for not coming in out of the jungle to join him.

"It is no disgrace to surrender," Mr. Takahashi said. "You will die in the jungle. Come in now and you will live to serve Japan in the new era to come after the war."

The loud-speaker carried his words nearly a mile in every direction; the words whistled through the palm trees and dropped into the thick mass of foliage that forms the jungle. It was hot there in the clearing, and Lieutenant Jones gave Mr. Takahashi a rest and substituted Mr. Watanobe, a wizened little Jap who grinned happily as he grabbed the microphone.

Refreshment in the Jungle

Mr. Takahashi looked wistfully at the coconuts high above and, when Jones nodded, he shinnied up the palm tree and knocked down a few of them. We opened them by slashing the tops with heavy Marine field knives and drank the cool, sweet milk that was better than the water which had turned warm in our canteens. Mr. Watanobe's voice rose shrilly as he described the beauty of the prisoners' stockade, the fine food and the clean clothes. The jungle was quiet. It seemed to be listening carefully as though to make up its mind.

In addition to Jones, there was Marine First Lieutenant Bernard M. Halpern of Pittsburgh, and soft-spoken Lieutenant John Oliver of College Park, Georgia, and Lieutenant (jg) Edward Palmer of Brooklyn. There was Sergeant Marvin Anderson of Little Rock, Arkansas. All of these men speak Japanese and it is they who tell the broadcasters what to say. But this looked like a bad day for turkey hunting. Reluctantly Jones decided to call it a day.

"It's like fishing," he said. "You go along for a long time without a nibble, and then a dozen Nips will come out of the bush to surrender."

We were about twenty miles from camp and I decided to take a jeep and head for it, because if you don't get into that mess by seven o'clock, you go to bed without dinner. So I said goodby to Jones and the boys and climbed into the jeep. I'd gone a hundred yards when I saw a sight which made me stop the jeep with a jerk.

Something very strange was standing twenty feet ahead with its hands up. It looked like something that had crawled from under a rock. It had black, matted hair and its skin was drawn tightly back from its teeth. The boys were a hundred yards back climbing into the truck. I stepped out and motioned to this little beauty to come nearer. He did. He had filthy brown pants on, and a baggy tunic, and he'd weigh maybe eighty pounds with a copy of the Japanese constitution in his lap. I yelled to Jones and the boys to come up and get me out of this embarrassing predicament. Japs are not supposed to surrender to war correspondents. It is against the rules of our union.

Jones came up and the other boys sort of melted away to form a large semicircle. They stood now holding their guns not at all casually, because this conceivably could be a trap.

"Take off your shirt and drop it on the ground," Jones called in Japanese, and there was no trace of his native Montana in his accent.

The Nip dropped his shirt, and Jones went up and ran his hands up and down the Nip's pants to see if he had a grenade with him. Japs have surrendered in the past and then tossed grenades with nasty effect. But Little Nemo had nothing in his pockets except a wallet containing a lot of yen and a season pass to the Poor Butterfly Moving Picture Emporium in his home town.

Jones said to him, "Everything you've heard is true. We will take you back and feed you and give you clean clothes and treat you well. Were you hiding in the bush alone or were there others with you?"

"Hitori deshita," the Nip said, which means: "I was alone." You'll have to take my word for that.

This man Jones knows his job and he knows Japs. Finally he said to me, "He's all yours. Do you want to run him into the stockade? I want to stay out here to do some more fishing."

In Civilized Hands

I picked up a driver and we started for home with the Jap. The driver watched the carbine that was lying beside him. But Little Nemo was in no mood to escape. So we brought him in, and the other prisoners (about 200 of them) greeted him with laughs and looked with interest at his gaunt ribs. Within an hour, he had been shaved, bathed, given clean clothes, fed, and the doctor was giving him glucose injections because, after four months of hiding out, my little man was in a very undernourished condition.

This business of getting Japs to give themselves up is a difficult and often a very dangerous one, but Jones, Oliver, Halpern and the boys take it in their stride.

[illegible] Jap," but Jones, Halpern and his crew must of necessity trust a few Japs: those who do the broadcasting. To date, none of them have pulled any fast ones.

One day Lieutenant Jones was out turkey hunting with Mr. Takahashi. Other prisoners in the stockade had informed Mr. Takahashi that several Japs were hiding in a cave cut out of a cliff on the shore. Jones went to the spot with Takahashi, who suggested that he be lowered down the side of the cliff to parley with the Japs and persuade them to surrender. He was lowered down and he disappeared for some time. Somehow he found a trail leading back. He returned, beaming.

The Japs had left the cave, he reported to Jones, "but just look what they'd left behind." With that, Mr. Takahashi handed three very live hand grenades over to Lieutenant Jones.

Jones blinked a little and said, *"Arigato"* —which means "Thank you."

"We treat them kindly," Jones says, "and it seems to pay dividends. That boy could very easily have knocked us and himself off with those grenades."

The whole project of "bringing 'em back alive" began shortly after the Marines had captured Guam. They picked up two Japanese women in the hills (wives of Jap civilians), who told them that hundreds of Japs who had escaped when the Marines landed, were hiding in the cliffs and jungle, and that many were starving. Their only food was bananas and coconuts. The two women said that many Japs were willing to surrender but were afraid because they had been fed so many stories of what the cruel Americans did in the way of torturing prisoners.

Marine Major General Henry Larsen, island commander, thought it might be worth a try to get the Nips to surrender.

"I am determined to eliminate every Jap on Guam," he said, and then he added unhappily, "even if I have to take them prisoner."

So Larsen had planes go over the area where the Japs were. They dropped leaflets explaining that the island now belonged to

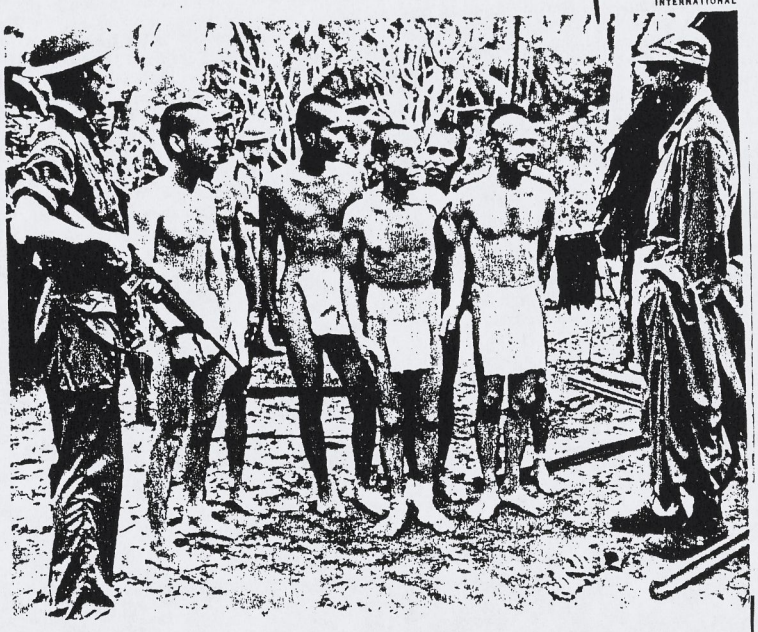
AL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. COAST GUARD

These Japs decided to live. They had to make up their minds while facing U.S. Marines on Eniwetok. Now, they eat well. Below, a Jap on Tinian is shown being persuaded to come out of a dugout alive

INTERNATIONAL

The Nips below show that they are indeed pleased to be breathing after undergoing a heavy naval and air bombardment on Aitape. Once they are convinced that they won't be mistreated, the Japs beam and bow all day

INTERNATIONAL



Americans, that further resistance was ss, and that if they didn't surrender he d have to kill them. His Japanese- iage section, under the command of ne Colonel Howard N. Stent, tossed in chological punch.

the leaflet written by Marine Second enant Walter B. Williams of Seattle, ington, there was this sop to *Bushido.* ams wrote: "You have defended the d to the best of your ability. That is ie Emperor expects of you. Your job er. It is not inconsistent with your code ow surrender." This gave the Japs a ce to save face and to convince them- s that they could surrender without e disgrace.

ines saw groups of Japs near the shore

A Navy LCI gunboat was prepared. guns were hooded and loud-speakers installed. A huge white flag hung from gnal tower. A prisoner called Sympa- Joe did the broadcasting. The appeals from the ship to the cliffs and the jungle id. The first answer was an unexpected

A single shot rang out from the shore. illet whined across the bow to hit the r thirty feet from the ship.

Surrender Under Difficulties

is was hardly an auspicious beginning, an hour later the boys on the LCI saw waving a white flag on the shore. Two s were with him. A small boat manned larine Pfc. John R. Brice of Ray, Min- a, and Coxswain Howard Friziello, of endon, Arkansas, pulled through the tide on the reef to take them aboard. It ticklish work, because the men were un- d and none knew how many armed lurked behind the thick foliage of the le or who peered out of caves. But they it, and now the procession began.

e next day, thirteen dirty, emaciated urrendered and then came a very inter- "take." It was one of the biggest s the "Bring 'em back alive" boys came th, a captain of the Imperial Japanese nd a graduate of the Naval Academy. d General Larsen that two considera- noved him to surrender rather than to

"I had long discussed this question with a friend in Surabaya, Java," he told the general. "He scoffed at our Japanese reasoning that death in combat or self-inflicted was preferable to surrender. He had me half convinced. Then, too, I realized that I had completely discharged my duty.

"I have been living like a hunted animal for weeks now," he added to General Larsen. "I was ill and starving. So I decided to surrender, even though it meant that I could never return to my homeland again."

The relations between the Jap prisoners and their guards is a curious one. When Marines are first assigned to guard parties of Japs who work around the camp, they hate the detail and hate the Japs. They are tight-lipped and grim. But the Japs are very, very anxious to please honorable masters and they work very hard at clearing the jungle, building huts and digging trenches for water pipes. Because they are fed well, they are content, and a contented Jap is a cheerful little monkey who grins every time you look at him and who doffs his hat and bows every time you speak to him.

Soon the new Marine guard starts shaking his head in bewilderment. He has only known the Jap in combat, and, in combat, the Jap is a fierce and treacherous beast. Any resemblance between him and any known type of human being is entirely accidental. That is the Jap the Marine knows. Now he finds these grinning, amiable, eager-to-please prisoners and he is horrified to find that sometimes he thinks of them in terms of human beings.

If one of those sudden cloudbursts so common here in Guam comes up, the Marine will automatically find shelter for his charges, or, if they become soaked, he will find himself quite automatically marching them back to the stockade for dry clothes. He gets to distinguish one from another and he gives them names. I have met such honorable Japs as "Moose Face," "Mickey Mouse," "Chicken Head" and "Cue Ball." The Marines gave me the honor of naming my prisoner and I called him "Meat Head" after a saloonkeeper I know in New York. After a while, the Marines get to saying grudgingly, "Oh, they're all right," and that is quite an admission for a Marine.

I spent some time in the immaculately clean prisoners' stockade here at Guam, talking to the prisoners. Now the Geneva Conference established a rule that correspondents could not interview prisoners of war, and our Army and Marine authorities rigidly adhere to this. So, unfortunately, I cannot repeat conversations I held with them (with the help of the Marine Japanese-speaking interpreters).

But I am permitted to say that they live as well and eat as well as the Marines do. They have medical care and cigarettes, and they have showers which they patronize as often as possible.

No Pampering of Prisoners

If I am giving the impression that Jap prisoners are pampered and if this arouses the ire of parents whose sons are now held prisoners by the Japs, let me explain that our humane treatment of Jap prisoners is quite deliberate. Word gets back to Japan about it. Perhaps the Jap military authorities will eventually give our men something of the same treatment. All other forms of appeal have failed. It may be a slim hope, but it is all we can do. At least, the Japs can never have any basis for taking reprisals against Americans they hold as prisoners.

The Marines spend their spare time in teaching the Nips to sing the Marine's Hymn, and the boys sing it with enthusiasm. They don't know what the words mean, but they like the tune.

However, the Marine guards are sure that before the war is over, they will know the meaning of the last line:

They will find the streets are guarded by
The United States Marines.

Language differences present few difficulties to the resourceful guards. They have worked out a series of commands used when marching the prisoners to and from work. When they yell "Banzai!" the Japs execute a snappy left-face. When they cry "Saki," that means a right-face is indicated and the Nips obey with alacrity and grins. The final command which brings the detail to a sudden deathlike halt is a raucous, throaty "Tojo!" It all works out very nicely, and everybody is reasonably happy.

The Jap prisoners evidence no desire to escape at all and seem very pleased with their lot. To them the principle of hara-kiri seems to be a very distasteful subject and they want no part of it.

Some of them live in the hope that if they are good boys they will be allowed to go to America some day. Few want to return to Japan.

Even such real experts as Jones, Halpern and Oliver do not profess to understand these Jap prisoners completely.

"One morning as groups of them were making the V sign," Lieutenant Jones said sadly, "I asked them if that sign meant they wanted America to win the war. They were good workers—good boys. They grinned very pleasantly and said very politely that I was quite wrong: When they made the V sign, it meant they wanted Japan to win the war."

But there is one thing even a correspondent can understand about these Japs. They do not want to die. My goodness, no! ★★★

The Imontai ("Comfort Troops")

Since the end of World War II much has been said of the Japanese military practice of utilizing military prostitutes in the field for their armed forces. This was a highly organized system involving a far-flung network of brothels placed in the field to service the forces in each area. Usually these women were non-Japanese from occupied territories or peasants from the subjugated populations of the poorer sections of the Japanese islands, such as Okinawa. Imon means comfort and tai means unit or troop.

The Chinese government has a museum in Nanjing (old Nanking) where the "Rape of Nanking" in 1937 by the occupying Japanese forces killed some 300,000 civilian people in six weeks. Some 20,000 of them were raped outright with the survivors sent to the imontai (Figures from the Chinese government travel guide.) The English translation of the caption on the memorial wall reads: "We must be on guard against any attempt to distort the history of Japanese aggression or to mollify aggressive war by the forces of Japan". The subsequent Japanese governments have dismissed the Nanking matter as a "minor incident". Recently they have also downplayed the efforts of South Korea to have compensation for their women forced into the comfort troops in WWII. In short, the official Japanese position has been merely to make certain apologies but nothing substantive further that I am aware of.

I had limited experience with such comfort troop women who surrendered among the Japanese military stragglers on Guam. It is pertinent that I record these experiences for the future.

As I understand the system, there were two types of imontai. The first was the "voluntary" type who were simply bonded or indentured into prostitution by themselves or their poverty-stricken families to a factor representing the military. They were organized and supervised by brothel operators. They were apparently told they would be free to go when they had earned back their bond. Their monthly periods made them physically unable to perform during that time; however the expenses for their keep continued. Consequently they were always falling behind in their repayment, a hopeless situation.

The second type was the woman impressed into the brothel system from occupied areas. This sex slave had little recourse from a ruthless military. I presume these were the majority, from China, Manchuria, Korea and eventually most of the area of Southeast Asia. The Japanese blithely felt that any non-Japanese under their control was fair game.

The ones I saw on Guam were both Okinawan, probably of the first type from poor rural families. They were strictly peasants, short in stature, maybe five feet tall and not attractive, but female.

The first I saw was a girl who came in with a group of some twenty Japanese stragglers from the jungle in February of 1945. This party had been stragglers in the boondocks since the US invasion in July of 1944, a period of over six months. This girl was demure, not coarse, obedient and in apparent good health. Guam had a prolific supply of wild natural vegetative foods and fresh water so that it was easy to live off of the land for extended periods if one became adept at foraging. I did not personally talk with her but merely saw her briefly as she lined up with the incoming party before they entered the stockade. I saw her later talking with other interpreters. She was transferred from our stockade in a day or so, whither I never learned. Also, I never heard just what relationship these women had with the men with whom they shared the jungle existence for months. We never got into that aspect.

The second imontai I encountered was one with whom I had much more personal contact. This girl came in with another group of about twenty Japanese stragglers in April 1945, two months after the first group. That afternooon she was given immediately our standard procedure for processing incoming POWs: her dirty clothes were taken and burned, her head was clipped to the skin to rid her of the lice all stragglers bore after months in the boondocks. This was standard procedure. Then she was made to bathe, after which the resident naval commander doctor gave her a physical exam to see if she bore any infectious diseases, had any wounds and was in fact healthy. She had none and was healthy. After a meal she was isolated in a stockade hut away from the other male POW population close by the gate where the MPs stood guard.

Later that afternoon I was summoned to the colonel's office at our headquarters a quarter of a mile away. In his quonset hut office Colonel Stent instructed me to escort her next day on the

morning naval transport plane to Tinian Island,100 miles to the north in the Marianas Chain. There they had a large civilian population of Japanese civilian agricultural workers incarcerated in a camp. There she would be amid other women and children. The colonel wanted her out of our Guam camp with only male military prisoners as she was both a distraction and a possible attack risk.

I was to carry my pistol to protect her, to arrive at the Agana airport just in time to load the plane and fly her to Tinian to turn her over to the camp authorities there. The colonel did not want her waiting in the airport lobby to be ogled by the transient troops. At Tinian I was to be met by a chauffered jeep to take us to the destination camp.

I returned to the Guam stockade where our language office was located. It was then late afternoon. I met with her in the isolation hut. I assured her that she was safe as the nearby MPs were watchful over her, and that we were to fly in the morning to Tinian where she would associate with other women and children. She was wearing the GI khakis given each POW and had a handkerchief over her shaven head, babushuka-style. She looked at me soberly and said: "Komban asobi ni kite kudasai". (Tonight please come and play). I told her that that was impossible. That the US military was far different from the Japanese and did not tolerate that sort of conduct. I had worked long and hard to bcome a corporal and I would be immmediately demoted for such unseemly conduct with a POW in my custody. Nothing personal. (She was a rural Okinawan peasant, about twenty-three years or so of age, blocky stature, olive skin and not particularly attractive facial features). I felt that she was making an effort to ingratiate herself with her captors using the only asset she had available and had always used as currency - her body. She smiled that she understood and I left.

The next morning about eight I escorted her to our waiting stockade jeep and we went to the Agana airport. We were a little ahead of schedule so we waited outside in the jeep a bit and then entered the airport lobby. Okinawa was then under US assault so the airport was filled with our troops in transit. I went to the counter where the attendant had been briefed by our colone.I He quickly put us aboard the DC-3.

There were some dozen passengers who boarded after us, mostly naval officers. I had her sit in one of the bucket seats along the wall, on the parachute in the seat recess which served as a cushion. I tightened her safety belt, sat beside her and did likewise. She was sitting on my left. She placed her right hand tightly on my left leg just behind the knee. I asked her if she had ever flown before, to which she replied that she had not. Obviously she was scared. She never released her tight grip throughout the whole flight which took about an hour or so. I thought I would have a black-and-blue mark. Several of the officer passengers were very interested in just who this young lady was. I carefully explained it all.

The plane headed north but swung to the west to avoid passing directly over Rota Island - about thirty miles north of Guam. Rota had been bypassed because its hilly terrain and small seven by five mile size made it unsuitable for B-29 airfields. It had some 2500 or so naval and army troops still there and heavily armed. They would later surrender to us at war's end. (A surrender conference aboard a US destroyer at which I interpreted later that August effected the peaceful withdrawal of these forces. See my vignette on the Surrender of Rota). This bypassed garrison had effective anti-aircraft artillery which had shot down US fighter planes who ventured too close.

We landed at Tinian and were driven by jeep to the camp where I turned her over to the authorities. She seemed relieved to see the mass of women and children among the folk in this low-security stockade under civl affairs control. That night I had a cot at the USMC motor pool tent and went to the movie with a friendly NCO. The movie was "National Velvet", my introduction to the beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, then a mere child in her early teens. Mickey Rooney I knew from the pre-war Andy Hardy movie series. The next morning I flew back to Guam by the same plane.

That is the extent of my experience with the imontai. Two observations: one, they were to be pitied for their lot in life; two, they were not particularly attractive - apparently the Japanese military in the field were easily accommodated.

Cal Dunbar
West Yellowstone
13 January 2003

22 November 2006

Dear Bud:

Here they are. This should keep you busy, if you do not decide to "Deep Six" the entire lot.

Best to Esther.

Happy Holidays!

Cal

(7)

The Dolphins

(This episode has never been written up by me so I am now doing it so my family will have it in the future as part of my Pacific adventures in WWII). West Yellowstone 3/01

At Guam in April of 1945 the US had taken Iwo Jima and were engaged at Okinawa as of that Easter Sunday. COMSUBSPAC, the command for the submarines) and CINCPAC (the overall naval command in the Pacific) were now headquartered there. Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, five stars, was CINCPAC (commmander-in chief Pacific)) and Vice Admiral Charles Lockwood, three stars, was COMSUBSPAC (commander submarines Pacific). Submarines now went from Guam to the seas around Japan and the China coast on patrols that usually lasted six weeks whereon they returned to Guam where the crews rested for a month in the beautiful seaside rest camp at Pago Bay on the east coast of Guam before going out on another patrol. Being based at Guam really cut down on the distance to Japanese waters because prior to this, they had been based in Hawaii some 2200 miles to the east of Guam and some 4000 miles from Japan, whereas Guam was only 1200 miles to Japan. The subs were a very effective weapon: they comprised only about 2% of the USN fleet tonnage but sank over 54% of the Japanese ship losses. However, the casualty rate for subs was fairly high. I was always awed by submariners and their bravery. They regularly penetrated the Japanese ports themselves and ambushed ships therein, undergoing extreme retaliatory depth bombing by the enemy anti-submarine vessels. Our subs even sunk a newly launched aircraft carrier as it slipped from the shipyard ways into Tokyo Bay. No place for the timid.

So, on a sunny humid spring day after lunch I received a phone call from the main intelligence office at the Island Command headquarters some half mile from our G-2 Language Section nipa hut at the POW stockade where we were located. It was our Marine Captain Bernard (Bernie) Halprin, the Philadelphia lawyer who was Colonel Howard Stent's (our G-2) assistant. Bernie was extremely able in intelligence and the colonel relied on him heavily.

The captain asked me if I could read Japanese (he was not a language but an intelligence officer). I said that I could read simple military documents provided they were not too complicated nor were not in cursive handwritten script which was beyond my ability to decipher. I would rely on my dictionery, I said. I told him that our lead language NCO Staff Sergeant, Marvin Anderson, was more experienced in the language than I but I did not know just where he was at the moment. (Anderson had been to our language school at Camp Elliot, San Diego two years before me, had been to further schools in the South Pacific [New Caledonia or such, I think], had been in the Marine operations at Guadalcanal, Bougainville and Guam with the 9th Marine Regiment of the 3rd Marine Division before he had been detached to the G-2 Section of Island Command as an interpreter to work for Colonel Stent in getting the stragglers out of the Guam jungles, which was the colonel's assignment. Anderson was a first class linguist. He later served postwar in Japan at the tribunals in Tokyo, married a Japanese, died young in 1953, and is buried in the Yokohama Foreigners' Cemetery in Yokohama.

Halprin told me to bring my dictionery and come up to the office at once. I stepped back into the nipa nut we lived in to get something and there was Anderson lying on his sack with his shoes off taking a post-lunch break. I told him that they needed some translation work right away at the office and that he was better at it than I, so he had better come along. He replied: "No, you can handle it. I'm comfortable". So I went alone in our jeep up to G-2. I never told them where Anderson was.

I entered the G-2 quonset hut office and walked to the rear where Halprin had his desk just outside Colonel Stent's office door. Upon Halprin's opening the door I saw two naval officers in khaki sitting in the chairs by themselves. The elder was a distinguished grey-haired middle-aged gentleman, the other younger. They wore silver dolphin pins over their left breast pockets, like the earned wings for an aviator. Halprin closed the door behind himself. Inside besides me were Halprin and the two officers. Upon closer look I saw on their collars three stars for the elder, a vice-admiral, and a silver oak leaf for the younger, a commander. The admiral I recognized from pictures I had seen as Charles Lockwood, COMSUBSPAC, and the other I presumed to be one of his subordinates. I was impressed. I had never seen a vice admiral before, let alone COMSUBSPAC at close range. I recall that I had just been promoted to corporal a month before.

The admiral asked me if I could help him with the document he placed on top of the colonel's vacant desk.

The document was a rice paper booklet eight by ten inches, bound with ribbons through two holes on the margin, about a dozen pages written on one side. I was impressed that it was in mint condition, bearing no signs of ever having been water soaked or wrinkled as it would be were it taken at sea from a sinking ship. It was brand new. I rifled through it. It was all in printed kanji, official printing, well done. The cover showed it was a treatise on the submarine facilities at Yokosuka, the Japanese important naval base just south of Tokyo. I told them that it was a document relating to the submarine pens at Yokosuka but that it was technical and beyond my ability to read the detailed kanji. Even with a dictionery it would be time consuming for me to translate it. My best bet would be to get a Japanese petty officer POW at the stockade to read the kanji to me (I knew enough so that he could not alter the text. I just did not know that many kanji to read). I could adequately provide a translation in reasonable time. The officers appeared reluctant, probably because it was a top secret document and they did not want a POW to see it. (I figured the POW was in custody and a safe bet). So I then told them that at CINCPAC headquarters close by COMSUBSPAC on the hill that there were Japanese language officers who had been trained at the naval language school at Boulder who were more adept at Japanese than I, having had a school of 16 months to my mere 20 weeks, plus the fact that they had to be college Phi Beta Kappas to enter Boulder. The officers said that to go to CINCPAC was their best option. (Operational submariners did not know just how the naval language game operated. Their job was sinking ships). The admiral picked up the document, turned to me and thanked me kindly, smiling. They left. Halprin seemed pleased at my frankness, that we had put them on the right track, and he released me.

Upon returning to the stockade area in my jeep, I went to the nipa hut and there was Anderson still as he had been an hour before, in his khakis, flaked out on top of his cot in his stocking feet.

I told him he should have come along and met COMSUBSPAC in person. Andy seemed unimpressed: "An admiral, huh!". But I was impressed. Dealing directly with the vice-admiral Pacific subs commander of fame.

(Admiral Lockwood's wife was a friend of Aunt Helen Wood's (Dad's sister) at Portsmouth, NH before the war. Aunt Helen was married to Uncle George who was a lieutenant commander naval paymaster attached to the submarine service - a lifer in the navy, having been years in the Panama Canal zone in addition to Portsmouth, NH duty.. They lived for years in Kittery, ME close to the naval base at Portsmouth and knew many submariners. I understand that the Lockwoods lost their son with the submarine he commanded in WWII after he graduated from Annapolis. The top graduates usually went into the elite submarine service.).

(3)

The Pilot

(This is a recorded version for our family. I have never recorded this before so I had better do it now before I forget it. 13 March 2001 West Yellowstone)

In the March issue of Atlantic Monthly an American author who has lived in Japan for years writes that at the Shinto military shrine in Tokyo, Yasukuni, which translatres Land of Peace, there is a statue of a kamikaze pilot recently erected, the only such memorial of any type of World War II at the shrine. Yasukuni is where the souls of the departed military are supposed to go. The phrase: "We will meet at Yasukuni" has long been the motto of the Japanese military to whom victory or death in battle were the only viable options. Japan has been slow to recall any of the bitter facts of their ill-fated venture in the war which resulted in their total defeat. The kamikaze, which means "divine wind" (kami: god + kaze: wind), were mostly teen-agers taught to fly explosive-laden planes into our ships. They sank many ships from the Philippines operation in 9/44 onward, and at Okinawa the USN casualties reached 5000 , the most for any Pacific operation and even equaling the land casualties there which was a unique aspect. The loss of ships was high.The desperate kamikaze attacks were highly effective if eventually futile in light of the atom bombs, but they illustrate the attitude of the Japanese to resist at all costs. The planned invasion would have been a bloodbath eclipsing Normandy many times over. The atom bombs were needed. Our casualties increased as we got nearer to Japan. Pelilieu, Iwo Jima and finally Okinawa were each progressively worse for us. The Japanese answer in the Special Attack Force, the kamikaze, illustrates the fierce will of Japan to defend at all costs. The original kamikaze was the storm at sea that swamped the Mongol invasion fleet from the mainland in the twelfth century; hence the name had emotional attraction as an effective defense measure for Japan. The kamikaze were very young inexperienced pilots who flew from southern Kyushu on their one way journeys. A sad thing by Western standards, but effective. They terrorized our fleet who had limited defenses against aircraft who cared nothing for their own safety. I never saw a kamikaze but I did see a defiant pilot, as below.

At Guam in the spring of 1945, about May, we had just taken Iwo and were to proceed against Okinawa that Easter. COMSUBSPAC, (Commander, Submarines, Pacific) the submarine command for the Pacific navy, was then operating out of Guam against the homeland and the China coast. The sub crews made about six-week missions and then rested for a month in a rest camp upon return to Guam before going out again. (Subs were very effective. They sank over 54% of the Japanese shipping losses although they comprised only 2% of the USN fleet tonnage).

One morning my fellow interpreter and language school classmate, Corporal Robert Kraft, USMCR, was sent to Apra Harbor to conduct two POWs, belonging to CINCPAC (Commander-in-Chief, Pacific, the US navy high command then on Guam), from a returning submarine to our Agana stockade. He went with some stockade MPs, at that time US Army MPs, and a six-by-six military truck.

Just before noon he returned with only one POW, a pilot in brown utility flight clothes. He was a young wiry type.

Kraft told me that when the sailors brought the first pilot up through the sub hatch he quickly eluded them and dove over the side into the water where he disappeared, drowning in the depths.

The second was overwhelmed by sailors as he came up, carried to the truck, tossed in and secured by the armed MPs.

Kraft, having had a full morning, headed for the mess hall leaving me to further process the sole prisoner.

With a huge MP from Big Spring, Texas armed with a nightstick, the only weapon allowed inside the stockade, we proceeded in the process. I told the POW to remove his unifiorm and give it to me. He saw the wood fire beneath the oil drum kettles where the inmates washed their mess gear after eating and headed that way intending to toss his uniform in the fire. I got between him and the fire, and finally he handed over the uniform which we wanted because it might have unit markings of intelligence value.

We then walked over to the shower room, a bamboo structure up on stilts with a bamboo deck where the water could run through the spaces in the bamboo floor caused by the bamboo nodules which prevented a flush fit of the bamboos.

The Japanese had his right hand clenched tight. As Himmler, the Nazi SS leader, had just taken a cyanide pilll for suicide in Europe the week before, I was afraid this fellow might have a pill. If he killed himself on my watch, I might be held responsible, and I was leery of any forgiving understanding from any of the admirals at CINCPAC, up the hill behind the stockade, whose prisoner he was, having been brought from the outside of Guam.

I told him to open his fist. He refused silently. I told him several times. He steadfastly refused, saying nothing. Finally the Texan and I wrestled him to the bamboo deck and I forced his fingers open, finding it very difficult even though he was not a large person. The palm was empty. He silently gave us a wide sick grin in victory. The Texan insisted on cracking him with the nightstick: "Let me crack that little son of a bitch".. I finally talked the MP out of it, telling him that CINCPAC was full of admirals who would be happy to send a lowly enlisted MP to prison for violating the Geneva Convention. The Texan relented reluctantly. The POW finished his shower and we placed him in isolation until the brass at CINCPAC could come claim him.

I never saw a kamikaze, but I saw this unidentified pilot who exhibited plenty of "bushido seishin" (warrior spirit), so that I am convinced that the atom bombs spared the horror of the invasion. Imagine a whole population of kamikazes facing us. Even the civilian youth in the homeland were prepared to use sharpened sticks as weapons. I am certain that they would have done so.

(9)

The Cannibals

A Remembrance of my Pacific days in WWII for family reference.

In May 1945 I was at Guam attached to the G-2 Language Section, Island Command as a Japanese interpreter, rank of corporal USMCR. My duties involved interrogating and processing Japanese prisoners of war as they surrendered from the jungle, processing them for admission to the POW stockade at Agana and generally assisting in the operation of the stockade which usually housed some 300 prisoners. Our main task was to effect the surrender of stragglers still at large in the jungle, a job we never really finished as the last one, Yokoi of the Imperial Japanese Army Nagoya Regiment, finally came in February 1972 after some 27 years on the lam in the wild.

One dusk two Japanese were brought in. They had surrendered in the Mount Santa Rosa coastal area of northeast Guam. This was adjacent to the North Field installation operated by the US Army B-29s as one of the two airfields flying those bombers from Guam against the Japan mainland. They were then known as North Field and Northwest Field. Northwest Field became the present Anderson Air Force base. On the air raids against the Japanese homeland the B-29s, took off to the north along these runways, heavily loaded with fuel and bombs, finally becoming airborne as they went over the 300-foot cliffs of Tarague. They slowly gained height and flew off to Japan, seven hours away. It was like a high aircraft carrier because the northern half of Guam is a flat coral plateau with a couple of small rises called "mountains". The southern half of Guam is mountainous with mountains of 1000 feet, savannas and river valleys. It was sometimes a spooky thing for me to watch as the bombers flew off of the cliff,dropped down toward the ocean and slowly gained altitude in the distance. The 300 feet above the water was a definite advantage, like a high aircraft carrier deck.

The coast east and north of Mount Santa Rosa was like the entire coast on the north half of Guam, a steep 300-foot cliff of coral formation honeycombed with innumerable cavelike cavities. A narrow strip of beach in spots below the cliffs allowed access to the sea. Guam is surrounded by a coral reef in most of this area, breaking the sea-waves about one hundred yards from shore and forming an irregular lagoon directly abutting the shoreline. The whole cliff area is covered with scrub growth hiding these cave entances. It is a good place for hiding holdouts.

Many factors aid the holdout. There is abundant rainfall for fresh water. There are native fruits, small animals such as bats, lizards and birds. There is a plentitude of marine life along the shore. One POW had told me he looked for a crevice in the rocks below the waterline where there were fishbones and debris in front of the opening, signifying an octopus in residence. He then stuck his hand into the hole where an octopus grabbed his wrist with his tentacle whereon he was quickly pulled up, grabbed the small octopus and jammed his head into his body amid the clump of tentacles, paralyzing him. He was kept alive, paralyzed, until ready to eat by placing him in shallow water. This POW cautioned that one had to be careful of the octopuses parrot-like beak which could bite one severely. In all, a determined straggler holdout found this area satisfactory for a limited time: good hiding, remoteness in the cliffs, some native plants and wildlife, a marine coastline with some fish and marine life plus sufficient fresh rainwater. Salt could be obtained by boiling seawater. No Americans nor Guamanians penetrated this remote difficult terrain. It was a safe place to hide out for a while.

These particular two Japanese, Imperial Japanese Army (IJA), soldiers of low rank, some grade of private as I recall, had hid in this area about nine months since the battle had ended in August of the previous year (1944). For some reason, probably because of the constant struggle for daily survival by foraging against a declining food supply as they ate up the assets in the area, they were induced to surrender. They were in good shape, healthy and apparently well-fed.

They appeared to me to be run-of-the-mill Japanese in their mid-twenties, small and slight. One wore thick glasses. I paid no special attention to them. As it was dusk I quickly got their names, rank and units and put them inside the stockade isolation area where all new POWs were put until we could interrogate and process them.

Shortly thereafter an Okinawan inmate who had been used by the Japanese as a laborer, came up to the gate. He was very agitated. I gathered from his rapid speech the word "shokujin" and he described the two who had just entered the compound. Well, this was the first time I had ever heard

the word "shokujin". "Shoku" means "eat" and "jin" means "person". Together they must mean "cannibal", I guessed. I quickly looked it up in my dictionary and it was definitely "cannibal". I got the story from this Okinawan that these two had in fact killed two of their Okinawan friends hiding in the same area and eaten them.

I reported this to our language officer, naval lieutenant John Oliver who instructed me to interrogate the POWs. I selected the one with the glasses as the other was reluctant to talk with me .

I sat with him in our duty nipa palm-thatched-hut as he related the tale. He was more afraid of reprisal by the Okinawans, of which we had some dozen or so, than of any consequences arising from our authority. We were his guardians by keeping him safely isolated inside the compound. The Okinawans would have made short shrift of him if he were to enter the stockade general population where they could get at him. I began to look closer at him there in the gathering darkness. He began to appear as a ghoulish little guy, weird-looking behind his thick glasses and shifty demeanor. Maybe it was the unraveling tale itself that gave him this ghoulish aura to me.

He and his buddy had been hiding out in this cliff area in a cave for several months. In the vicinity were several Okinawans doing likewise. They would meet one another on occasion. Most Japanese denigrated the entire Okinawan populace as inferior. (They commonly used the men for peon work and the females for military prostitutes. However, Okinawans could be dangerous in that they had developed barehand combat to a fine art as they were denied weapons by their centuries-long Japanese overseers).

Two Okinawans of this group who lived together were a father, say late thirtyish of age , and a son, a teenager about fifteen or so, whom these Japanese encountered on occasion during their foraging expeditions. One day the father and son simply disappeared alltogether. A little afterward the other Okinawans came upon the Japanese in their hideout. The Japanese offered them "lizard meat" which they said that they had boned, salted and preserved in a tub. The Okinawans had tasted lizard meat before, and this was not lizard meat.

Suspicious, the Okinawans withdrew from the Japanese and had no further contact with them until they were spotted in our stockade. The Okinawans surmised correctly that the flesh was human and that their friends had been murdered and prepared for food.

The POW, as I interrogated him, told me straightout how they had killed the father and son, by bludgeoning as I recall, boned and salted them for future meals in a discarded tub they had found. I carefully wrote it all down and read it back to the POW. He agreed that I had it right so I had him sign the typed report, which he did without hesitation. (Remember, he was more afraid of the Okinawans than of us. He saw us as his protectors).

I was directed by our G-2 Colonel Howard Stent to take the report to the island legal officer, Judge Advocate US Army Lieutenant Colonel Teller Ammons, the only army officer in our Marine headquarters. I had heard that he was some friend or relative of our island commander, Marine Major General Henry L. Larsen who had appointed him. Reputedly Ammons was a high powered lawyer in Denver in peacetime. I drove the jeep up to the senior officers' area of Island Command Headquarters where our some dozen headquarter colonels lived, including our G-2 Colonel Stent. Each officer had his own wooden-decked pyramidal tent having two deck chairs lighted by a swinging light bulb over the cot, luxurious by our field standards.

Colonel Ammons, alone in his tent, bade me enter. I sat down and presented the report for him to read. After reading it over, he told me that it would never hold up in court without "Evidence". The defense would say we had browbeaten the prisoner into confessing a crime that may not have ever occurred. I asked the colonel what he had in mind for proper evidence. "A skull, some bones or something tangible". So I returned and told the G-2 people about my conversation with Ammons. The following day they organized a patrol to obtain the evidence. The POW showed no reluctance to going, showing the site and reclaiming the evidence as he was deathly afraid we might stop protecting him from the Okinawans. (We never intimated this but he was fearful anyway). He readily agreed to take us to the site.

Naturally the language oficers, naval lieutenants, junior grade William Jones and John Oliver, Boulder, CO naval Japanese language school graduates who were on detached duty from JICPOA (Joint Intelligence Pacific Ocean Area, the navy central language center at Pearl Harbor) to us

at G-2, were to take the patrol. They did all of the work outside the stockade wherein we enlisted Marine interpreters were the"eyes and the ears", locating stragglers for them to seek out. The patrol consisted of these two officers, eight of our G-2 Marine infantrymen, the POW and a US Army sergeant from the air corps installation at North Field. He was probably a military police NCO as this cliff location was in his security area adjacent to the airfield on the plateau just above the cliff. (See the attached photo of this patrol. The photo was taken by our G-2 photographer Corporal Rex Conn. Oliver, with pistol, is front row, second from the left. Jones, with pistol, is standing behind Oliver. The POW is third left, front row, with pants marked PW (prisoner of war). The army sergeant is fourth left. The only Marine whose name I can recall is Konkler, a PFC, behind the POW, holding the carbine in his right hand. As you can see, the patrol is in a rugged jumbled cliff area, tough climbing.

The patrol returned to the stockade that late afternoon bearing two gunny sacks. In each sack was a skull.

The forensic medicine doctors at the fleet hospital on Guam identified the skulls as belonging to a male in his mid-thirties and the other a male in his early teens, so they fit. They were duly marked A and B on the forehead with an ink pencil and became "The Evidence".

Just when and where any trial was held I never knew. The two POWs were kept in the isolation section of the stockade for a couple of months, each in a solitary cell. They were assigned by our MPs, at that period a unit of older army soldiers specifically trained for guard duty, to permanent stockade interior cleanup detail. Every morning after the working parties of POWs were formed up and had left the stockade area by trucks to their work duty location on the island, these two POWs policed up the vacated camp interior. Only the few camp cooks were left, so it was safe for these two to move freely under the watchful eyes of the MPs.

When the last of the working parties had departed each day and things were quiet, the MP staff sergeant, Pritchard, who had been a "railroad dick" in Texas in the Depression kicking hobos off of freight trains and was now a leathery weathered fellow in his early forties (an ancient age to us young Marines of twenty) stood at the main gate and yelled to the inside guards at the isolation area:Taking a solid stance and a deep breath he bellowed in a deep Texas drawl: "Release the man-eaters!".

Whereupon the two cell doors were sprung open and the two minuscule Japanese came out with short plodding steps from the dark recess of the cells into the bright sunlight. Temporarily blinded they scuffled forward until they got their bearings.

It was a sight to behold. Every day the guards not on duty stood around forming an audience to see two tiny blinking people pop out like Jack-in-the-Boxes. It was good theater in the boring environment that constituted Daily Guam..

Time passed and I got involved in the location and pursuit of the still numerous stragglers present in the remote areas on Guam. One day I happened to notice that the two were no longer there. I presumed that they had been shipped back to Hawaii or elsewhere where they could be handled more easily. I never have heard. I have often wondered just how they were dealt with. After all, the Okinawans they killed were not US nationals and the conditions were still wartime. It would be a murder case, not war. What jurisdiction or interest would Americans have over a Japanese killing an Okinawan, another Japanese national, under wartime conditions?. Would there really be any concern?. Lots of killing had already occurred out there.

It was all a strange unforgettable experience.

4

Guam, spring 1945

Wm G. Jones Jr.

Hannibal

(10)

Sent by John Oliver, August 1992 former Ltjg. OLO G2 Long Seat, Guam.

HEADQUARTERS
ISLAND COMMAND, GUAM.

S E C R E T

18 June 1945.

- G-2 Special Report 1-45 -

The Surrender of Major Sato

On 11 June 1945, Major Sato, a staff officer of the 29th Division, surrendered, in the Talofofo area of Guam, to officers of this headquarters. This act terminated a long pursuit, both by combat patrols and the G-2 propaganda unit, during which Sato had become almost as legendary a fugitive on Guam as Tweed had been before him. Because Sato's surrender may be credited largely to the impact of psychological warfare, and because Sato represents a Japanese officer of the Regular Army, of some rank, importance and ability, who successfully resisted our forces for many months, considered the issue of surrender at length, and then of his own free will decided to surrender rather than commit hara-kiri or to continue resistance, it is believed that a detailed report of the Sato incident may furnish clues of some value in perfecting the techniques of psychological warfare. Moreover, such clues would seem to have an applicability not only in mopping-up operations on Guam or in other areas, but also in more ambitious projects such as those relating to by-passed garrisons and to programs aimed at the Japanese homeland itself.

Early Information about Sato. --

Organized resistance on Guam ceased on 10 August 1944. The fact that at least one ranking staff officer was still alive among enemy fugitives first became known in September 1944. Information concerning him was scarce, vague and often untimely, and little use could be made of it in guiding operations against him. The principal sources of such information were prisoners of war and the analysis of patrol contacts. Collation and interpretation of this information provided the following intelligence:

The officer in question was Major Sato, identified by a captured document as Communications Officer, 29th Division. He was sometimes believed to be associated with Lt.Col. Takeda, Operations Officer of the 29th Division, but Takeda was less well-known to the enemy stragglers at large on Guam, commanded a smaller following than did Sato, and served to a lesser extent as the nucleus of semi-organized resistance against us. (A captured note written by Takeda indicates that he was alive as late as November 1944; POW sources state that he was seen alive as late as February; and it is believed that Takeda is still at large in northern Guam.)

Sato lived at various places in the Santa Rosa - Pagat Point - Fadian Point area, but his precise location was never pin-pointed. He had banded about him a group estimated variously at from 60 to 300 Japanese, who were well-armed with rifles and a few automatic weapons. In a number of instances, patrol contacts in the area developed into lively fire-fights, but aggressive action by the Japanese was rare. Sato's band was divided into small groups of from 5-10 Japs, which groups, dispersed, for the sake of safety, throughout the same general area, liaison being maintained between groups. Native fruits were then plentiful in the area and were easily augmented by slaughtered cattle and stolen U.S. rations. From time to time the complement of the band changed, but newcomers were received only if they possessed firearms; several reports were received of unarmed Japs who were denied access to an area "because a staff officer lives there". This selectivity in recruiting was also a manifestation of extreme security-consciousness. Prisoners who had seen or known Sato, or who had heard of him, had probably been warned when they first came in contact with the Major's band that Sato was not a name to be discussed freely, for such prisoners rarely divulged directly to American interrogators their knowledge of Sato. Such information always came to us through a few POW informants, who obtained the information either by eavesdropping in the stockade or by patient and oblique questioning of recent arrivals among their fellow-prisoners. Because of this roundabout route, the information, though fairly reliable, was sketchy and lacked timeliness. In general, Sato was an aggressive, able leader who was feared, admired and respected by his subordinates; the continued existence of him and his men, more so than in the case of other enemy remnants, represented a distinct menace to the safety of our personnel and our installations.

First Attempts to Parley with Sato. --

In December 1944, it was learned from POW sources that, late in November, Sato and his men had moved into the unoccupied jungles of the Talofofo area in southern Guam and that Sato was willing to parley. This story did not come in the usual indirect fashion; a prisoner who had surrendered in the Fadian Point area was so impressed by the friendly spirit of S/Sgt Marvin Anderson, USMC, an interrogator whose principal duty was to circulate freely among prisoners in the stockade, win their confidence and gather information of just this type, that he repeated the story to interrogators of the G-2 Language Section. He stated that he had lived near groups of Sato's men at Fadian Point, but was not directly associated with them. At a time when this prisoner

had been mulling over the advisability of surrender, he had obtained an audience with Sato to receive the latter's advice; Sato said that the man was free to make his own choice and that he would advise him neither for nor against surrender. Sato added that he had himself considered the matter and was disposed to parley with the American authorities so that he might discuss it with them. At a later date, and immediately prior to the prisoner's leaving Fadian Point in order to surrender, one of Sato's men told him "confidentially" that the entire band, said to number 300, planned to move within a few days to the Talofofo Valley. The movement was well-planned and small groups were to set out at intervals over a period of two days, thus providing maximum safety through dispersal, and were to reassemble after the trip was completed. One of the purposes of the move was undoubtedly to find better foraging grounds, but it may well have served an additional purpose: Sato probably feared that too may persons, some of whom had later surrendered, were aware of his location and thus he no longer felt secure in northern Guam.

Upon learning of Sato's possible willingness to parley, this headquarters took immediate steps to arrange such a parley. Leaflets, signed by Major General Henry L. Larsen, USMC, were prepared assuring safe-conduct for the parliamentaires. On the back of the leaflet was a sketch of the Talofofo area, pointing out a road through the jungle over which the G-2 sound truck would operate and where a meeting with American officers could be effected. These leaflets were dropped by plane in the Talofofo area, and distributed by plane and patrols in northern Guam, in case the information about the move south had been untrue. The sound truck, using Japanese prisoners as broadcasters, then operated in the area pointed out on the map; surrender propaganda was interspersed with invitations to parley, but without success. After a week in the Talofofo area, the truck shifted its operations to Fadian Point and other places in northern Guam, but Sato never appeared. After several weeks, the attempt was abandoned.

This headquarters was at the time convinced, and still is, that our message had reached Sato, directly or indirectly. It is known now that he actually was in the Talofofo area at that time. Months later, on the occasion of the first conversations with Sato, his first words were an acknowledgement that he had heard of our earlier message to him, but he claimed that he had received the message after the truck had left the area, and apologized for not being able to meet with us at that time. It is believed, however, that the message had reached Sato in due time, but that he was not then disposed to consider it.

Prelude to Parley on 2 June 1945. --

During January, February and March 1945, attempts were made at infrequent intervals to induce surrenders in southern Guam by the broadcasting of propaganda; and leaflets of the news-tabloid type were dropped regularly into the area by plane. At no time was any special reference made to Sato. On the whole, the program was temporarily unsuccessful; throughout the period only three of the enemy were taken prisoner from the Talofofo Valley. 2 Saipanese civilians surrendered and 1 Jap military was wounded and captured. These Japs supplied the information that upwards of 250 Japs inhabited the area, and that the leaders among them were using threats and force to prevent the weaker spirits from surrendering. Knowledge of Sato was denied.

Patrol contacts in the area, though somewhat productive of better results in terms of enemy killed, were also relatively unfruitful. The area was large, the terrain was ruggod, and the vegetation was extremely thick. Hiding places and food abounded, and troops available for patrolling were few. As a result, only slight progress was made in whittling down this pocket of enemy resistance. The need for aggressive action against these Japs was pointed up by their ambush in February of 8 men from the Submarine Recuperation Camp, 6 of whom were killed. During March and April, routine patrolling was augmented by two "sweeps" by larger bodies of troops; seacoast artillery battalions furnished 150 men for a four-day sweep, and later the 3d Marine Division swept the area for over a week with a reinforced regiment. These efforts were generally successful, accounting for approximately 25 Japs killed, but it was realized that only a small dent had been made in the number of Japs still holding out. Further, one of the seacoast battalion patrols had run into a well-planned ambush; a native guide was killed and the patrol was forced to withdraw.

These sweeps, particularly that of the 3dMarDiv, must have exerted an influence on the Japs beyond their toll in enemy killed. They emphasized the relative insecurity of the enemy position. Though subsequent interrogation reports indicated that most of them had been little bothered by the sweeps, and had remained secure in their original hideouts, the Nips must have realized that prospects for their being able to hold out indefinitely were dim. The demonstration of military power provided the opening wedge in cracking Japanese resistance; the way was open for psychological warfare to exploit this breach to the full.

On 19 April 1945, 13 Japs, led by an officer, came out of the Talofofo Valley and surrendered to natives of Umatac. The G-2 propaganda unit then returned to the Talofofo Valley and initiated an intensive campaign. Special leaflets, addressed to the Japanese in the area, and featuring a photograph of smiling Nips in the POW Camp mess line, were dropped by plane. Several prisoners from the group of 13 were led to volunteer their services as proselytes for obtaining further surrenders. This personal-contact method, coupled with broadcasts from the sound truck and the leaflets, produced gratifying results. 58 enemy came out of the area between 17 April and 30 April, and 71 surrendered in May. As new prisoners were received, they were deftly encouraged by Japs already in the stockade, and under the supervision of the G-2 Language Section, to divulge information concerning Japs still at large and to go out and bring them in. Thus each surrender provided the basis for further surrenders and the process was able to continue at a brisk rate.

Most of these prisoners denied, on direct interrogation, that they knew anything of Sato; a few reluctantly admitted that they had heard that he, or "a staff officer", was in the general area, but disclaimed knowledge of particulars. However, POW informants were able to gather more complete intelligence: -- Many of the Nips who had surrendered were in fact Sato men; Sato was in the area, literally "living off the fat of the land"; Sato had access to stolen copies of Time Magazine and American newspapers, as well as propaganda newssheets, and was thoroughly familiar with the progress of the war; the fact that some of Sato's officers had surrendered indicated that he might himself be considering doing the same. The gathering of this information was a delicate process; our informants emphasized constantly that their part in it must be kept secret from other Japanese in the stockade. Accordingly, the extent of our knowledge could not be revealed in any manner, either as a prod in interrogation of prisoners or by broadcast appeals directly to Sato. The surrender of Sato was regarded as a major goal, but the goal could be approached only with patience and upon a suitable opportunity; considerable reliance was placed on the advice of POW informants as to when such an opportunity would arise.

The occasion soon presented itself. On Wednesday, 30 May, as the sound truck was broadcasting into the Talofofo Valley, a Jap naval officer, Ensign Akai, came out of the jungle and requested a parley. He said that he was willing to surrender, but asked for three days of liberty in which to round up his subordinates. This was agreed to; Akai returned to the jungle after

promising to meet the propaganda unit at the same place the following Saturday. That same day, our POW informants, who had been present at the parley as broadcasters, stated that it was their belief that after Akai and his men came out on Saturday, Sato could probably be persuaded to parley. It was decided to act on their suggestion and address Sato personally in a broadcast at that time. On Saturday morning, 2 June, Akai surrendered with 23 men. This group was immediately sent back to the stockade and, after they left the area, broadcasts to Sato, inviting him to a parley, were begun.

Parley with Sato. --

After two hours of broadcasting, Sato appeared with his adjutant, 1stLt. Ishii, and an enlisted orderly. Officers of this headquarters present to meet him were Capt. Halpern, USMCR, and Lts(jg) Jones and Oliver, USNR, of the G-2 Language Section. After a round of salutes and introductions, Sato, a heavy man, and visibly tired after his trek through the jungle, asked if he might remove his shirt and if it would not be best if the conference were conducted with all seated on the ground rather than standing. The hot noon sun also caused him some annoyance. All hands welcomed these concessions to comfort and informality, and after cigarettes ahd been offered to the Japanese, conversations began. Sato was obviously a man accustomed to careful attention from his subordinates; his clothes were worn but clean and neatly patched; his hands were unmarked by the cuts and scars common to Japs who have lived in the jungle; his hair was close-cropped in the Prussian fashion; when he had removed his damp shirt, the orderly carefully laid it out in the sun to dry and placed a towel around the major's shoulders; as the conversations continued, the orderly was careful to flick off stray flies that might bother his superior officer. Sato accepted these ministrations with calm dignity. Conversation proceeded smoothly but was confined entirely to small talk, neither party caring to broach the subject at hand. After a while, thick sandwiches, left over from the lunch of the propaganda unit, were offered to the Japs; the lieutenant and the enlisted man eagerly consumed three sandwiches apiece, but Sato confined himself to one. Talk then continued, but, to the minds of the Americans, it was overlong in getting down to the immediate problem. Subtle attempts were made to lead the conversation to the question of "entering our gates", but Sato ignored all hints. At length, Sato was asked if he wished to "come with us". He apparently did not wish to discuss this subject with junior officers and asked if he might be taken to "your colonel", referring to Colonel Stent, USMC, Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, of whom he probably had knowledge through POW proselytes previously released

in the area. It was indicated to Sato that the colonel was too busy to be disturbed unnecessarily; when questioned as to whether the suggested meeting was merely to pass the time of day, which was all that had been accomplished thus far, or whether more important issues would be considered, Sato replied that his decision would depend on the tenor of the discussion but that the purpose of the meeting was more than a mere formal visit. On this basis, the meeting was approved. The orderly returned to the jungle to tell the rest of Sato's men that they need not worry about him, and the major and the lieutenant were taken to Island Command headquarters.

Here they waited for Colonel Stent in the office of the G-2 Language Section, just outside the entrance of the stockade. Sato was patently impressed by the ice-water he was offered to drink and by the cool comfort of the Language Section office, a building of native oonstruction with thatched roof. When Colonel Stent arrived, Sato thanked him for condescending to meet with him and requested the favor of being permitted to ask a few questions. Sato's first utterance, however, was not a question; he said that he would like very much to live to the end of the war. Colonel Stent assured him that, barring unforeseen sickness, there was no reason why this could not accomplished. The major thanked the colonel for this kindness and said that, if we were willing, he would prefer to live out the war in the jungles of Guam, and that he would not bear arms against us if we would let him alone. This offer was politely refused; it was subtly suggested that the alternatives open to Sato were either to join us (the word "surrender" was never used by either party) or to live, and die, like a hunted animal in the jungle, and that of the two courses, only the first was consistent with Sato's duty to Japan to live and serve as a leader in the new Japan. Sato realized his exploratory and face-saving thrust had failed; he adopted a more realistic and conciliatory approach. Implicit in the ensuing discussion was Sato's admission that Japan was already beaten. The failure to discuss it was not merely politeness in avoiding a debatable issue; Sato seemed to have no doubt about the fact, and all his thinking seemed shaped by the realization that the fate of Japan lay in the hands of a victorious United States. The questions which followed related to two basic problems: 1) "Would the peace imposed on Japan be so harsh as to exterminate Japan or make it a slave-nation, or would it be sufficiently lenient so that Japan could live on with dignity among the family of nations?" and 2) "Would the United States assert its influence to assure, contrary to tradition of the past, a decent reception by the Japanese people of Japanese prisoners of war?" The gist of Colonel Stent's replies

was as follows: "The United States was a Christian nation with ethical concepts known to all. We had no desire to exterminate or enslave any one. It was our moral duty and to our economic interest to promote peace and prosperity in Japan. A healthy Japan, purged of its warmaking element and its warmaking powers, with a sound economy founded on peaceful pursuits, would be welcomed by us as a neighbor. We would assist in the necessary rebuilding of Japan so as to accomplish this high-minded aim. As to prisoners of war, civilized nations have for centuries given honorable treatment to returning prisoners of war, and undoubtedly the treaty of peace would require Japan to do the same. Prisoners in our custody would be afforded the opportunity to educate themselves so that they could take their places in their homeland as leaders of the new Japan. The code of Bushido, as it related to this problem, was dead doctrine, discredited by defeat." Thus assured that there was a worthwhile future for Japan and a worthwhile future for himself, as a former prisoner of war, in that Japan, Sato embarked on his final series of questions. "Could the colonel suggest any reason why Sato, an officer of the Imperial Japanese Army, should prefer life and surrender to death in the jungle by enemy action or by hara-kiri?" The colonel could. "It was Sato's duty to his nation to live and assist in the reconstruction of Japan. Japan had spent much in educating Sato and preparing him for a position of leadership and responsibility. Able men like Sato would be necessary to Japan, and the major's obligations to his nation could not be ignored. To be a god in the Yasukuni Shrine was a fine ideal, but it was of little practical utility; live men, not spirits, were required to reconstruct Japan." The colonel pointed to the building in which they sat, its roof supported by six coconut-log pillars. "This building is like Japan. Knock out one of the pillars and the whole structure is weakened. You, Major Sato, are one of the pillars in the House of Japan." The major was visibly impressed. His questions concluded, Sato emphasized his thanks to the colonel for the privilege of the meeting and for the benefit of the colonel's advice. He would like, he said, to return to the jungle for one week to consider the matter further and to discuss it with his subordinates; at the end of that time he would meet with us again and state his decision. Not without misgivings, this was agreed to. There was considerable temptation to ignore our promise of a safe-conduct and seize the major, but it was reasoned that Sato's greatest usefulness was as a voluntary prisoner who could be persuaded to cooperate with us. The bird in the hand was definitely worth less than those in the bush; subsequent events confirmed the soundness of this decision. The meeting was concluded with

the usual amount of small talk, including the granting of Sato's request for a small amount of salted fish or other salted food "as a souvenir". Colonel Stent then left, and later Sato and the lieutenant were taken back to the Talofofo area and returned to the jungle.

The significance of the request for salted fish was puzzling, but one of our POW informants later offered a simple and probably correct explanation for it: - so many of Sato's men had left him that few remained to serve him and get his food; it was simply a good way of augmenting a dwindling supply. Further, because of the distance from the ocean, salt was probably rare and a great delicacy in the Talofofo Valley.

An amusing sidelight of the return trip to Talofofo throws further light on a complete picture of Major Sato's character. Beyond the hearing of Sato, Lt. Jones and Lt. Ishii were engaged in a discussion of athletics. Ishii recounted the various sports in which he participated. When asked in what sports the major took part, Ishii laughed, nudged Jones in the ribs, made the characteristic "down the hatch" gesture and said "Whiskey".

The Surrender. --

When Colonel Stent and the propaganda unit returned to the appointed meeting place on Saturday, 9 June, Sato was waiting for them. The meeting was a brief one. Sato quickly announced that it was his decision to "come with us", but he requested until 11 June, two days later, to gather his men. It had been planned to send Ensign Akai back into the same area over the weekend and for the same reason; in fact, the Ensign's trip had been postponed because it was desired to avoid communication between him and Sato. Now that it was clear that Sato would surrender, there was no further objection on this score and Akai and Sato were sent back together, after it had been agreed to meet at the same place early on the morning of 11 June. On this occasion, Ishii took Lt. Oliveraside and asked that Sato's name not be used in propaganda, or else the major would kill himself.

That Sato chose to wait until 11 June is probably of significance. To the Japanese on Guam, 11 June 1944 is well recognized as the date when intensive aerial and naval bombardment began, and the date when the Japs were forced to withdraw to hill and cave positions. It was the beginning of our assault; Sato desired the distinction of having resisted us an even year.

Again on Monday, 11 June, Sato was waiting when the Americans came out to meet him. With him were Lt. Ishii, Ensign Akai (who had surrendered earlier) and 33 enlisted men. 19 of the latter represented Akai's efforts; the other 14 were Sato's men. All were well-fed and in good physical condition. Their weapons had been left behind in the jungle. On the orders of Ishii, the men quickly fell in, in two ranks, facing Colonel Stent, and counted off smartly. A report of the muster was made to Sato. On his order and by the numbers, all hands saluted the colonel, then removed their caps and bowed low from the waist. Sato addressed his men: "I am turning you over to the authority of Colonel Stent. From now on, you will obey all his orders. You will be taken to the stockade where you will be treated well, given food, shelter and medical treatment You are now prisoners of war, but that is nothing to be ashamed of, for that is an honorable status." The surrender ceremony was over.

The surrender of Sato and his group brought to 188 the number of Japs who had come out of the Talofofo Valley since 19 April.

Post-surrender attitude. --

In the stockade Sato occupies a hut with seven other Japanese officers. In accordance with international convention, two prisoners have been detailed as orderlies for the group of officers. (Sato, incidentally, soon after surrendering, indicated his familiarity with regulations concerning the treatment of prisoners of war and wanted to know if we complied with regulations in respect to the furnishing of orderlies.) For the first two days after surrender, Sato's attitude was characterized by marked mental depression. He is still undergoing a period of adjustment, but his spirits have since improved. On the third day of his imprisonment, he borrowed tools from the stockade carpenter-shop and busied himself and the other officers with the building of benches and tables He has asked for and has been given a Japanese-English dictionary and is now improving his own English and holding classes in English for the other officers. (Sato reads English slowly, understands speech a little, and can speak a few words of it, but with an almost incomprehensible accent.)

It is known that Sato has, by means of the stockade grapevine, passed the word to all prisoners not to mention his name in arguments to Japs still at large to procure their surrenders. POW proselytes have been given similar instructions by the G-2 Language Section. It is also known, however, that these orders have been ignored and some fugitive Japs already know that Sato has surrendered.

Prospects of Usefulness. --

The therapy of mild voluntary manual labor and of the study of English promises to help transform Sato, once the archetype of resistance, into a collaborator who could be a powerful weapon in the arsenal of psychological warfare. A distinct aid in this process is likely to be a warrant officer now living with Sato; this warrant officer had once prevented surrenders of others at gun point, but is now converted to an eager assistant. With firm but deft handling, subtle suggestion, and above all caution and patience, it is hoped that Sato will soon "voluntarily" lend his name to propaganda designed to induce further surrenders on Guam. The process may take weeks or even months, but once it is accomplished, Sato may well be useful not only on Guam but in larger projects for other areas.

Estimates by POW informants as to the number of Japs remaining at large on Guam give an indication of Sato's potential usefulness on this island. Prisoners state that they know, by actual count, and in many instances by name; that Japanese are living in the below areas as follows:

North Sector:		
JCA area	8	
Taguan Point	28	
Fadian Point	10	
Dededo	10	
		56
Central Sector:		
Yona	47	47
Southern Sector:		
Ylig River	4	
Talofofo River	34	
Merizo	15	
Fena	41	
		94
Total "known" to be in above areas:		197

In addition to the above, POWs have estimated from stockade rumor that in the North Central sector there are 75 and in the general area south of the Talofofo River there are 60.

GRAND TOTAL: 337.

The areas mentioned above are those for which information is available. The estimated number of Japanese at large is a minimum estimate and does not include many areas of the island, particularly the northern coastal areas, where Japanese are believed to be living but for which no information is at hand. It is emphasized that all of the above figures, though believed reliable, are derived from POW sources and should be assessed accordingly. They are not an official estimate by this headquarters.

Essential Conclusions. --

1. Japanese, even officers thoroughly schooled in the Bushido tradition, are amenable to propaganda and can be persuaded to surrender.

2. Words alone will never carry off an operation successfully. The display of military power and the creation of conditions of hardship are prerequisites to successful psychological warfare.

3. Psychological warfare is a valuable adjunct to standard military operations; under certain circumstances it can more quickly produce results than combat methods.

4. Sato surrendered because hardship loomed and because our propaganda gave him an opportunity to surrender gracefully and without loss of face. The appeal to duty, which emphasizes future life, is persuasive.

5. Sound technique within the stockade, involving months of carefully building up the trust and confidence of the prisoners, is a profitable process; it is a potent aid in the operation of the intelligence section and the propaganda unit.

6. An argument based on logic was effective in persuading Sato to surrender; but he is not disposed to carry this argument to its logical conclusion, for he is not now willing to aid in securing for others that, i.e., the safety of the stockade, which he regarded as proper and a duty for himself. Careful, patient cultivation, which will lead Sato to volunteer his services, is indicated if maximum intelligence and psychological warfare value is to be obtained from him. In such cultivation, greater reliance

should be placed on such factors as the atmosphere within the stockade and the suggestions of his fellow-prisoners than on argumentative persuasion stemming directly from us. For the most part, Sato should be paid little attention; special treatment would place him on his guard against us.

H. N. STENT,
Col., USMC,
A CofS, G-2.

SURRENDER ON GUAM

For many months Major Sato had been the personification and symbol of Japanese resistance on Guam. Intelligence Officers had reliable reports of his general whereabouts in the south central part of the island. Patrol forces sent to hunt him down found he had a small but well-organized band capable of putting up sharp opposition.

Psychological warfare officers were preparing to try their hand early this month. They had succeeded in inducing scores of prisoners, including officers, to give up. An acquiescent Japanese ensign was being groomed to go back in the hills to discuss the situation with the holdouts and a series of broadcasts were to be directed upon their hideout.

Suddenly a dignified looking Japanese officer emerged from the brush at the head of a small group and approached the language officers. He said his name was Major Sato. He appeared self-possessed and was well-groomed. He had not come out to surrender, he made clear, but to talk things over. Then, with complete assurance, he set down with his officer aide on one side and an attentive orderly on the other. In the ensuing discussion the orderly frequently mopped the perspiration from Sato's brow.

Sato at first indicated he would prefer discussing any prospective surrender

Major Sato and his band of 33 pose for a picture after their formal surrender on Guam. Sato is at the left, standing next to the U.S. Marine Colonel and Island Command language officers who were instrumental in surrender discussions. The Major's aide is in front of the Japanese troops, his back to the camera.

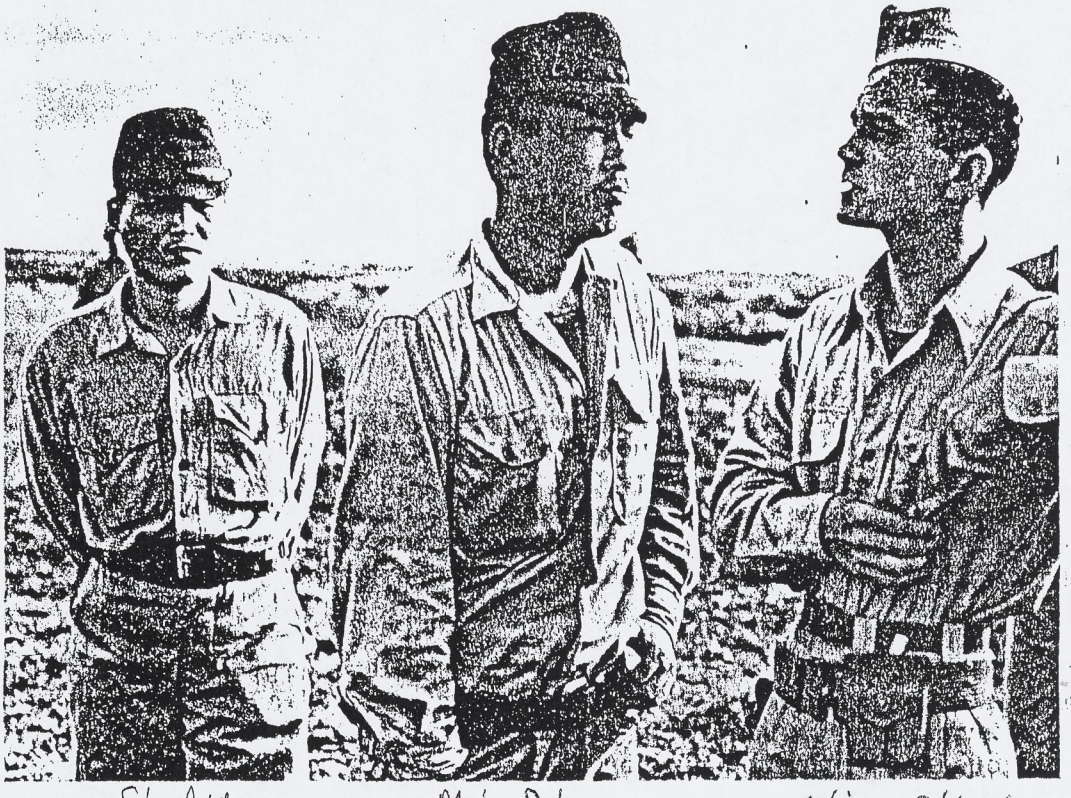
CONTINUED (over)

with an officer of high rank. He also wanted some assurance of a proper ceremonial surrender in keeping with his military tradition. He was uninterested in the progress of the war, explaining that he had been reading an American news magazine regularly and assumed that Japan Had been defeated. He indicated he wanted some further assurance that Japan would have an opportunity to rise again after complete Allied victory. (See Japan's Concern Over AMG elsewhere in this issue).

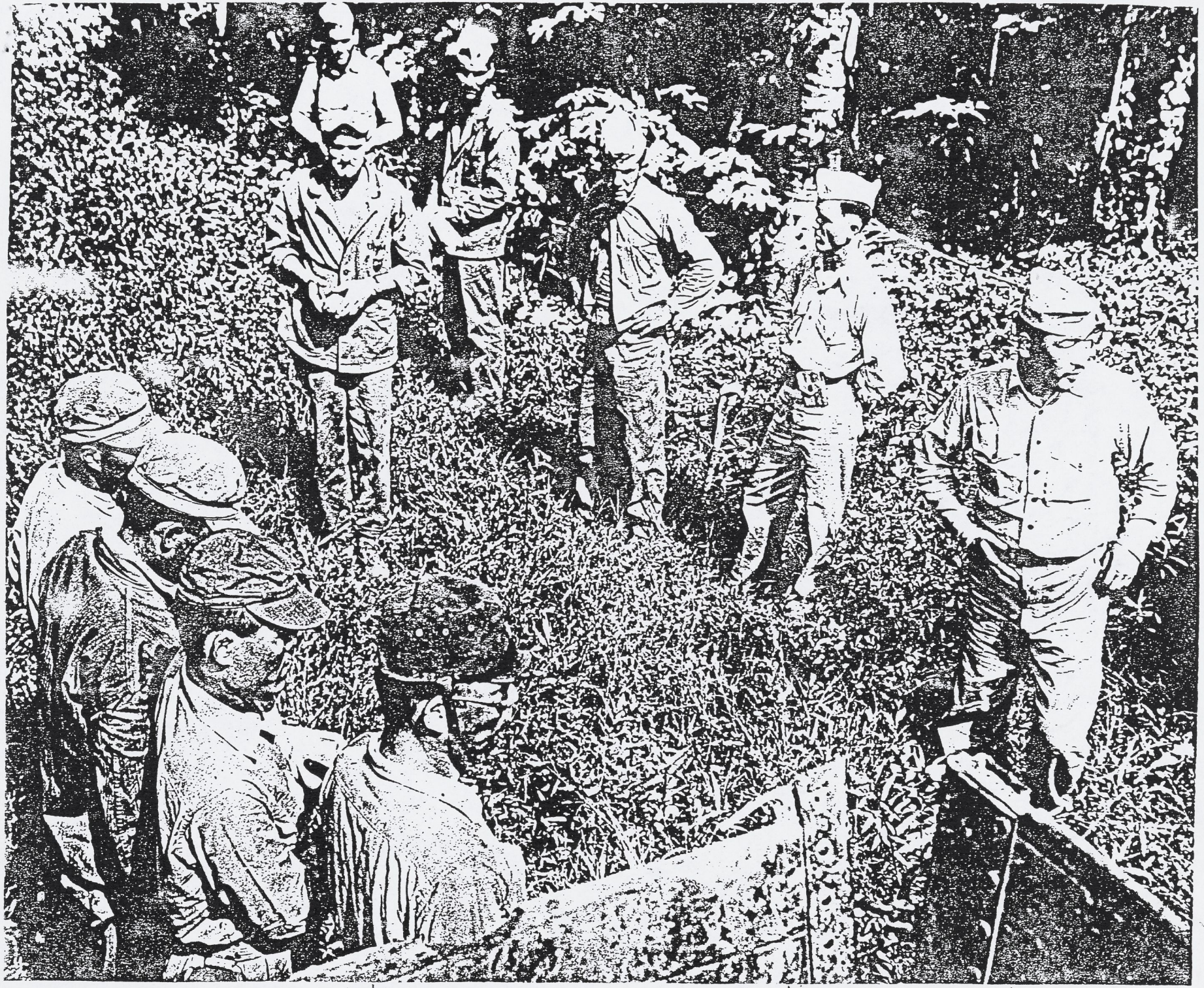
The discussion adjourned to the Language Office. The Island Command Intelligence Officer, a Marine Colonel, took charge of the parley and told Sato that undoubtedly there would be a new Japan after the war, a Japan purged of its war-making elements. As an officer of obvious intelligence and as a patriot, the Colonel pointed out, Sato's duty was to surrender to be able to contribute his services to the new Japan. Sato asked for a week to talk it over with his followers. He was allowed to go.

A week later he reappeared and this time more positively indicated he would surrender but he asked for two days more to round up his men. It was believed that he asked for the additional two days so that his surrender would come on 11 June, the anniversary of the opening of the major naval bombardment of Guam. Sato might thus have the satisfaction of saying that he had held out for a year.

The additional two days were granted and on the dot the Major reappeared with his aide, his orderly and 33 enlisted men. The EM bowed smartly as Sato told them they were surrendering and the U.S. Colonel was now their authority. They were marched into the stockade, and Sato, with his orderly mopping his brow, requested that he be allowed to learn English. His day of glory was over.



A close-up view of Major Sato and his aide talking over the prospective Japanese surrender.



Cpl Dumbar Lt Oliver Maj Sato

Col Stent

Jones

Cdr _____

Sato

Sent me from Roger Pineau
2/7/83

Col. Stent, USMC, ?, Lt jg WG Jones USNR, JN Chiisa, Sato Staff Major 29th Div, IJA.
Name Unknown
Highest surrendered
POW on Guam.

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HEADQUARTERS
ISLAND COMMAND, GUAM.

CONFIDENTIAL

PRELIMINARY POW INTERROGATION REPORT

NAME: NŌMA, Takashi. Rank: Private
AGE: 26 years.
NATIONALITY: Japanese.
UNIT: 3d Plt, KAWABATA Engr Co.
DUTY: Engineer.
REGISTRY: CHIBA-KEN, SAMEU-GUN, KATAKAI-MACHI, KOSEKI, MAIYA.
PLACE ENTERED SERVICE: TOKIO. TOBU 14.
DATE ENTERED SERVICE: 10 January 1942.

DETAILS OF CAPTURE:
LOCATION: At sea off ROTA.
DATE: 15 August 1945.
CAPT. UNIT: USS DE 701.

MILITARY ITINERARY:

DATE	ORGANIZATION	DUTY	LOCATION
10Jan42-Mar42	TOBU 14	Engineer	TOKYO
Mar42-23Feb44	MANSHU 970 - 1st Engr Regt	Engineer	SONGO, Manchuria.
23Feb44-23Mar44	Abd transport	In transit	FUSAN to TOKYO to GUAM to ROTA.

DATE ARRIVED ROTA: 23 March 1944.

ROTA ITINERARY:

The prisoner debarked at ROTA Village and proceeded to TARUKA on 23 March with the 3d Platoon. Here he was engaged in beach defense construction on the coast between TATAACHO PT and ASUZUDO until 11 June 1944 when the American air raids began. During the raids he worked in a field kitchen in a native school at TATAACHO and in July, 1944, took charge of his platoon's food supplies until the end of November, when he left his platoon, proceeding alone to SEIREIGAI, 800 yds S of TATAACHO. (IN: He had a native Chamorro girl here, with whom he had been associating since September 1944. This relationship was sharply criticized by his platoon leader as the Japanese troops were not to become familiar with the native population. As a result of this criticism, the prisoner became bitter and finally deserted to the girl's home on 9 December 1944). On 12 December, he was returned by soldiers to his platoon at TATAACHO only to take off again a week later. He was arrested a few days later and returned to TATAACHO, but he repeated the process of leaving and being returned by force three times in January 1945. Although he spent 3 months at SEIREIGAI from 23 February until 3 May, he was again arrested, taken to TATAACHO and placed in confinement in an airraid shelter. Remaining in custody until 3 August, he fled that night to ROTA Village area and hid for several days on the bluff just N of ROTA Village. About 11 August, he took a small sailboat, stocked it with some bananas, and set out to sea by night from beach on W coast of ROTA Village.

He intended to go to GUAM and tell the conditions on ROTA so that the American forces would land there. (IN: According to POW, the Japanese on ROTA had come to be considered as his enemy.) After 4 days at sea, he was picked up by an American destroyer on 15 August 1945 and taken to Prisoner of War Camp, GUAM.

SITUATION ON ROTA:

OB FOR ROTA ON BASIS OF THE INTERROGATION OF POW.

The commander of all the military forces, Army and Navy, on ROTA is Army Major IMAGAWA.

The Army forces consist of one infantry battalion, one company of pack artillery (SAMPOHEI), 3 engineer platoons, one independent rapid-fire artillery platoon, and a unit of 150 mixed troops.

The infantry battalion is commanded by Major TOKUNAGA and appears to be the 1st Bn, 10th IMR, reported in the GUAM OB as on ROTA under Capt. TOKUNAGA. (IN: POW reports that TOKUNAGA was promoted to major in February 1945).

The pack artillery company could well be the 1st Co, Regt'l Arty Unit, 10th IMR, but as POW has no information as to the CO, this is a supposition only.

The three engineer platoons are apparently the remainder of the Regt'l Engr Unit, 10th IMR. He states that one platoon remained on GUAM when these 3 were sent to ROTA in March 1944.

The independent rapid-fire artillery platoon and the unit of 150 men which arrived from TINIAN on 7 June 1944 are unidentified.

Outlined as follows:

UNIT	COMMANDING OFFICER	STRENGTH
1stBn, 10th IMR	Major TOKUNAGA	approx 700
1stCo, Regtl Arty Unit 10th IMR	1stLt ?	approx 200
Regtl Engr Unit, 10th IMR (less 1 plt)	1stLt KAWABATA	approx 140
---2d Plt - 2dLt SAITO		
---3d Plt - W.O. YANAI (killed by bomb 23Jul45)		
---4th Plt - 2dLt KOBAYASHI		

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PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION REPORT - ROTA POW NŌMA, Takashi.

Unidentified Rapid-fire Arty Platoon	?	approx 40
Unidentified unit from TINIAN	?	approx 150
	ARMY TOTAL	approx 1230

NAVY UNITS

ROTA Naval Commander -- Lt ABE.
(IN: According to POW, ABE is under Maj IMAGAWA).

SETSUEITAI Unit	--	strength unknown
OTORI BUTAI Elements	--	" "
SHISHI BUTAI (Air Unit)		" "
IKAJICHI BUTAI (Air Unit)		" "
KAIGUN KOKUSHO (Naval Arsenal)		" "

NAVY TOTAL approx 1500

ROTA MILITARY TOTAL: approx 2730.

Civilian Population:

Japanese	(200)
Okinawans	(5000)
Chamorros	(1000)
Koreans	(10)
CIVILIAN TOTAL:	6200 (approx)

Present ROTA Population:

Military	2800
Civilian	6200
	9000 approx.

(IN: All these figures are POW's estimate).

These Army and Navy forces are detailed as garrison forces under Maj IMAGAWA and are engaged in the construction of defense positions along the beaches. The garrison consists of various units of 150 men mixed personnel stationed at village areas about the island. TARUKA is the location of Maj TOKUNAGA's battalion headquarters and TOKUNAGA is the commander of that part of ROTA east of a N-S line through TATAACHO. The commander of western ROTA is Navy Lt ONIZUKA at ROTA Village.

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PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION REPORT - ROTA POW NŌMA, Takashi.

Communications System:

The prisoner reports that the headquarters of Maj IMAGAWA at MINIRA is in contact with TRUK and TOKYO by wireless. The wireless communications system is capable of both sending and receiving, he believes. The troops at ROTA are aware of the war situation and JAPAN's loss of the PHILIPPINES, IWO, and OKINAWA. The day he left ROTA, about 11 August, the news of the SOVIET UNION's entry into the war against JAPAN was heard. In light of this, he believes that ROTA is aware of JAPAN's surrender and the cessation of hostilities with the UNITED STATES. ROTA has no voice radio equipment in use, according to POW.

Effect of American Air Raids:

Although the raids have demolished all of the villages on ROTA, they have caused few casualties among the military since January 1945. However, the civilian casualties have been heavy up to the present time. Psychologically, the raids have harassed the civilian elements far more than the military, and the former desire a let-up in the attacks. The military, with their shelters, are evidently not so hard pressed.

Leaflets:

POW saw one leaflet on ROTA in March 1945. The front had a description of the destruction of Japanese war plants written in characters and the word "SHIKORUSUKI" (IN: Probably SIKORSKY) written in KANA. The back of the leaflet bore a likeness of a bomb. His reaction to the leaflet was positive, as he fully believed it possible that AMERICA was capable of the destruction of Jap factories. However, he has no information as to the reactions of other Japanese because they never discussed the leaflet, he states.

Discipline and Attitude of Troops:

The discipline is good and there is little trouble in this regard. The officers are still able to maintain proper obedience and adherence to orders. (Previously, the prisoner had said that there was little attention paid to the orders of officers, but he was presumably speaking of his own case.)

He has no information regarding the attitude of Maj IMAGAWA towards surrender. He has never seen the Major and knows of him by rumor only.

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PRELIMINARY INTERROGATION REPORT - ROTA POW NŌMA, Takashi.

Relationship between Natives and Military:

The natives are openly friendly toward the military, but he believes that they harbor a dislike owing to the discomforts caused by the soldiers. The natives are unarmed and have no method of resistance, so that they are easily and completely controlled by the military. The natives have no choice but to be superficially friendly.

Food Supply:

Since Japanese rice supplies have been exhausted since February 1945, the island is largely self-supporting. Farming is done throughout the island and at present the entire food supply is dependent upon the produce from this source. Fishing is also done with explosives, the natives being unable to use the method as they have no explosives. Although the natives are a little worse off than the military, they are not starving to death. (IN: POW's physical condition is good and he appears to have had a sufficient diet.)

Sickness:

He states that there is no great amount of sickness at all and the general health situation is fairly good.

Coast Artillery and Anti-aircraft Defenses:

The prisoner has little knowledge of the CA and AAA dispositions because these are manned by naval personnel and he had no access to them. However, the report he heard in April 1945 was to the effect that there are 3 YOSAIHO (Fortress guns) of unknown caliber, 1000 yds S of the phosphate plant. At TATAACHO Village beach defenses, there are 2 rapid-fire 37mm guns and 2 pack artillery pieces that he knows of.

INTERROGATOR:

C. W. DUNBAR,
Comp., USMCR.

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Supplement to Interrogation Report, POW NOMA, Takashi.

(IN: The small boat the prisoner used for his escape had been the property of an Okinawan fisherman at ROTA Village and was the last available boat there. The remainder had been damaged beyond repair. The POW had repaired the boat himself and made it seaworthy for his escape.)

Water Supply

The water conduit still supplies ROTA Village, SABANA, TARUKA, and SHINAPAARU with water, but TATAACHO is entirely dependent upon rain water, which is collected in a concrete tank.

Assessment of Credibility:

The information concerning ROTA is that given by the prisoner and should be judged accordingly. However, the prisoner seems to be truthful and as he was discontented with the Japanese authorities on ROTA to the extent that he deserted, there should be little reason for falsifying his statements. The escape from ROTA as he gave it seemed to be highly possible and no indication that it was false appeared. In cross-checking information, he has been consistent in his statements. The possibility that he had been well briefed by the Japanese on ROTA prior to being sent to sea seems illogical. He claims a strong hatred for the leaders on ROTA and throughout the interrogation was cooperative and, on occasions, volunteered various information. The prisoner seems to be of good intelligence and highly observant.

Information concerning downed aviators:

POW had heard of an American pilot bailing out near the island late in November 1944, but did not know whether or not he had landed on ROTA, and, if he did, what had become of him.

INTERROGATOR:

C. W. DUNBAR,
Corp., USMCR.

CONFIDENTIAL

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The Surrender of Rota, Marianas Islands
August 1945

A Remembrance, Cal Dunbar, 28 November 2001

August 1945 I was on Guam attached to G-2 Language Section, Island Command, Guam as a USMC corporal, age twenty, serving as a Japanese language interpreter. Our mission was to encourage the surrender of enemy holdouts hiding in the jungle areas of Guam. Here we had some 2000 stragglers, the leftover of the 20,000-odd original defenders of the island before the Marine invasion in July 1944. The USMC declared that the island was "secure" on 10 August 1944 and no further combat ribbons would be issued to Marines thereafter. The island was secure in the sense that organized enemy resistance was terminated but there were these armed stragglers hiding in the remote areas who were dangerous, in some cases even well-led and -disciplined and who lived easily off the land where there was an abundance of coconuts, tropical fruits and vegetables with plenty of fresh water. Our unit was kept busy daily interrogating any incoming prisoners, planning to contact stragglers on whom we developed leads and administering the POW stockade which usually had some 300 plus inmates, the overflow being sent to the rear areas such as Pearl Harbor from time to time. A considerable number of POWs were kept for labor parties as permitted by the Geneva Convention.

On 16 August, it had been several days since the second atom bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. The Japanese government finally agreed to surrender unconditionally and so announced. This was a very sudden event almost beyond our comprehension as we had been steeling ourselves for the forthcoming invasion of Japan in October, an event that would be a real bloodbath at best.

That afternoon Corporal Bob Kraft, my fellow interpreter who had graduated in my class from the Camp Pendleton Enlisted Japanese Language School, and I joined our two naval Japanese Language Officers, Boulder grads, in the nipa hut of the G-2 Lang Section at the Guam POW stockade for a beer to celebrate the war ending. This was highly unusual, first to have a beer openly in the stockade area; secondly to have one with the naval officers who had never fraternized with us. Some Marine junior officers did on occasion but the naval officers were standoffish with the Marine enlisted because, I think, they were less confident with leadership. They had not been to leadership classes as had Marine commissioned officers but had graduated from language school to receive a direct commisson. By being somewhat aloof I think that they felt that they could more easily deal with the gulf between enlisted and commissioned rank.

Anyway, into our first beer, the phone rang in the hut. I answered it. It was the Port Director at Apra Harbor. There was a destroyer that had just entered the harbor with a Japanese picked up 20 miles at sea in a native canoe. We were to get him as quickly as possible because the ship had to return to patrol, the fleet being on alert lest the Japs pull some sneaky attack now that we were expecting peace.

The officers obviously were not interested in such mundane work so it fell to either Kraft or me. I suggested we flip a coin. I did and lost the toss. I got a jeep with a guard and went to the harbor. We went out to the destroyer in a launch. The destroyer was in 'the stream" (out in the harbor as it did not want to take the time to dock). The guard and I boarded the destroyer, saluting the deck officer after we scrambled up the ladder put over the side for us. We told the Japanese to get into the launch and headed for the dock. Enroute I asked the man what part of Guam he had come from. He replied that he came from Rota. I thought we had hit luck: a deserter, our only live contact with Rota, some thirty miles north of Guam which had been bypassed in the invasion of the Marianas because it was a mere 5 by 7 miles, very terraced with the uppermost terrace having the area for only a short fighter strip. (It is known in the postwar tourist world as the "wedding cake island": because its terraced features look like a wedding cake). It was not suitable for B-29 bombers, the main reason for the aquisition of the Marianas so not worth the investmernt of US lives to acquire it. It had been isolated since the Marianas operations began in June 1944.

This Japanese, Takeshi Nooma, was a private in the army engineers, mid-twenties, a discipline case who had been in the brig several times and had fled Rota rather than face further discipline (see my separate report on his interrogation which gives the details). I could see that we had a prize, that he would cooperate with us and whose greatest fear would be his being returned somehow to

Japanese military authority where he would be summarily executed for desertion. I asked him where he had intended to go. He said: "Yap". Now Yap is an isolated island several hundred miles southwest of Guam across open seas but then it was in Japanese control. I told him he was lucky we had picked him up as he had but four gallon jugs of fresh water and no seafaring experience. "You couldn't have got to Yap if you had had a yacht!", I remember telling him disdainfully.

I had him put in isolation at the stockade and returned to our hut. The group was much as I had left them an hour and a half earlier except for the several empty beer cans on the packed coral sand deck of the hut. I reported that we "had our first real live Jap from Rota'. The JLOs said that inasmuch as I had procured him I could interrogate him on the morrow. I did for two or three days, filling in whatever blanks the colonel (Colonel H.N. Stent, our G-2) frequently requested by messenger from his office a quarter mile away at headquarters.

Nooma was a fund of information about some things but knew little about many others, being of low rank and being a "brig rat" a lot of the time. Still he was "Our Brig Rat Deserter" and we were glad to have him.

A day or so after I finished with him, we were advised by the Commander Marianas USN that our G-2 was to handle the forthcoming conference on the surrender of Rota. Our group consisted of Colonel Stent; his assistant Captain Bernie Halprin; the naval JLOs, Lts Bill Jones and John Oliver; Corporals Kraft and Dunbar, some six or seven naval officers of captain rank speciliazing in everything from medicine to engineering, plus some dozen enlisted personnel of Stent's G-2 as armed Marines. Colonel Stent was seeing to it that most of his enlisted boys were in on the doings. We went over there on a destroyer escort, USS Osmus (DE 701), accompanied by USS Currier (DE700), about a two-hour cruise from Guam, stayed out of small arms fire range about a mile offshore of the beach at the town of Songsong, the only small collection of buildings that could be termed a town on the island. The ship's cutter was sent ashore.

The group in the cutter, besides a destroyer naval officer with navy eight cutter crewmen, were JLO Jones Oliver and POW Michio Nino, the former Guam Civil Affairs officer under the Japanse occupation, now a POW who was our calligrapher who transcribed the Rota surrender document for the occasion. Nino was extremely helpful in seeing to it that the documents were well executed, highly legible and clearly understood. After Rota he did the calligraphy on the surrender leaflet we used with such success with the holdouts on Guam. Three of our armed G-2 Marines went along in the cutter as guards.

At the Rota dock they picked up four officers: Major Shigeo Imagawa, Imperial Japanese Army, CO of the island, his subordinate 1st Lieutenant Odanaka, IJA; Lt. Commander Zenji Abe, Imperial Japanese Navy; and a subordinate Lieutenant, IJN. The four men were boarded onto the destroyer with full military courtesies and were escorted below decks to the ward room where they crowded around a table. It was hot there in that cramped place as destroyer escorts are rather small.

As they sat around the table the colonel beckoned me to join them at the table. He said that I knew more about Rota than anyone (in the Pacific probably) from my interrogation of Nooma so I was to talk to the Rota group. I was astounded. The JLOS standing aside said nothing, the colonel having ordered me to so do, of course. I proceeded to talk with Major Imagawa, the CO of the island. We went over the maps, troop dispositions of the some 2500 Japanese military, general health matters and food supplies, and the condition of the native Chamorro population that numbered some 800.

The main interest of the colonel, though, was whether the Japanese would peacefully surrender. He was leery of any guerrilla activity such as that by the stubborn holdouts who had continued to plague Guam after the battle. The major replied, with a smile, that the Emperor had commanded the troops to surrender so there would be no question. The colonel, not understanding the language, asked me the significance of the smile. I replied I guessed that the major was giving us the island by imperial mandate, that we had not taken it ourselves by force of arms. The colonel allowed as how this was a valid point.

Along the way in the conversation, a naval medical captain kept pressing me about health concerns on Rota. He kept mentioning diseases which I had to look up in the language dictionery. He piled them up rapidly so that it was difficult for me to keep up as I barely had heard of some of them in English, let alone Japanese. Finally the colonel jumped in: "Charlie, Dunbar will get the information for you, just let him find the right words. It takes time. I know because we had student interpreters in

China (the colonel had been in China in the Thirties with the Fourth Marines). They got the job done but they were working with a diffiicult languge so it took them some time. Give Dunbar a chance, he'll get it for you". I breathed under my breath: "That-a-boy, Colonel, get this guy off of my back!". He did.

The formal surrender document was signed aboard the DE USS Heylinger on September 2, 1945. (See the document I have on file). Major Imagawa signed the surrender document for the Japanese military. Colonel Stent signed for Major General Henry L. Larsen, Guam Island Commander who, in turn, represented Admiral Murray, Commander Marianas of the USN. (I was still at Truk where I witnessed the surrender ceremonies there aboard the heavy cruiser USS Portland).

After the conference this day to arrange the later surrender, the Japanese party was returned to shore. We all returned to Guam.

All of the Japanese troops were taken off of Rota after September 2nd and incarcerated in the new Guam POW camp built especially for them where they would be more easily fed and cared for. I took no part in the evacuation nor in these facilities at Guam.

We of G-2 went to Truk, Caroline Islands shortly thereafter the Rota surrender conference for the conference to set up the surrender of Truk. After Truk we returned to our principal duties of encouraging the surrender of holdouts on Guam, an activty that kept us busy throughout the rest of 1945 as there were still substantial holdouts at large when I returned to the USA in April 1946. In fact, the last Japanese military to surrender on Guam was the late Japanese soldier Yokoi who finally came out of the boondocks in February 1972 to international media attention. The USMC invasion of Guam had been July 1944, so Yokoi had been out there hiding for almost 28 years.

Interestingly, the senior IJN officer, a Lt Cdr, at Rota whom I saw aboard ship that day was Zenji Abe, the Pearl Harbor dive bomber pilot who currently makes the annual commemorative services aboard the USS Arizona memorial. He is a familiar figure on today's TV and in magazines. He is a buddy of Dr. Mitsuru Yazu, the Rota naval surgeon now retired in Kyushu to whom I returned, in 1987, his 400 year-old samurai sword given me as a souvenir of Rota by Colonel Stent in 1945, immediately after the Rota garrison had surrendered their weapons.

So, when I lost the coin toss that afternoon and had to leave the cozy beer party behind it actually was a break for me. I gathered up the low-ranked POW Nooma, was ordered thereafter to interrogate him and so became a recognized "expert" on Rota. Consequently I became the interpreter for the shipboard surrender conference involving Marine colonels, naval captains and the Japanese officers commanding the island. All the while I was but a twenty year-old Marine and a mere corporal to boot. One can't lose 'em all, I guess!

41

Rete PCW ·ang

W m G Jones de to

(13)

The Surrender of Truk, Caroline Islands, August 1945
A Remembrance, Cal Dunbar, 30 November 2001

In August 1945 I was a Marine corporal, age 20, attached to the G-2 Language Section, Island Command, Guam, having been on Guam since September 1944 serving in that unit as a Japanese interpreter. Our mission was getting the stragglers in the boondocks, numbering some 2000 originally, to come out and surrender peaceably. Our psychological program was successful, we had a lot of them surrender but we also had stubborn holdouts for years. Part of my duties was also to provide language assistance at the POW stockade where we had some 300 plus POWs permanently incarcerated and the stockade was the receiving point for POWs who came out of the jungle. When the Japanese nation indicated they would surrender after the Nagasaki atom bomb, our unit handled the surrender conference on August 25th or 26th for the nearby bypassed island of Rota in the Marianas, some thirty miles north of Guam. After arranging with the Rota military for their formal surrender to be 2nd September we returned to Guam and were immediately ordered to effect the same type of surrender negotiations for Truk Atoll in the Caroline Islands group some 500 or so miles southeast of Guam.

Truk was a huge lagoon, about forty miles across with 100 islands, some quite large, upon which the Japanese had concentrated installations and airfields, with close to 38,000 military and 10,000 civilians. Truk had been originally a German possession which was mandated to Japan after WWI and which the Japanese had been strenuously fortifying over the years. It was forbidden territory to other nations. The fortification effort was highly secretive and guarded. Truk was called:"The Gibralter of the Pacific" by militaritsts who had no real information as to the extent of the projects because no foreigners were allowed into the Carolines.

In company with the destroyer escort (DE) USS Ozmus (DE 701, the same Rota conference DE) the (DD) USS Stack sailed from Guam in the evening of Tuesday, August 27th. Our party consisted of Marine Brigadier General Leo D."Dutch" Hermle, the Deputy Island Commander of Guam in charge; Marine Colonel Howard N. Stent, our Chief of Staff, G-2; Marine Captain Bernard Halprin, Asst G-2; the naval Japanese Language Officer Lt., j.g. John Oliver, a Nisei army Staff Sergeant Sam Isokane, and Marine Corporals Robert Kraft and Calvin Dunbar. I guess that our other G-2 naval language officer, Lt., j.g. William Jones, remained behind to cover the language work at Guam. There were some three USN officers, captains and such, probably medical and engineering specialists and a like number of USMC enlisted clerical recorders. Isokane, Kraft and Dunbar, in addition to JLOs Jones and Oliver, were the linguists.

I have often wondered about the composition of the party. It is obvious that General Hermle, as the assistant governor of Guam, represented Admiral Murray who was the overall commander of the Marianas. Colonel Stent was the head of intelligence for Guam with Captain Halprin as his assistant. John Oliver was the naval Japanese language officer for Colonel Stent. The other naval officers must have been the experts on the needs for the impending occupation of Truk by US forces.

I don't know how army Sergeant Isokane got involved because I had never seen him before nor afterward, no army interpreters being part of our G-2. When he boarded that seaplane to return to Guam after the conference I never saw nor heard of him again. The only clue I have is that I had read later that there were a few army Nisei Japanese-American linguists attached to the Fifth Marine Division Headquarters at Iwo Jima. The Marine command refused to let them go down to lower echelons because they might be mistaken for enemy infiltrators and shot. My friend Dave Severance who led the company that put the flag on Mt. Suribachi has told me he had never seen any Nisei on Iwo. A good thing he said, as he would have probably shot them by mistake. Anyway Isokane was a capable linguist and he was brought along by someone higher than our colonel who used his own people of our G-2.

As for Kraft and me, I can only guess that Colonel Stent included us to be nice and let us have the experience. Surely there were enough language people without us. Actually, Oliver did all of the conversation translation. Isokane, Kraft and I merely observed. However, it might have been difficult to judge ahead of time the actual need for interpreters so we were included just in case.

The clerical enlisted Marines were brought along to record the proceedings.

The first night of August 27th went smoothly with an uneventful day the next day, Wednesday, August 28th, heading through open sea the whole day for the Carolines.

Very early the next morning, in the middle of the night, actually, Thursday, August 29th, we were awakened by the ship's alarm bell. Kraft and I were sleeping in the carpenter's shop over the throbbing propellers in the extreme stern of the destroyer. We had two canvas cots which barely fit into the space. I awakened to see the underwear-clad sailors in the compartment next to us climbing rapidly up the ladder and through the hatch out onto the deck. The whole ship interior area was lighted by the red light used aboard ships to avoid loss of night vision. It must have been around 0200, really nighttime.

I yelled at Kraft that if the sailors were going topside that fast we should also. We dove up the ladder and through the hatch on to the stern in inky blackness, no moon, stars only with the only real light coming from the phosphorescent wake of the ship, caused by the propellers stimulating the minuscule marine organisms to glow as they were disturbed. I asked a sailor standing near me in the dark what was up. He replied that we had had a sonar contact. He said it might be a whale or the like, it might be nothing or it might be a submarine.

Now the cruiser (CA) USS Indianapolis had just been sunk by a sub about three weeks before with tremendous loss of life and a horrible four days in the water for the few survivors before they were finally located and rescued. This sailor told me that all of the Japanese subs had not been checked in with their fleet headquarters in Tokyo.

I thought that here I was going to die in the last days of the war after having come this far. I was scared as I never thought about drowning at sea in the scenario of my Marine activities.

After about an hour the word came to secure and we went below to bed. The sonar blip object was never identified.

Early the next morning, August 29th, we had landfall on Truk. The islands were mountainous, particularly Tol which was a strange shape. It looked like a loaf of French bread which had been stuck into the water.The mountainsides were actually precipitous and cliff-like. I could see no beaches nor any gradual sloping towards the coastline. We approached South Pass, one of five channels into the Truk Lagoon from the open sea. We did not go close, maybe several miles outside because of shore batteries. Besides the Japanese had lost all of their minesweepers and the waters were full of mines in the lagoon. We took up station, cruising back and forth, awaiting the rendezvous with the Japanese. It was kind of spooky. We had no air cover. Two small thin-skinned ships off of Japan's biggest Pacific base. We steamed back and forth off of South Pass.

The Japanese were supposed to have met our ships at 0900. 0900 came. 0930 came. 1000 came. No sign. Then on the distant horizon two motor launches appeared, coming rapidly toward us. They came along side. They were about fifty feet long with sharp-looking khaki uniformed officers at the helm. One had a snappy regimental mustache and a chestful of ribbons. Eerily at the stern of each was flying the large Imperial Japanese naval ensign with the red rays flaring out from the red meatball center. It gave me the chills to see it flapping in the breeze.

In the lead launch was this snappily uniformed officer in a tropical khaki uniform adorned with a bunch of ribbons. He was handsome, urbane, with a crisp mustache, looking a lot like the movie actor Sessue Hayakawa. This was Rear Admiral Michio Sumikawa, Chief of Staff, Japanese 4th Fleet which commanded Truk and vast portions of the central Pacific.

There were five Japanese officers in all: Rear Admiral Michio Sumikawa, IJN, a Captain, IJN, whose name I do not know; and Colonel Tajima, Lt. Col. Yamamoto and !st Lt. Yoshida, IJA. They were welcomed aboard with military courtesy salutes and escorted below to the destroyer ward room containing a conference table. Enroute to the interior of the destroyer, General Hermle asked Oliver to find out why they were delayed. Hermle was a very crusty sort; having received two Navy Crosses, one as the assistant division commander of the Second Marine Division at Tarawa and the other for being the like assistant division commander for the Fifth Marine Division at Iwo Jima. Oliver asked Sumikawa. The reply was that the IJN admiral had stopped to make certain the breeches were secured on the defense canons guarding South Pass as he had ordered. He said he did not want the last shots of WWII fired there. Hermle replied simply "Good thinking. Good thinking". I overheard the conversation in Japanese and silently grimaced at the very thought of their heavy coastal guns against our thinly-armored destroyers at close range. I had heard that the guns brought from Singapore to arm the Central Pacific were 12-inch guns. Such guns would go through a destroyer like a hot knife through butter. The admiral was wise. I silently breathed a sigh of relief.

The conference got underway in the ward room. Besides Truk there was to be discussed the overall surrender of the Japanese troops in the Palaus, the Marianas, the Carolines, the Marshalls, the Gilberts and distant Wake Island. The Japanese took off their uniform jackets, settled back and proceeded to plow into the cigarettes in the silver trays before them. I don't think they had had decent smokes in a while. They certainly made the best of those so offered.

Charts were produced. Each such chart had a red border around the edge with the kanji characters for "HIMITSU", meaning SECRET. I thought that any of us Americans would have died for such a single map just the day before but now here they were coming up with a profusio of some thirty of them, showing completely all of the installations and facilities on the various Truk islands, along with the complete lists of troop dispositions. It was mind boggling.

As I have said, I did not speak to these Japanese but I did listen closely as Oliver went over the details with them.

Our brass must have thought likewise that I was heavily outrated. I have a official photo given me later by Colonel Stent where we are examining a map: I , Lt., j.g. Oliver, a USN Captain, BGen. Hermle, an IJN Captain, and IJN Adm. Sumikawa. I am a USMC corporal but my right arm bears no stripes because, in the shortage of available stripes, I had followed naval rating custom and put stripes on the left arm only. Typical Marine Corps, badly outranked and not even enough stripes to go around!

After about two hours the Japanese departed in their launches, leaving behind a plethora of charts, lists and maps to be translated. It was decided that these would be taken at once to Guam for the translation. Kraft and I were not really skilled in sophisticated translation so we were to remain with the ships at Truk to return to Guam after the official surrender of Truk on that Saturday, September 2nd, three days hence.

Several hours later a USN Mars flying boat from Guam landed alongside. The USMC general, the colonel and his captain assistant, the USN captains, JLO Oliver, and the army Nisei S/Sgt, who was a skilled translater, boarded the seaplane from the destroyer's cutter and it immediately took off for Guam.

Kraft and I killed two days on the destroyer with no duties. Mostly we watched the sea and the cloud patterns in the sky. The great game of shipboard-bound troops was to see what various configurations could be imagined from the shapes of the everchanging clouds.

On the morning of September 2nd the heavy cruiser (CA) USS Portland, escorted by the destroyer (DD) USS Ralph Talbot, appeared bearing Admiral George D. Murray, Commander Marianas. We transferred to the Portland by cutter. About 1100 the Japanese delegation arrived by launch, the officers came aboard, quickly signed at the table on the deck and left. Kraft and I returned to the DD to return to Guam.

We had an uneventful return trip to Guam.

Shortly, Truk would be occupied by USN engineer officers to prepare the dock faciliities and to clear shipping lanes in the lagoon. The waters of the lagoon had to be swept for loose mines. The Truk lagoon is now a haven for scuba divers because of the hulks left there by the raids of Task Force 58 carrier planes in June 1945. The two motor launches we had seen were about the only operative vessels the Japanese had left so mine sweeping by the Japanese had been out of the question.

The so-called "Gibralter of the Pacific" had become a mere shadow of its vaunted self by war's end.

her Calls rong U.S. ndustry

TON--(SEA)--Naval 32nd anniversary yesterday by Vice c A. Mitscher, USN, f of Naval opera- air, with a call g aircraft indust- e of turning out tice plenty of the ced military and planes.

er said U.S. car- nacy, "The decis- in the enemy's de- ample evidence of ed to pioneers of tion whose early built the solid s for our wartime

supremacy carried ve across the Pa- the Gilberts to pines, and made iberation of the s ahead of sched- d. It also paved r the Okinawa in- oke the enemy's the home islands, 29s to bring in stating loads at and let the B-29 d the first atom- k its target with opposition,

other statements tscher were that ould police the inuously; that an 3,000 new planes added during the that new weapons, et-propelled air- ed for carriers eveloped, and at ew fighters and ve and torpedo ready for action.

o Speed ing Vets

TON, CAL.,--(UP)-- combat veterans their homecoming with the inaugur- rday of a trans- l air transport n the Los Angeles arkation to east- el centers.

t C-47 plane will rk, N.J., with 21 A goal of eight lay, each carrying en has been set, rtment announced. the service will 000 troops per

preference for be given return- lestinations are centers at Fort ort Devens, Mass. Md. and Indian- a.

Surrender of Truk is arranged aboard U.S.S. Stack by (left to right) Rear Admiral Sumikawa, Col. Tajima, Lt. Col. Yamamoto and 1st Lt. Yoshida of the Japanese Imperial forces, and Lt.(jg) John B. Oliver, USNR, interpreter, back to camera. Vice Admiral G. D. Murray, Commander Marianas, is expected to accept the Japanese surrender signatures Sunday aboard a U.S. cruiser. (Marine Corps photo.)

Radio Tokyo Taken Over by Gen. MacArthur

(By The Associated Press)

Radio Tokyo, most listened to Jap station for the last four years, was taken over yesterday by General MacArthur's public relations staff.

It marked the end of one of Japan's most powerful and busiest propaganda weapons, and source of most wartime reports for the rest of the world on what was happening inside Japan.

It will now be used to bring American news and broadcasts to the United States.

First two way contact between Tokyo Radio and the U.S. was established at 2:58 a.m. Friday, Eastern War Time.

(Continued from Page 1)

The Japs bustled about, ostensibly striving to smooth the way for the alien victors. One such Nip touch was preparation of telephone directories, stenciled in English longhand and listing more than 1,000 numbers for the various American installations.

The Japs were courteous but impassive. The GI's got their biggest kick out of the midget Jap cars they found at Atsugi. By mid-afternoon they were deserting their own Jeeps and whizzing delightedly about the field in the tiny cars.

Service Teams Fold this Year

NEW YORK--(UP)--Service football, dominant over the collegiate ranks the last three seasons, has its final fling this fall when the Army Air Force camps expect to steal the thunder of the Navy Pre-Flight teams whose alumni are patrolling Tokyo Bay.

One top-flight pre-flight team--the Georgia Skycrackers --already has cancelled its schedule and the outlook is vague for such stalwarts of last year as The North Carolina, Iowa and St. Mary's preflight elevens due to the end of the war.

At least five other smaller service teams have cancelled their schedules and as many more may be forced to follow suit as the result of sudden curtailment or revision of the service training programs following Japan's surrender.

SCORE BOARD

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Boston	1	1	0
New York	7	7	1
Cleveland	4	10	0
Chicago	4	11	0 (TIE)

(Game called by agreement to allow Cleveland to catch train)(only games scheduled)

NATIONAL

Chicago	4	12	0
Pittsburgh	6	8	2

Slate Truk Capitulation For Sunday

Aboard the U.S.S. STACK near Truk, plans for the surrender of Truk, Japans mightiest Pacific bastion and other Nipponese holdings in the Pacific were made Thursday aboard an American warship lying outside the Truk atoll reef.

Vice Admiral George D. Murray, Commander Marianas, is expected to accept the Japanese surrender signatures Sunday aboard an American cruiser.

The American delegation which conferred with Japanese officials was mainly concerned with details of Truk's capitulation, but also discussed was the overall surrender of the Palau Islands, the Marianas, the Carolines, the Gilberts, the Marshalls, and Wake Island.

Marine Brigadier General Leo D. Hermle, Deputy Island Commander of Guam led the American group of Military and Naval experts which consulted for several hours with a 15-man Japanese delegation headed by Rear Admiral Michio Sumikawa, Chief of Staff of the Japanese 4th Fleet.

The Japanese Navy and Army conferees furnished vital information concerning the disposition of their forces as well as details of Military Government welfare. Medical Hydrography and shipping facilities of their fortress. They disclosed that their Army and Navy strength scattered over the Truk group of more than 100 islands is about 38,000, that there are about 10,000 civilians on the islands but there are not any allied prisoners of war.

The conference was held aboard the destroyer U.S.S. STACK, which was lying just outside the south pass, one of the five principal entrances through the Atoll reef ringing the Truk islands.

$50 Thanks for ½ Million Find

NEW YORK--(AP)--At noon yesterday Patrick Maran, 36-year-old Wall Street securities clerk, had the equivalent of $500,000 but last night he had a vote of thanks and $50.

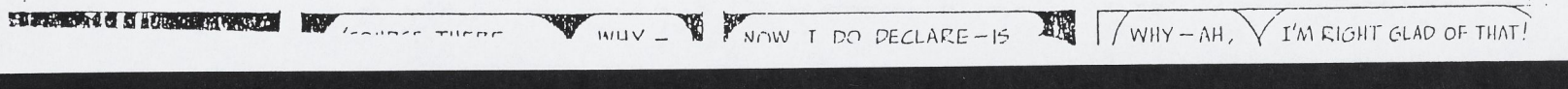
He found a half-million dollars worth of negotiable U.S. bonds, that anyone could cash.

Maran traced the bonds to their owners, and turned them in to an officer of the firm. He received a vote of thanks and a reward of $50.

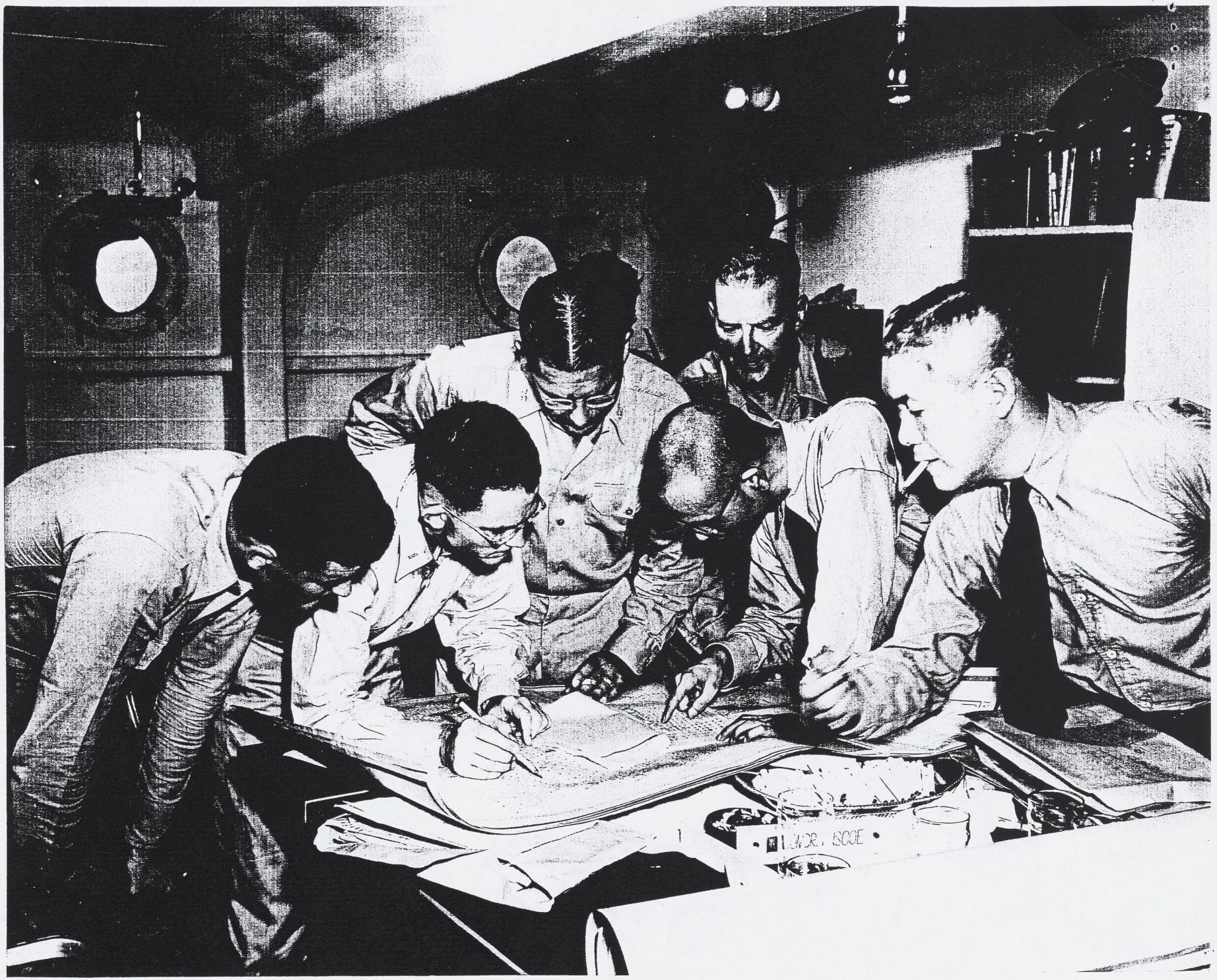
D THE PIRATES

Courtesy of News Syndicate Co, Inc.

BY MILTON CANIFF



CAPT. HALPERN



(14)

COMMANDER MARIANAS

UNITED STATES PACIFIC FLEET

Unconditional Surrender of the Japanese Held Islands Under the Command of the Senior Japanese Imperial Forces Based at Rota Island, Marianas Islands

1. We, acting by command of and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters, hereby accept the provisions in the declaration issued by the heads of the governments of the United States, China and Great Britain, 26 July 1945 at Potsdam, and subsequently adhered to by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which four-powers are hereafter referred to as the Allied Powers.

2. We hereby proclaim the unconditional surrender to the Representatives of the Government of the United States of all Japanese Armed Forces and all Armed Forces under Japanese control wherever situated under our command.

3. We hereby command all Japanese forces wherever situated under our command and the Japanese people within our area of command to cease hostilities forthwith, to preserve and save from damage all ships, aircraft, and military and civil property and to comply with all requirements which may be imposed by the Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet or by agencies of the Japanese Government at his direction.

4. We hereby command all commanders of units under our command to issue at once orders to their respective forces wherever situated to surrender unconditionally themselves and all forces under their control.

5. We hereby command all civil, military and Naval officials to obey and enforce all proclamations, orders and directives deemed by the Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet to be proper to effectuate this surrender and issued by him or under his authority and we direct all such officials to remain at their posts and to continue to perform their non-combatant duties unless specifically relieved by him or under his authority.

6. We hereby undertake for the Emperor, the Japanese Government and their successors and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters to carry out the Provisions of the Potsdam Declaration in good faith, and to issue whatever orders and take whatever action may be required by the Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet or by any other designated Representative of the Allied Powers for the purpose of giving effect to that declaration.

7. We hereby command all forces under our command at once to liberate all Allied Prisoners of War and civilian internees now under Japanese control and to provide for their protection, care, maintenance and immediate transportation to places as directed.

8. The authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government to rule the state shall be subject to the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate these terms of surrender.

9. The English is the official version of this document.

Signed at Rota M.I. aboard USS Heyliger at 1100 on the 2nd day of September, 1945.

日本軍ロタ島守備隊長
陸軍少佐 今川 茂男

By Command and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters.

Accepted at Rota M.I. aboard USS Heyliger at 1100 on the 2nd day of September, 1945, for the United States, and in the interest of the other United Nations at War with Japan.

H. L. Stout
Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps

H. L. LARSEN, Major General, United States Marine Corps,
for the Commander in Chief,
United States Pacific Fleet.

口之島日本軍最高指揮官の指揮下に在る日本軍占領せる島嶼に関する無條件降服

一　余は大日本天皇、日本政府及び大本營の命に依り又之に代りて一九四五年七月二十六日ポツダムに於ける米國、支那及び大英帝國政府首脳より発せられ其の後聯合國として四大國と爲りし蘇聯邦に依り同宣言に参加せる宣言の諸條項を受理す

二　余は茲に合衆國政府代表に對し所在を問はず余の指揮下にある全日本軍及び日本の支配下にある全武力の無條件降服を宣す

三　余は茲に所在の如何に関はらず余の指揮下に在る全日本軍及び余の指揮範圍にある日本國民に對し直ちに敵對行動を止め全船舶航空機及び軍民の財産を損害せざる如く保存し米國太平洋艦隊司令長官又は其の指示に基く日本政府の代表に依り課せらるる全要求に應ずる事を命ず

四　余は茲に余の指揮下に在る全部隊指揮官に對し其の所在の如何に関らず各部隊及び其の指揮下に在る全武力として無條件降服する如く直ちに命令する事を命ず

五　全民間官憲に対し本國及び同盟國の為に敵対行為を行ふ一切の活動を即時終止し且つ連合國最高指揮官又は其の指示に基き発せらるる命令に服従し且つ日本政府の代表に依り課せらるる義務を遂行する事を命ず

六　余は茲に大日本天皇、日本政府及び其の継承者を連合國戦争犯罪人として指名せられたる者を逮捕し且つ之を処罰する為聯合國最高指揮官又は其の指名する聯合國代表者に一切の援助を與ふる事を命ず

七　余は茲に余の指揮下にある全軍に對し現在日本の統制下にある全聯合國の捕虜及び民間抑留者を直ちに解放し且つ之等の者の保護、養及び指示せられた地点に於ける輸送の為現地指揮官に服従する事を命ず

八　大日本天皇及び日本政府の國家統治の権限は聯合國最高指揮官に服し且つ聯合國最高指揮官は此の降服條件を実施するに適當と認める手段を講ずべし

九　茲を以て此の文書の公式書面とす

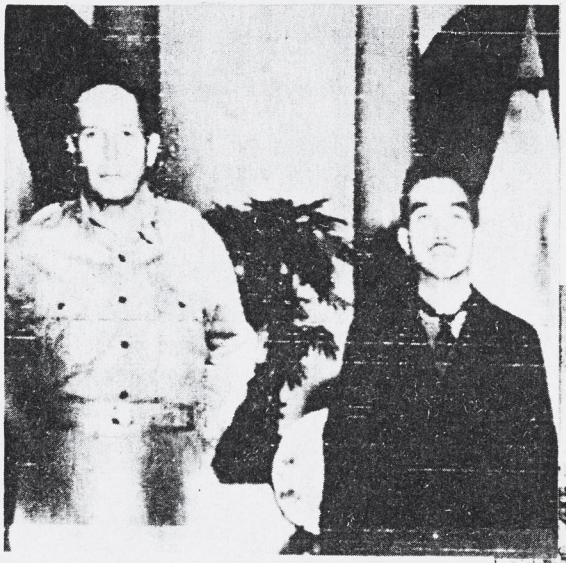
署名場所　ロタ島沖にて USS ANTIGUE (AGC 58) 乗艦
年月日　昭和二十年九月二日　午前十一時
日本帝国陸軍代表
氏名　陸軍少佐　今川武男

大日本天皇、日本政府及び大本營の命に依りての代表として

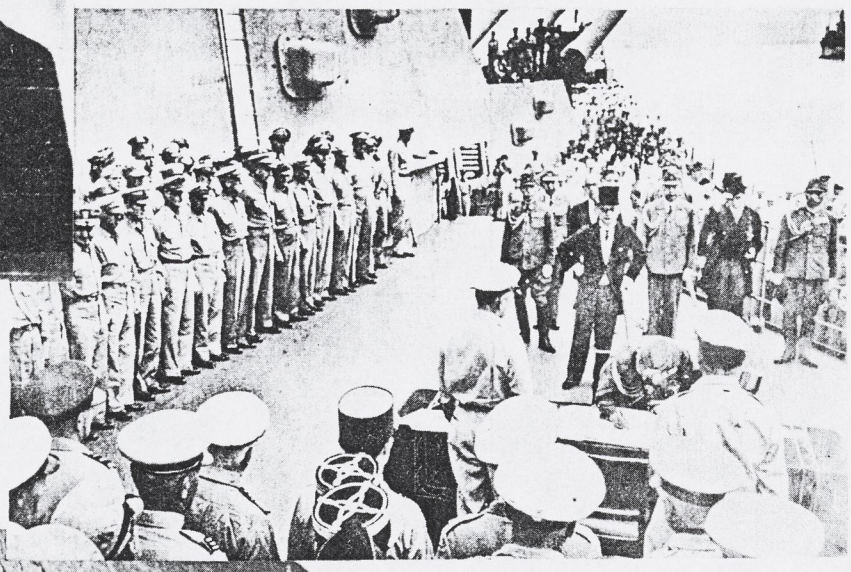
受理場所　ロタ島沖にて USS ANTIGUE (AGC 58) 乗艦
年月日　昭和二十年九月二日　午前十一時
氏名　(Colonel, USMC)

米國及び日本と交戦せし他の聯合國の利益の為に

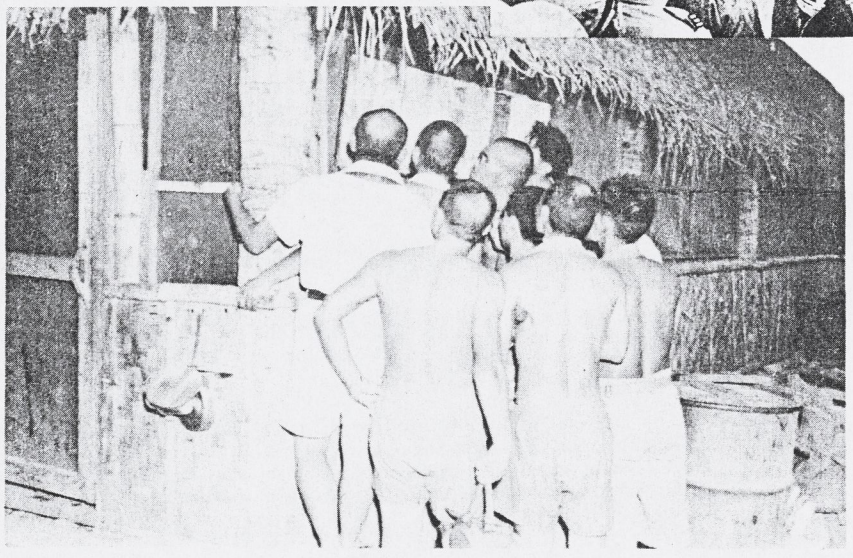
米國太平洋艦隊司令長官に代りて
米國海兵隊少將　エイケ・エル・ラルセン



天皇陛下に於かせられては、米軍の日本占領に関し東京米軍司令部に於てダグラス マッカーサー 陸軍大将と協議をなされました。



前日本軍グアム島兵士、生存者は明石の収容所に収容され日本歸還を待って居ります。



日本代表重光葵外相、梅津美次郎参謀總長は相模湾上の米国戰艦ミゾリー号に乗艦し降伏文書に署名し、ポーツダム宣言の諸條項を受領しました。

ジャングルの諸君へ

戰は終りました。日本は昭和二十年九月二日相模湾に於て正式に聯合諸国へ降伏致しました。天皇陛下に於かせられては降伏協定條項に基いて全日本軍の降伏と歸還を命ぜられました。現在太平洋及其の他の日本軍の本国歸還は着々進捗中であります。本グアム島に於ては数百の諸君の同僚は米軍の保護下にあり其の家族との面會を待って居ります。

× × ×

武器を捨てて米軍兵舎へ投降せよ。次の手續を用いよ。
上半身をぬぎ、白旗を持ち、此の印刷物を兵舎地帶の米人か、舗装道路上の米人か、或は自動車運轉手に提出せよ。本投降は日中時に限る。

Surrender Leaflets Dropped To Japs in Island's Jungle

Hoping to inform renegade Japs of the war's end and bring about their surrender, the IsCom Intelligence office has dropped 25,000 leaflets in isolated jungle areas all over the Island, it was announced yesterday by Colonel Howard N. Stent, USMC, IsCom Intelligence Officer.

Leaflets have also been distributo to military units in isolated areas and to Guamanians, who live in the jungles. Jap hunting reconnaisance patrols also have been supplied with them and additional copies are available at the Intelligence office for official use.

These leaflets are expected to bring about the surrender of additional Japanese, for it is possible that many fugitives, holed up in remote parts of the Island, are unaware that the war is ended.

Colonel Stent has ordered all military personnel to be on the alert for Japanese, who might surrender as a result of this pamphlet.

The translation of the leaflet is as follows:

"To everyone in the jungle:

"The war has ended, Japan officially surrendered to the Allied Powers on 2 September, 1945 at Sagami Bay, Japan. The Emperor has ordered the capitulation and repatriation of all Japanese forces in accordance with the terms of the surrender agreement. Now, the repatriation of Japanese forces in the Pacific and elsewhere is in progress. Here on Guam, several hundred of your comrades, now in American custody, are waiting to rejoin their families in Japan.

"Throw away your weapons and turn yourselves in to any American installation. Use the following procedure:

"Strip to waist and, carrying a white flag, present this leaflet to any American personnel, either within a camp area or, if near a well - traveled main road, to any vehicle operator. Do this only during daylight hours."

The captions under the pictures read:

"MacArthur and Hirohito —

"The emperor confers with General of the Army MacArthur at the latter's headquarters in Tokyo, regarding the American occupation of the Japanese homeland.

"Umezu signing surrender document aboard are USS Missouri —

"The Japanese delegation, led by Foreign Minister Namoru Shigemitsu, and Chief of the General Staff Yoshijiro Umezu, aboard the battleship Missouri in Shagmi Bay, sign the surrender document thereby accepting the terms of the Potsdam declaration.

"General scene inside the Stockade —

"Japanese soldiers, survivors of the former Japanese forces on Guam, now interned in the Agana stockade, await repatriation to Japan."

To Everyone in the Jungle . . .

ジャングルの諸君へ

戦は終りました。日本は昭和二十年九月二日相模湾に於て正式に聯合諸国へ降伏致しました。天皇陛下に於かせられては降伏協定条項に基いて全日本軍の降伏と帰還を命ぜられました。現在太平洋及其の他の日本軍の本国帰還は着々と進捗中であります。此グアム島に於ては数百の諸君の同僚は米軍の保護下にあり、其の家族との再会を待つて居ります。

× × × ×

武器を捨てて米軍当局へ投降せよ。次の手続を用いよ。

上半身はだか、白旗を持ち、此の印刷物を当地点の米人に提出せよ。主要道路上の米人には、就業時間中に限る。

The Island Command Intelligence office has dropped over 25,000 leaflets in isolated jungle areas of Guam advising Japs that the war is over and they should present the leaflet as a surrender pass to American servicemen. Military personnel are to escort surrendering Japs to the nearest Military Police.

The Aircraft Carrier

(This vignette is for the family records about my Pacific experiences in WWII. 15 March 2001 West Yellowstone)

After the surrender of Japan on 2 September 1945, we had a lot of activity at Guam with the removal of Japanese troops from the bypassed islands to the south and east where there were existing enemy garrisons isolated by the American advance toward tthe Japanese homeland.

We had disarmed Japanese naval vessels stop at Guam for refueling before they proceeded to the Caroline Islands to gather troops which they transported back to Japan. I went aboard a destroyer that was so used as a transport. I accompanied our naval harbor pilot to help the skipper bring the ship into Apra Harbor where it would be fueled. I remember one officer aboard asked me what I thought about the war. I replied that I was an American. He nodded and said he understood. At a distance from the ship I was on I saw a couple of disarmed Japanese destroyers at anchor in the harbor. I did not board these. The Japanese troops being transported were swimming off of the fantail. Several days later Kraft and I were sunmoned to Orote Peninsula, which juts into Apra Harbor near where the destroyers were anchored, because there was a dead Japanese body washing up on the shore. We arrived to find a bloated body clad in a pair of military shorts, obviously one of the swimmers who had drowned. The corpse was swollen so that the eyes and facial features were indistiguishable, a round piece of flesh much like the back of one's head without the hairline. The whole body was a milky white color. We took a long two-by-four board to beach the corpse, and when we touched the body when we slid the board underneath it, there was a high pinging sound like an inflated beach ball due to the gases stretching the skin so tight. We left it on the shore for a burial party to bury it.

Next, a few days later, I was ordered to take four guards, go to Apra Harbor and conduct some Japanese troops from the aircraft carrier, USS Antietam, to the stockade. We went aboard from the LCVP (Landing Craft Vehicles or Personnel, the utility landing craft of WWII) launch, up the tall teakwood staircase that was the ship's ladder, boarded, saluted the ship's ensign flag flying on the fantail and then the officer of the deck who met us at the ladder top at the flight deck. The Antietam was one of the larger late carriers, Essex Class, the sister ship of the USS Boxer. It was the

state of the art for US naval weapons of WWII. I was conducted to the elevator deck hatch whose elevator brought the planes to the flight deck from the hangar decks below. The whole ship was immense, a seemingly wide airport high above the ocean. On the elevator deck hatch, which was then flush with the main deck, were some twenty Japanese naval people sitting on their haunches - Japanese style. They were clad in clean white tropical naval uniforms with spotless white naval issue tropical shoes. Obviously they were from some bypassed island either in the Marshalls or the Carolines to the southeast of Guam.

I told them to stand up, form two columns and that we would take them ashore to a stockade where there were other Japanese military. Just then a US naval commander approached me with a seagoing Marine orderly to his rear. The Marine was sharp. He had fresh pressed khaki with pleats on the shirt, a billed cap, a brass buckle, polished street shoes and sported a holstered .45 automatic at his pistol belt. We, on the other hand, were clad in sack-pressed khaki with field shoes, carrying web-slung carbines. The Marine never looked at us but stood professionally at attention.

The commander addressed me after we all saluted. He asked who was in charge of the detail. I replied that I was. I was a skinny corporal twenty years of age. He further pressed me: "Who is to sign for these prisoners?" I replied that I was. He looked quizzical, probably weighing my youth and lack of rank.

I told him that the colonel had sent me to get the prisoners, and that meant that I was to sign for them. I furthered:"Signal the beach, sir. The colonel will verify my authorization". The commander looked at me, smiling and said: "I believe you".

I added that: "We are kind of light on officers on the beach, sir".

He allowed as that was probably true and walked off, the orderly following him. I took the prisoners off of the carrier to the stockade. I never told the colonel about my conversation with the naval commander on the carrier. He would have probably just have chuckled. Marines are always underranked and underestimated by the patrician navy, that is merely life in the Corps. More to the point, Marines always do the job, regardless.

Bones of the Brass

(This is another vignette of my Pacific days in WWII for the family before I forget the facts. West Yellowstone 15 March 2001).

In October 1945 after the surrenders of Rota Island, Mariana Islands and Truk, Caroline Islands we were back to concentrating on our main mission of getting the Japanese stragglers in the Guam boondocks to come in. There were still quite a few out there, living off of the bountiful natural foods of the jungle plus plenty of fresh water from the streams and the rainfall. (One could live indefinitely such a life, if not wounded, as the late Shuischi Yokoi of the Japanese regiment from Nagoya proved when he finally came in fit condition in 1972, twenty seven years after the 1945 surrender. His original three companions had died subsequently, and I guess he got lonesome. He was in great physical condition. Yokoi became a media sensation at the time. I tried to contact him by letter and by a Nagoya fly fishing friend whose family knew him, but he refused to reply. He died a couple of years ago. He became an outdoor columnist, a job he was qualified for).

Naval language officers Oliver and Jones went back to JICPOA (Joint Intelligence Center Pacific Ocean Area) at Pearl Harbor from which they had been temporarily assigned to us at Guam the year before. Prior to departure Oliver showed me some folded foolscap papers which he said was a petition from the POWs for permission to reclaim the skeletal bones of the Imperial Japanese Army staff of the 29th Infantry Division which was the main defending force on Guam. The general Takeshina and his staff had been assaulted by Marines and killed in their command bunker during the fighting. The POWs wanted to cremate the bones and take the ashes back to Japan when repatriated, probably to Yasukuni shrine at Tokyo, the place where the souls of the departed military since antiquity are supposed to reside. Oliver said he and Jones did not want to get bogged down in a lenghty effort so I was to withhold the petition until they had left Guam before submitting it to higher authority. They flew to Pearl. Kraft and I, both corporals twenty years old, took over as the G-2 Language Section.

About a week later, Colonel Stent, our G-2, came to our nipa hut office at the stockade. While he was standing with me a POW approached both of us and asked about the petition. I translated his request. The colonel asked me about petittion. I was on the fence. If I told him that Oliver had held it up, Oliver might be in trouble so I feigned ignorance. After all, to a twenty year old Marine getting a bunch of bones when we had a jungle full of live dangerous Japanese seemed unimportant. Well, to the colonel it was important. He went up to the stockade military police office and asked around, without result, then returned to his office at headquarters. Kraft returned from somewhere shortly thereafte,r and I told him I was in a pickle. (I was never very good at mind games) Kraft said the simple thing to do was produce the sought-after petition which I did immediately.

I drove the jeep up to the office and told Captain Halprin, the assistant G-2, that the petition had been in the safe all along. Kraft and I had just gained access to the safe since the officers departed, telling us the combination. Anyway, I was never further quizzed on the whereabouts of the petition as the colonel went ahead full bore on the project of reclaiming the remains.

It seems that the real story of the final moments of the 29th Division staff was obscure as the fighting was raging at the time. Kraft and I were instructed to get the details from chatting with the POWs as we got the remains.

The 29th Division bunker was a cave (now part of the War in the Pacific National Monument on Guam. In fact, from the photos in the park brochure I think I recognize the furniture as that which we saw then).

We had a group of some five or six POWs, Kraft, I, a couple of guards with a truck and a jeep. We approached the bunker in the middle of Guam led by the activist POW who knew the exact location. I was several paces ahead of him and the main group heading toward the cave entrance, some yards from the dirt tank road by which we approached the area. In front of the entrance were about eight skulls piled carefully into a bowling ball triangle such as Genghis Khan's hordes did in days of yore. I was appalled that the POW might see this and think we were the barbarians the Japanese propagandists always labelled us. I quickly kicked them over and spread them around with my foot so that they looked like they might have been there at random and not by human design. The POWs never acted as if anything other than fate had distributed them about.

We entered the bunker. It had a pool of water toward the rear as the floor sloped away from the entrance. The furniture, a chair or two and a beat-up table were turned over as by violence. There were skeletal remains on the floor and we could see partiallly exposed remains in the pool. No further skulls just bones. We sent back to the stockade for rakes to comb the water depths and empty five gallon rice cans for the gathered bones.

All of the time we were chatting with the POWs as to how events took place. (The activist POW had been an enlisted member of the headquarters who was lucky enough to disappear unharmed into the jungle as the confused fighting progressed. He saw the final moments hidden in the the safety of the jungle).

As we got the material by truck from the stockade, the colonel arrived and watched our progresss, advising us how to "expedite" the process. (Colonel Stent had a great vocabulary).

The rakes produced telling efffect from the pool. As they raked, one POW garnered a pelvis, one a femur, one a collarbone, another a rib or two, etc.. Finally we put all of the bones along with the skulls in the cans, returned to the stockade and the POWs went ahead with the cremation.

They dug a two-foot deep pit about ten feet long which they filled with dunnage lumber and fired it. When it was blazing they dropped in the remains and added a little more wood to keep things hot. After it all burned down and cooled off there were few ashes left. They carefully took the white ashes and placed them in five inch by five inch square wooden boxes they made in the stockade shop. These boxes were encased in white muslin for return to Japan. It all looked very military and professional. There was no identification written on tthe boxes, just white muslin wrapping.

Kraft and I wrote up the report of the detail and submitted it to the colonel. Briefly, Marines had caught the general with his staff in there and had killed them all. There was no doubt that the remains were, in fact, theirs.

The next thing we heard was our Marine commanding general, Major General Henry Larsen, the Island Commander of Guam, a large Swede who had been in France in WWI who was referred to in absentia by the troops as "Heavy Henry", reading our report word for word as we wrote it over the Guam military radio KWYS. Somehow our report sounded more significant and official when read by a general.

I left Guam for the States in April 1946. The POWs were repatriated to Japan in December 1946. I guess the boxes of ashes went to Yasukuni Shrine by one of the returning POWs. I never heard.

Rat Control

Vignette of an unusual experience in WWII
Calvin W. Dunbar, Sergeant, 839916 USMCR in WWII
West Yellowstone - March 2003

The event of three Japanese holdouts dying of rat poison was unforgettable:

Late one afternoon in late 1945 three Japanese military holdouts from a rural area of Guam surrendered. They were immediately conducted to the POW stockade. It was noticed that they were acting somewhat intoxicated by their reeling walk and slurred speech, even though none of the Marines understood the Japanese words.

I was called from our duty hut at the stockade to enter and talk to these people.The three were husky fellows in good shape. One of them was tall for a Japanese and well built, obviously they were first class troops who had fared well in the boondocks. I think they were of professional rank such as senior NCOs or lieutenants.

I quickly learned from them that they had eaten grain in the morning. I was not too certain of what type of grain as they used the generic term for wheat: "mugi", which can be either barley or wheat. Apparently they had found some grain in a coconut forest which they had eaten that morning. It had been at least eight hours previously. They realized that the grain must have contained some sort of poison when they became feeling ill and were getting worse by the minute.

I told the medical officer for the stockade, a naval lieutenant commander, what they had told me. He immediately figured that they had eaten grain poisoned to kill the prolific "coconut rats" which infested the plantation areas in rural Guam. These rats were a pest to the many US installations in those areas.

I was sent by this doctor over to the rat control office in a quonset hut in the Island Command headquarters area some one hundred yards from the stockade. I ran over there and found the contol officer to be present. He was a Marine lieutenant in his mid-twenties. I told him the problem and that his immediate presence was requested by the medical officer.

We both scurried over to the stockade. En route he remarked: "Gee we have killed a horse, a water buffalo and a couple of cows but this this the first human I've heard of." He told me the grain was well marked by signs but they were in English not Japanese. (Of course all of the native Guamanian Chamorro people speak English.) He said that if it had been several hours since they had eaten it there was no way of preventing their deaths.

At the stockade this officer was queried by the doctor. It was a fact that the emetics the Japanese were given, causing them to vomit profusely would be of no effect. The control officer said that the time-span since they had eaten the grain doomed them for a certainty. The particular poison involved was a heavy metal which had irreversible consequence. It was tasteless and odorless because rats are very intelligent so anything less would not be eaten by them. I heard it said that it was something called "thallium sulfite", or whatever, of which I had never heard.

As the dusk gathered, the Japanese rapidly deteriorated. By dark they were in extremis. They were on cots in the stockade quonset hut sickbay. They were moaning and yelling loudly. One kept groaning: " Painful, painful. Shoot me with a pistol!" ("Kurushii, kurushii. Kenju de ute!"). I was the only one in the group of some eight Americans present who could understand Japanese. I told the doctor what the screaming groans meant. Naturally he was not about to have the fellow shot as requested. I felt awful being the only one who really was aware of their words expressing their violent reaction to the pain and who had to relate what I was hearing to our people. "What's he saying now?"

An hour or so later it was dark. I was released and returned to the language duty hut in the stockade area where I retired to my cot. The Japanese were screaming, moaning and groaning but there was nothing I could do . The medical officer said that I might as well leave.

The next morning I went into the sickbay and the three Japanese were dead. Their bodies were covered with white sheets as they lay on the same cots they were on when I left the night before. I asked the corpsman when they had died. He said simply: "last night", but gave me no specific time. I did not want to appear ghoulish so I stopped asking further and left the sickbay.

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This event was recalled to my memory some nine years later in 1954, when as a field representative of Ethyl Corporation I was escorting a examining doctor though northern Montana in the area north of Great Falls. Ethyl Corporation sold and distributed tetraethyllead which we called Ethyl Antiknock Compound. This antiknock compound when added to gasoline revolutionized the combustion engine from the 1920s because it eliminated the disastrous engine knock which up to its discovery had deterred the development of the modern high-compression gasoline engine. Lead is a deadly highly poisonous heavy metal in the tetraethyl form because this organic volatile lead is readily absorbed by the central nervous system. In small undiluted quantities it causes extreme lead intoxication and death. A single drop on the shaved belly of a rabbit had been found to be be fatal in a laboratory test. This form of lead can be inhaled by the lungs or absorbed through the skin into the blood where the central nervous system absorbs it with deadly effect. With the later required dilution in gasoline, a mere three cubic centimeters (a small teaspoonful) per gallon, it becomes safe for the public market as leaded gasoline.

Therefore this fluid had been removed from the market in the early twenties where it had then been added neat to the gasoline by a pump-mounted flask at the service station pump when the gasoline was being purchased. This method had put concentrated tetraethyllead in the public domain with consequent poisoning and some deaths.The surgeon general removed this deadly fluid, used in this manner, from the market, studied the problem and because of its commercial necessity as an antiknock allowed it to be sold again under very strictly devised controls. The fluid would now be handled only at the refinery under vacuum in sealed tanks which blended it into the gasoline by weight. The process would be controlled by trained refinery blender personnel. These blenders would be examined by an Ethyl Corporation-affiliated doctor annually to check against any possible lead absorption. Lead absorption is cumulative without any discharge from the body system so the blood tests are required to check potential lead accumulation. The doctors Ethyl used were from the laboratory at the School of Industrial Hygiene at the University of Cincinnati, OH where the original research work had been done for the surgeon general which permitted renstatement of tetraethyllead in the marketplace

The doctor I was escorting as he examined blenders at the northern Montana refineries (Great Falls, Shelby, Sunburst and Kevin) was Dr. Lester Sanders from Cincinnati. As we drove along we talked about the blender examinations and lead toxicity. I told him that I had seen a heavy metal poisoning in the Pacific war and described the Guam rat poison incident. I told him I thought the poison was thallium sulfite which he corrected to be sul-"fate" not sul-"fite". As a doctor who studied toxicity he said: "I would liked to have witnessed all of that. A rare event". I thought to myself: "Like heck you would!".

It all may sound interesting from a distance of time and space but for me it was something I would have readily forgone.

Cal Dunbar
March 2003

Update on Shoichi Yokoi
January 2004
West Yellowstone, MT

When Yokoi surrendered in February 1972 after hiding out on Guam for 27 years after the US recapturing the island in 1944 I wrote the Guam police (see letter) that I wanted to contact him. No response from them. I wrote the Tokyo office of *Newsweek* (see letter) that I wanted to contact him. They published my letter but no response.

At West Yrellowstone about 1980 I met a young flyfisherman from Nagoya, Yokoi's hometown. (We had a Nagoya regiment at Guam to which Yokoi was attached). This lad said his family knew Yokoi. I asked him to carry a message to Yokoi. He agreed but said that Yokoi probably would not answer it as he wanted to distance himself from it all. I wrote the note anyway in Japanese. I heard nothing.

The next year upon his return here I asked the lad if Yokoi had been given the note. He said he had. I never heard anyything further but this fellow sent me the Japanese outdoor magazine (see attachment) featuring Yokoi's rendition of how to survive in the wild. I have copied it herein.

The next thing I ever heard about Yokoi was his death notice in the international press (see copy).

So much for Yokoi. He could have come in safely in 1945 when I am sure Kraft and I saw him and his three companions on that hill (see my letters to Guam police and *Newsweek*).

Box 368
West Yellowstone, Montana
59758
February 3, 1972

NEWSWEEK
444 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022,

Gentlemen:

Re your edition of 2/7/72, page 30:

During World War II, I was a Japanese language specialist with the Marine Corps attached to the Prisoner of War Stockade, Agana, Guam. Our duties included encouraging the surrender of Japanese stragglers at large on Guam after ~~organized resistance~~ was broken in ~~mid~~ 1944. Our intelligence unit operated a sophisticated program which resulted in some 2000 Japanese surrenders without casualty to either side, and a Legion of Merit for our commander, the late Colonel Howard N. Stent, U.S.M.C.

I recall a day in late 1945 ~~well~~ after the fall of Japan. We were using a broadcasting truck with a Japanese prisoner of war on the amplifier to encourage the surrender of holdouts seen in the mountainous grassy upland area above the Talofofo River drainage. As we approached the area we saw by binoculars on a distant grassy knoll a group of some three or four men who fled down into the densely foliaged river valley area on our approach. Our crew was certain they were still within hearing.

We broadcast at intervals all day. We left leaflets assuring safe conduct, and thereafter kept our eye on the area, but there was no further sign of this particular group we knew to be hiding there.

I have thought about our frustrations that day over the ensuing years, about those Japanese who, as most, were hard to convince.

Now I wonder further: Was one Sergeant Yokoi? Could be-- by that time we had the vast majority in that area in custody. Did he hear us? I'd like to hear from the sergeant!

Calvin W. Dunbar (839916 USMCR)
Formerly Sergeant, G-2, Island Command, Agana, Guam.

Enclosed: Navy News, 19 Dec., '45, p. 2 showing surrender leaflets used.

Newsweek

444 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • (212) 350-2000

August 1, 1972

Mr. Calvin W. Dunbar
Box 368
West Yellowstone, Mont. 59758

Dear Mr. Dunbar:

Please accept our sincere apologies for this embarrassingly late reply to your letter; unfortunately, your letter and the accompanying material were misfiled, and, so, did not receive an acknowledgment at the proper time.

Thank you so much for sharing your personal wartime experiences with us. We were most interested in your reaction to the reappearance of Sgt. Shoichi Yokoi, and, as you will see from the enclosed photocopy, we were happy to quote you in our overseas Letters column for the benefit of our readers abroad. We are also returning the copy of the Navy News which you were so kind as to send to us.

Again, thank you for taking the time to write to us. We welcome your continuing interest in Newsweek.

Sincerely,

Madeleine Edmondson

Madeleine Edmondson
For the Editors

bw

3

Box 368
West Yellowstone, Montana
59758
February 12, 1972

H. G. Scharff
Police Inspector
Agana, Guam

Dear Inspector Scharff:

The Tokyo AP news release on Sgt. Yokoi of the 38th Regt., and now the two other stragglers seen in the Talofofo area recently prompts me to write you.

I was attached to the Japanese Language Section, G-2, Island Command, Guam, at the Agana POW stockade as an interpreter from Sept. 1944 until March 1946. I was a sergeant, USMCR, under the late Colonel Howard N. Stent, USMC G-2 Iscom, who received the Legion of Merit from Maj. Gen. Larsen for the program the colonel conducted resulting in some 2000 Japanese surrenders without casualty to either side.

I lived at Agana Heights Stockade, interrogating Japanese POWs and did a lot of patrol work all over Guam to effect surrender of stragglers. I knew Aguon, Wustigg, and many others of the Insular Patrol who worked with our crew on occasion.

This Sgt. Yokoi from the Talofofo area and now the two others seen...this matter really intrigues me for this reason:

After the fall of Japan in August, 1945, after our crew finished with Rota and Truk surrenders, the colonel decided we needed a really good surrender leaflet to get the "last of the holdouts" into custody. So our unit prepared one--a copy enclosed--and the Navy News at Agana printed us thousands of them on their offset press. We had them placed in remote areas by foot patrol, by POWs seeking contact with holdouts, and even by air. Sgt. Robert Kraft and I spent days dropping them from the General's Piper Cub all over the remote areas of Guam. "Hand-drops," but they hit the ground over a wide area.

Well, in late 1945, probably about December, we received information that some Japanese had been seen in the Talofofo area, so as usual, we took our "six-by-

six" broadcast truck and a jeep and POW Hirakatsu of the Arai Butai, the "official" G-2 broadcaster, and went out. We drove south of Pago and Yona, and went west, inland north of the Talofofo River some 4 miles about 9 AM into the grassy upland area where cattle were grazing.

On a knoll, several hundred yards away we saw a group of men standing in the open. We couldn't believe them to be Japanese as our experience always showed them to be very cautious. Hirakatsu took the binoculars and said they were "Nihonjin," so we approached. We had to go through a small depression (heading south-west) and at our arrival near the knoll about 15 minutes later, we found the men had fled into the river bottom, a densely forested area. We were sure of having seen three-and possibly four-Japanese.

Hirakatsu was certain they were within hearing of our amplifier, so we broadcast (Hirakatsu did) all day until about 4 PM with no sign of these men. We were discouraged as we knew they were nearby. We returned to Agana after leaving leaflets, some tobacco, and some food as inducement to surrender.

Our intelligence kept this area under surveillance until March 1946 when I, the last language man, returned stateside, without a confirmed surrender. (Many Japanese had fled to this area earlier after the last banzai attack in late July, 1944, but they had been accounted for much earlier) I can't help but think that Sgt. Yokoi may have been one of the sighted men. Should you talk with him further in Japan, I would like to know if he heard us that day. I know he saw the leaflet but I would like to know how early he did so. Perhaps he may write me himself if he is so inclined.

I have always believed further Japanese stragglers would be forthcoming after many years. Our interrogations indicated that those holdouts wounded in the July and August 1944 combat died shortly thereafter, if they did not surrender. Those who simply could not adapt to jungle fare died within a few months. A few were killed by combat patrols until August, 1945. Two succumbed to cannibalism by fellow stragglers who came to trial later, but those who made it through 1945 in the jungle we believed could live indefinitely.

This seems to be the case.

Colonel Stent was an enlightened individual who, even in the midst of a bitter war, could see the future relationship of the Japanese and ourselves. Our POW program was always a model and humane one.

I would genuinely like to hear whether Sergeant Yokoi heard our efforts. We tried to get everyone in.

Very truly,

Calvin W. Dunbar
Formerly Sergeant, 839916, USMCR,
Japanese Language Section, G-2,
Iscom, Guam.

CWD:jd

Yokoi File

Friday, October 3, 1997

COMMENTARY

Holdout hero no hero after all?

The news came to me from several directions. A message on my answering machine: "I thought you'd want to know that Yokoi died." (For a moment I thought it was an unkind joke about the short-lived quarterly magazine I started a few years ago.)

There were e-mail messages from a friend in Korea and another in Guam. Then, another phone call: "Have you seen the story in the Gazette? Yokoi died."

When my mother called I said, "Have you heard? Sgt. Yokoi died."

"Oh, my gosh! What happened?"

"Well, he was 82 years old and he had a heart attack."

"Oh! I thought you meant something happened to your car!"

Long before I named a magazine after my hero, I named my old Datsun station wagon "Sgt. Yokoi." My current car wears license plates emblazoned "Yokoi."

So what's the deal?

Back in the 1940s, Shoichi Yokoi was a Japanese soldier sent to defend Guam which the Japanese had invaded on the same day they attacked Pearl Harbor. Like hundreds of his compatriots, he escaped into the boonies when the U.S. Marines landed on July 21, 1944.

During the first few weeks after the American landing, hundreds of Japanese holdouts were captured and interrogated. (West Yellowstone's Cal Dunbar owes his proficiency in Japanese to the training he received a half-century ago to assist in that interrogation.) But after a few years, no more stragglers were captured although the Guamanians reported occasional sightings, and whenever anything went missing, villagers agreed the thieves were Japanese stragglers.

MARJORIE SMITH
CHRONICLE COLUMNIST

Then in 1960, two Japanese holdouts were captured on one of the U.S. Navy bases. They were repatriated to Japan and wrote books, amazing tales of dedication to a cause, of indoctrination as Japanese soldiers, of believing they had only two choices: honorable suicide or fighting on until the Emperor's forces could return.

In 1964, when I was living on Guam, the Associated Press reported two straggler sightings and the Japanese news media went wild. The Olympics were in full swing in Tokyo, but two dozen reporters, photographers and television crews descended upon Guam, bringing along the 1960 stragglers, Masashi Ito and Bunzo Minagawa.

For the six of us who made up the island press corps, those were heady days. We crashed through the boonies in the northern half of the island after the Japanese reporters. Navy planes blanketed the jungle with Japanese-language leaflets that explained that the war was over, that it was OK to come out. A Navy ship sailed back and forth, hugging the northern coastline, while loudspeakers shouted "Come out, come out, wherever you are" in what the reporters confided was thickly American-accented Japanese.

all.

Flash forward to 1972. I am standing on a rainy corner in San Francisco, glumly waiting for the bus to take me to my dreary job, when I spot the newspaper headline: "Japanese straggler found in Guam."

And so Shoichi Yokoi entered my personal pantheon of heroes.

For more than 27 years he had survived in Guam's small, tangled jungle (on the southern part of the island — we'd been looking in the wrong places in 1964). He had "fought on," making cloth out of banana leaves and sewing his own garments, eating what he could catch: fish and birds and rats. No one to talk to after his last companion died. Nothing to read (except, perhaps, an occasional leaflet).

Twenty-seven years, holding on to a dream without the slightest breath of encouragement.

I named my cars after him with the hope that they would have a fraction of his endurance. I decided to honor all the neglected writers I would publish in my magazine by calling it after that stubbornly optimistic figure I imagined crouched warily on a hillside, scanning the glistening sea, watching for the Japanese navy to come back to retake the island.

Now with his death, I find myself rethinking my hero. A National Public Radio commentary from Tokyo suggested today's Japanese are a bit embarrassed by Shoichi Yokoi. He represented the militaristic fanaticism of the war years, something the "economic animals" that inhabit Japan today have put very far behind them.

I wonder if Yokoi himself wasn't embarrassed by those precocious yuppies he found inhabiting his native land when he returned to it in 1972. Yet according to reports, he adjusted to modern Japan, he married, got a job as a night watchman. Did he ever have nightmares about his years in Guam?

What are we to learn from his peculiar 20th century life — a third of it spent in saber-rattling imperial Japan, a third hiding in the small jungles of an island just 1,200 miles south of Tokyo, and a third lived in booming modern Japan?

I've been using Shoichi Yokoi as a plaster saint on the dashboard of my life for years. If he could outlast time, I tell myself, then I can, too. I can keep slogging away at my writing, keep sending my novel out for one more agent or editor to sit on for months before sending it back unread. If Yokoi could persevere for 27 years, so can I.

But to what end?

The truth is, Shoichi Yokoi knew the war was over. He was just in the habit of holding out. It was more natural to keep on keeping on (what the Japanese call "gambarimasu") than to take steps to change his life. Then one day, a moment's inattention, and he was happened upon by a Guamanian hunter.

What were his other options? He could have found someone to surrender to. Or perhaps he could have built a raft, like Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune did in "Hell in the Pacific."

And what about those of us who keep waiting for that random hunter to discover us and pluck us out of the jungles of our obscurity? What are our options?

Surrender? Write a letter: Dear New York Editors, I give up, I don't want to be a writer after all.

Nah, I don't think so.

Maybe it's time to start looking for materials to build a raft. You know, get out there on the ocean, meet the Emperor's Navy part way?

Marjorie Smith is a local arts advocate and former member of the Foreign Service.

OPINION
Bozeman Daily Chronicle
LETTERS
Monday, October 27, 1997

Efforts to contact holdout Japanese soldier futile

Marjorie Smith's Friday, Oct. 3, column relating to the death of the World War II Japanese soldier, Sgt. Shoichi of the Imperial Japanese Army (IJA), who held out in the Guam boondocks until 1972 came out while I was out of Montana. I just read and enjoyed it. As Marjorie and I have discussed previously, I was very active in the Marine intelligence efforts to induce the surrender of holdout Japanese military on Guam from 1944 until 1946. We were highly successful — some 2,000 plus out of 20,000 enemy POWs came in, but not with Yokoi.

When he came out in February 1972 I immediately tried to contact him through the Guam police and the Far East edition of Newsweek. To no avail. Again, six years I tried to contact him through a Nagoyan fly fisher whose family knew Yokoi. He failed to respond.

Another Marine interpreter and I saw four Japanese in the general area Yokoi hid out in in November of 1945. All our efforts to get them to come in failed. We broadcast by loudspeaker, left leaflets, smokes and food in multiple attempts and even sent Japanese POWs from the stockade into the jungle to try and contact these people. Overhead aircraft drops and offshore broadcasting from amphibious craft also failed. After his three companions died off over the years, Yokoi hid out alone.

We had an ambush in December 1945 in which a Marine patrol of four lost three and had one wounded by close range rifle fire. We never located the Japanese snipers. I thought Yokoi might shed some light could I but contact him. Well — we tried!

Cal Dunbar
Box 368
West Yellowstone

session of the Guardianship din commission.

Soldier who hid for decades after WWII dies

TOKYO (AP) – Shoichi Yokoi, a former Japanese soldier who hid in the jungles of Guam for 27 years without knowing that World War II had ended, is dead at 82.

Yokoi died of heart failure Monday evening at JR Tokai General Hospital in the central city of Nagoya, a hospital official said.

The former imperial army sergeant, honoring a pledge never to surrender, fled into the jungle when American troops recaptured the Pacific island of Guam in July 1944.

He lived in a tunnellike cave that he dug in the undergrowth and survived on a diet of coconuts, papaya, shrimps, frogs and rats. He wove his own clothes from strips of tree bark and kept track of time by marking the cycles of the moon.

Yokoi was found in January 1972 by two hunters while he was fishing along the Talofofo River.

Yokoi later said he had seen reports of Japan's surrender in leaflets and newspapers scattered about the island but refused to surrender because he thought they were American propaganda.

Yokoi, who had been a tailor's apprentice before being drafted in 1941, became a folk hero in Japan and seemed to adjust to modern life. He married months after returning and traveled around Japan giving lectures on survival tactics.

OUTDOOR·LIFE·MAGAZINE

BE-PAL Vol.21

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今月の横井語録

名古屋も毎日寒いよ。あたしはグアム暮らしが長かったで寒さにゃ弱いと思われとるが、日本の夏の暑さに比べりゃ、まだ寒い方がええで。

撮影／渡辺憲生 モデル／木下佳子(ホワイト・エレガンス) スタイリスト／福けいこ ログキャビン製作／高橋章夫 製版／野島文治 ／ダウィス COMICA西武信店
表紙デザイン&本文AD 岡本康 本文デザイン 今野真理・渡辺行雄・前田章作

yokoi : outdoor-writer

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初めて野菜を作るんだったら、冬場なら、小松菜が簡単でいいよ。

土と遊ぶ

「あたしは、専門家でねえで」と横井さんはいうが、土や虫との長く孤独なつき合いから体得した独得の自然観は、裏庭の畑にも生きづいている。

正月の雑煮につかうモチ菜（うちの方じゃそう呼んでいる。小松菜に似た菜っ葉の一種だ）は、毎年10月のわり頃に仲をまくんだ。12月になって霜が降りると、葉っぱがやわらかくなる。

もう昨年になってしまったが、12月に入っても霜の降りる日が少なくて心配したが、年も押しつまる頃になって、毎日霜が降りた。おかげで、いつものように、わが家の雑煮には、うまいモチ菜が間に合った。

グアム島にいた時の正月は、ヤマイモとパンの実の粉をまぜて作ったモチをコプラミルクで煮て雑煮のかわりにしたが、いまは、ありがたいことに、昔ながらの雑煮が食べられる。

うちの雑煮は、かしわのダシにモチ菜と角モチが入るだけの、あっさりしたもんだ。オセチはほとんど作らんで、わが家の正月料理は、モチ菜入りの雑煮だけだ。

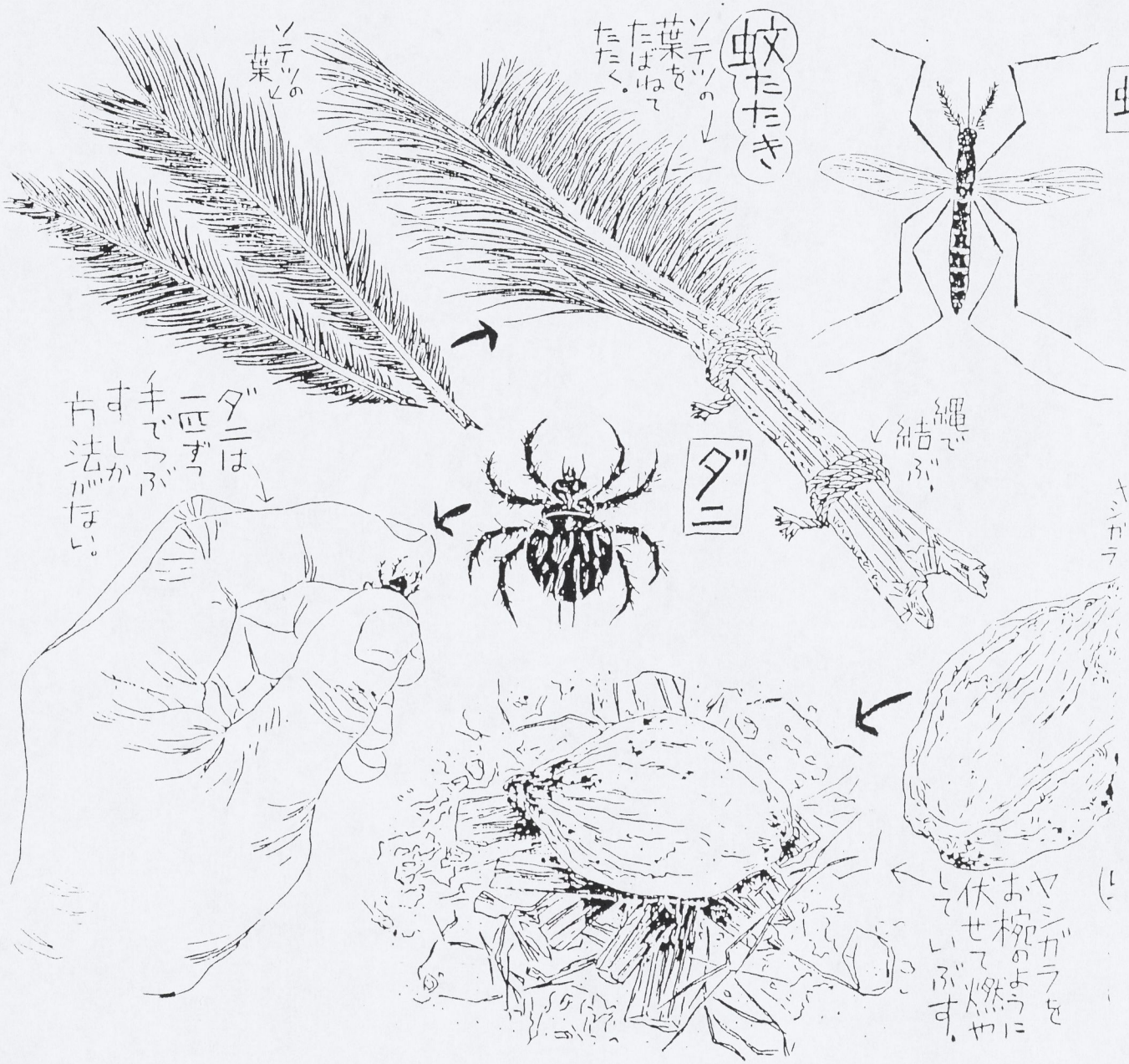
土から採ったものは、土に返してやらないと

さて、野菜の話だが、あたしは、この前もお話したように専門家ではないから、あまり細かいことはいえないが、ただ、土から採ったものは、土に返してやらないとつてもいけない。

土くれに力を持ってるものはないよ。グアム島のヤシやパンの実なんか、木当に、ただあそこの土が育てるだけだった。葉っぱが枯れて、地面に落ちてそれが自然と肥料になってるんだよ。土から採ったものは、土に返してやることが大切なんだ。

そうすれば、土は豊かし、どんどん力も強くなる。それを土から採っておいて、返さないと神さんが必ず怒るんだと思うよ。

最近は、採ったものを土に返さないで、ガスとか石油とか、そういうのからとった化成肥料をやったりする。あら、おまけに、みんな土に埋めてやればいいんだ。それを風にやったり、自然と土に共生しなきゃいけないのに、黒土がいいとか、赤土がいいとか、これもそうだ。土地ごとに、畑ごとに行った時、ああこの土は、いま、ここで、いまの土が、これは、日本の土地がわるいとか、ここの土地がわるいとか、ここの土地がわるいとか、ここの

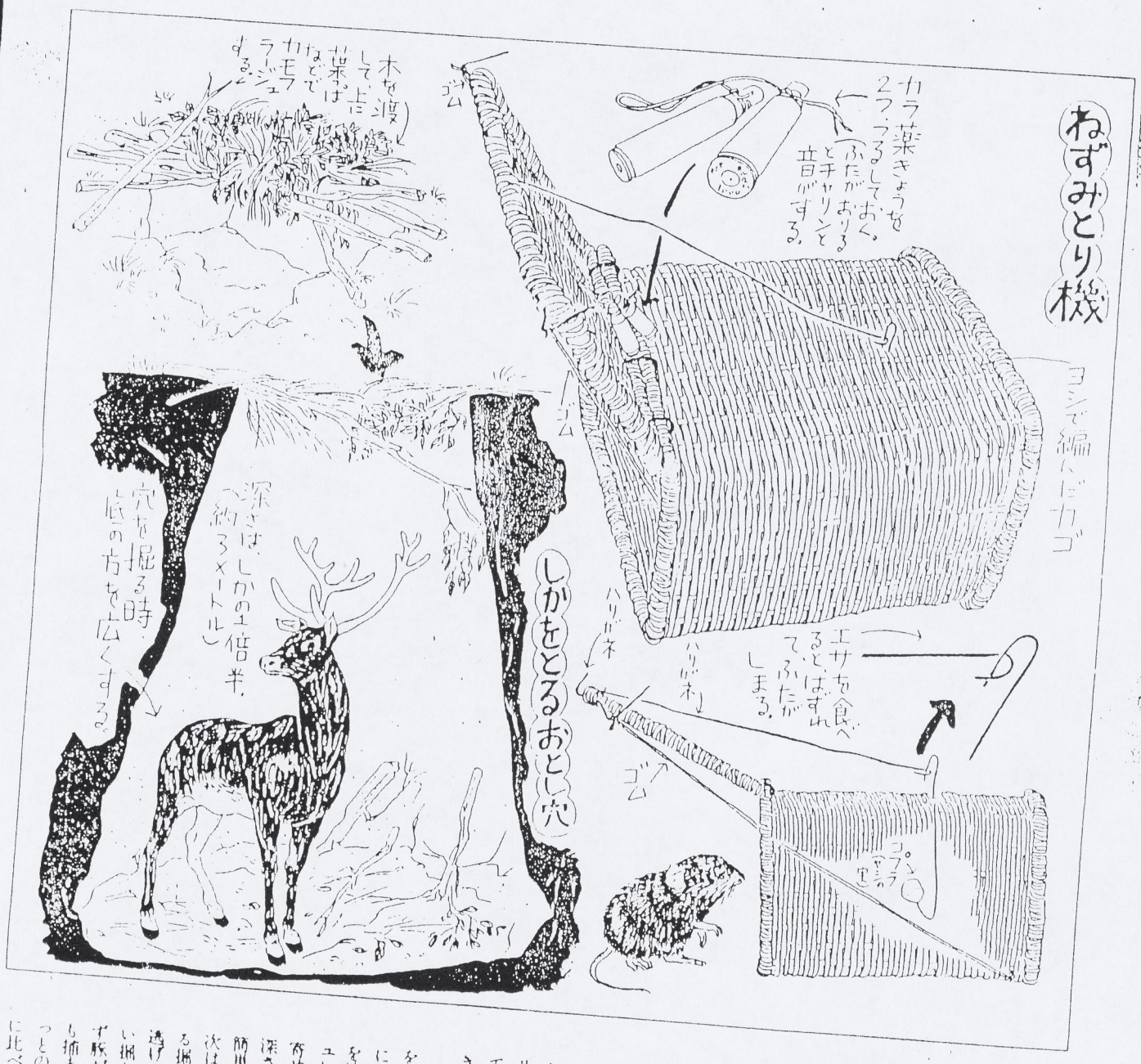


カヤ山のダニ

蚊のほかにけしされた。馬や牛んだよ。あいつイんだろうね、こするわけだ。るわね。それをだから、馬や牛て、もうダニだ歩いているう時は分らないんらいの、ペチャて。くっつかれよっとカユイなやられてる。シのところから、しつこいんだよ。

一度ダニにたダメだ。ダニをなかった。小さとるんだが、皮分はそのままて、やっかいなろを、よくもんでけど、ともかくなかなか傷口が治な薬があるわけまた食われるとい時い穴あて、蚊というのは、ウンが、孤独な毎日のえば、いえなくも

（次号第11回は、第二弾。ゴキブリ虫を防ぐ」です。）



ともかくこんなに簡単に手に入るタンパク源を放っておく手はない。

川辺を少し歩けば、すぐに2～3匹のカエルを捕まえられた。

捕まえたカエルは、川の水の中で、クビを切って血を流し切る。血に毒があるから、こうして血抜きをすれば食べられるんだ。少しでも血の気が残っていると、ひどく苦い味がした。カエルの肉は焼いて食べたり、コブラミルクで煮て食べた。味は鳥に似てなくもなくこの辺ガマのことを、あたし達兵隊は"水鳥"と呼んでいた。

動物の通る道に、おとし穴を掘る

動物の肉は、たまにしか食べられなかった。野豚、鹿、牛、野性のニワトリ、山猫などなど。ひとり暮しになってからは解体するのがやっかいで、大きな動物を捕まえることはまれだった。仲間と二人で暮していた頃、一度鹿を捕まえたことがあった。鹿の通り道におとし穴を掘った。穴の上に木切れを渡しその上を葉っぱでカモフラージュして、パンの実を置いて鹿をおびき寄せた。何度も失敗した。初めは穴の深さが2mあまりで、一度落ちた鹿は簡単に後足で立って逃げてしまった。次は深く穴を掘ったものの底が狭くなる掘り方で、必死の鹿は穴をはい上り逃げられた。最後に底の方が上より広い掘り方ならとやってみたところ、まず豚が落ちた。そしてやがて念願の鹿も捕まえることができた。鹿の肉は、やっとの思いで手に入れたにしては、豚に比べて数段おちる味だった。肉のおいしさでは、やはり豚が一番だと思う。

料理なんて、鍋一個あればいい

横井さんにアウトドア・クッキングをやってもらう。

「まあ、楽しむのなら別だが、ただ生きてくために食うというのなら、何もいりあません。鍋一個あればいい」

というサバイバル精神にのっとり、近くの空地で横井式野営料理の極意を見せてもらう。その辺にはえている野草を採む。セリ、オオバコ、タンポポの葉っぱ。つまり緑色野草シリーズだ。

「つくしは食べられるんだから、スギナっていうのも食べられると思うんだ」

と探したが、スギナは見当らない。陽の暮れかけた中川区の田園地帯。歩きながら横井さんが、ボソッという。

「うちじゃ、わしに料理はやらせてくれない。ガマやネズミでも料理されたらかなわないっていって」

なんというのか、年季というのは恐しい　横井さんが火をつける、そのうまいこと。元ボーイスカウトですか？なんて聞きたくなっちゃうけど、グアム時代は木をコスって火をつけていたというからレベルがちがう

横井庄一式鍋一個でやるサバイバル・クッキングのできあがり。グアム島のジャングル生活では、こうしてなんでも火を通して食べたという。もちろん味つけは全くなしの超原始料理。何が欲しいって、塩が欲しかったな

振り向けば火が消えた

横井さんは、とても65歳とは思えない身のこなしで、そこらに落ちている石を集めカマドを作る。次に木切れを集め、火をつけた。それがあっという間に火がついた。動作にムダがない。さすが神様。火の上に水を入れた鍋を乗せ、そこに先ほど採ってきた野草を放り込む。料理はそれだけだ。煮えたらどうやって食べるのですか？

"そんなの簡単じゃない。鍋のフタを皿にして、それから……"といいかけるなり、近くの木の小枝を折って皮をはいだ。その素早いこと。"これがハシだ"。オソレイリマシタ。やがて鍋はグツグツ煮え始め、"これでいい"……出来あがりだ。あとは食べればいい。この人28年間調味料ナシでやってきた。グアム島で野草を食べた時は、全部この料理法で食べていたという。

「うまかあないよ。しようがないじゃないの」

鍋にグツグツ煮えるタンポポの葉っぱを眺めていると、ピカピカのアウトドア・グッズを見て"遊びだよ"といった横井さんの言葉が、深く深く了解されてくる。

撮影が終って、じゃ火を消しましょか、ということになった。その時だった。思わず息をのんだ。横井さんが火に近づいた、次の瞬間には、音もなく火が消えていた。手であたりの土をかけたのだと思うのだが、その時の信じられないような素早さ、振りむいたら火が消えたカンジだった。評論家の横井さんではなく、その姿は、まぎれもなく元陸軍伍長横井庄一氏のそれであると思った。妙に感動してしまったのだ。やっぱり野営の神様だった。

それにしても不思議な人だ。

最近、横井さんは陶芸に凝っている。自宅の敷地の中に"六十路窯"と名づけた小さな窯場を作った。展覧会もすでに何回かやっている。軸の灰まで自分で作っているという。再び、横井さんのあの手が活躍し始めたのだ。

いつでも、どこでもアウトドア感覚で楽しむ。なんと横井さんこそ。BE-PAL人間"なのです。

〈K・N〉

"六十路窯"で陶芸づくりに励む横井さん。いま一番熱中していることがこれだ。

The Asan Point Ambush
December 1945, Guam

Vignette of Calvin W. Dunbar, Sergeant, 839916, USMCR, WWII.
Written at West Yellowstone, MT, April 2001, revised March 2003.

In WWII I served as an enlisted Japanese language interpreter, having joined the Marines in June 1943 at age 18, attended the school after finishing boot camp at the San Diego Marine Base. In November1943 I began study at Camp Elliott on Kearney Mesa near San Diego. Today this is the site of United States International University next to the USMC Miramar airfield. In January 1944 the facilities at Camp Elliott were abandoned to the navy by the Marine Corps and all Marines were transferred to Camp Pendleton at Oceanside, the vast former Santa Margarita Spanish land grant ranch which was then ready to serve as the west coast USMC training area as it is to this day. After completion of the twenty week course in military Japanese I was sent to the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific in late May 1944. After travelling through Hawaii and the Marshall Islands I arrived on Guam 16 September 1944 as a private first class.

Guam had been retaken by the Third Marine Division, the First Provisional Marine Brigade (4th and 22 Marine Regiments) and the army 77th Infantry Division (NY Natl Guard), landing on 21 July 1944 and declaring organized resistance ended 10 August 1944. The term "secured" was loosely used and was a misnomer although no battle credits were given out after 10 August. The back country and jungled boondocks were still full of Japanese military survivors of the original 21,000 enemy defenders, most well-armed and effectively organized into random bands .

On 2 September 1945 the war officially ended. By that time I was a corporal of twenty years of age serving as an interpreter for the G-2 (Intelligence) language section stationed at the Agana Heights POW stockade which housed some 500-plus Japanese who had surrendered from the boondocks since the operation. Many more had already been sent to rear areas such as Hawaii. Those remaining in the stockade were employed as woking parties in non-military related activities around the island. Altogether some 2000-plus POWs were taken at Guam, some 10% of the original defenders. This was an unheardof number for the Central Pacific as the POWs at Tarawa were a mere 20 out of 2500 while at Iwo it was a paltry 500 out of a similar 21,000. The size of Guam (200 square miles plus plenty of fresh water, bountiful native flora and fauna and dense scrub jungle for cover made it a good place for hideouts. By December 1945 we were still actively seeking hideouts as reports of individual and small group sightings came to our attention.

7 December 1945, Friday, about 1500 hours: I was told by our G-2 First Lieutenant Harold Caldwell to accompany him and Guam Insular Police Corporal Joachim Aguon to investigate some rifle shots that had been fired into the cookhouse area of the Asan Point avgas depot where aviation gasoline was gravity-loaded into trucks from the storage tanks on the bluff above.

Asan Point is on the west coast a couple of miles below the town of Agana where forty-foot cliffs bordered the highway which runs between the point and the cliffs. This is the main highway along the west coast, Marine Drive, connecting the harbor at Apra with Agana and the-then B-29 airfields to the north. The surrounding area atop the cliffs was dense scrub jungle wherever there was not any military activity. It was then an essentially undeveloped rural area.

Our Jeep was left at an offroad gravel pit about 100 yards in from the highway.There was a trail winding through the brush along the cliff edge about two hundred yards from the tank farm above us. Aguon went first with his .45 caliber government-issue Browning automatic pistol at the ready. Caldwell was second with his .30 caliber carbine and I brought up the rear with my .30 caliber carbine and holstered .38 caliber Colt revolver, which belonged to my father, his having sent it out to me at my request some months earlier as we lacked enough pistols for enlisted men.

About 150 yards along this narrow trail though the dense brash Aguon hand-signalled us to stop, cocked and raised his pistol at arm's length in aim. Directly in front of us was an abandoned firepit surrounded by trampled grass where men had slept. The fire area was cold. We saw nothing else so returned to the Jeep and Agana Heights.

8 December 1945 Saturday: I performed my regular duties at the Agana Heights POW

stockade.

9 December 1945, Sunday, about 0700 hours the phone rang in my nipa hut at the stockade which was where I had my cot in the rear and our language section office was in the front area. This enabled me to be available for stockade purposes and to process new POWs who could be brought in at all hours by patrols. I was surprised by the phone ring as it was Sunday and we were almost on garrison routine. I was even more surprised to hear the voice of our Colonel H.N. Stent, G-2 of Island Command and the head of all of our intelligence activitries on the island. I was startled that the colonel would be calling me at such an hour on Sunday.

The colonel said: "Dunbar do you know where Asan Point is?" I replied that I did having been there with Caldwell and Aguon just last Friday. He went on to tell me that we had had an ambush of a four- man patrol yesterday afternoon (Saturday) in which three Marines were killed and one wounded near the avgas depot.

I was to take a POW and report to a Gunner (Marine Warrant Officer rank) Rose who had been a corporal under the colonel at Shanghai in his prewar China days. I was to investigate this matter under Rose and report back to the colonel. It was uncertain just who the miscreants were and our job was to ascertain whether these were in fact Japanese stragglers.

I selected IJN (Imperial Japanese Navy) petty officer Niitsuma, a POW of the 54th Naval Guard Force, IJN, which had been the Japanese naval occupying force of Guam. He had assisted us in the past by broadcasting on the loudspeaker to hidden jungle holdouts. We had worked well together. I trusted his opinion. We set out for Asan Point by Jeep.

At the gravel pit a Marine patrol of some 40 men in green dungarees came out of the trail just as we drove up. They were heavily armed with rifles and submachine guns. They bore three bodies on litters, a second lieutenant, a sergeant and a corporal. I reported to the gunner and some other officers assembled there. I explained the necessity of Niitsuma's looking at the wounds to determine the caliber of the bullets. Most Japanese rifles in the field were of .27 caliber for the older-issued models (Model 38) while the newer of .30 caliber (Model 99) had appeared recently. I implored the officers that I did not want any reaction from the Marines as this Japanese handled the bodies of their freshly-killed buddies. I was assured there would be no problem, the Marines understood that Niitsuma was being helpful. These were the usual well-disciplined Marines.

Each dead Marine had been shot through the throat at the chestline by a single shot at apparent close range. Niitsuma said that the wounds certainly looked like Japanese arms and opined that it was indeed a Japanese ambush. I told the officers.

The colonel would want to know the exact location so I arranged for the patrol to provide some dozen men to show me the spot. I asked Niitsuma to go along to assess the site. He declined. I assured him that the Marines had just scoured the area. He still declined. I asked him if he wanted a weapon for self protection. (I did not tell anyone I suggested such a thing as giving a POW a wepon but it seemed fair to me. The enemy would kill him as well as us if they saw him with us). He declined the weapon. I told him that as a POW under the Geneva Convention he had every right to refuse but I valued his appraisal. Finally he reluctantly agreed to accompany us.

The platoon sergeant led and we came to the fire pit area where we had been Friday. Thirty feet past the firepit the sergeant indicated the site where the bodies were found. A mere thirty feet beyond where we had stopped Friday was where the shots came that massacred the four men.

The wounded Marine at the the rear of the four men, a pfc had been wounded but not killed. He crashed through the brush for some yards to the cliff edge, went over it dropping down onto the nearby Marine Drive highway below where a passing vehicle saw him and immediately rescued him by taking him directly to the fleet hospital at Agana where he survived.

I returned Niitsuma to the stockade and drove to the G-2 quonset hut headquarters at Agana Heights a quarter of a mile away. Inside, all of the G-2 staff were active at their desks. As I passed Caldwell I said:"Lieutenant, somebody up there likes you! Thirty feet past where we turned around!". I reported to the colonel in his office in the rear of the quonset.

The colonel was deeply disturbed that the ambushed patrol had had no business handling the sniper shots as the security of Guam from stragglers was his jurisdiction. Nobody had notified him on Saturday.

The patrol had been hastily scrabbled together from an MP company at Apra Harbor. This

MP company was on strictly MP detail. The atom bombs had ended the war unexpectedly so that many Marines intended for the invasion of Japan were without a mission so they were used as MPs to guard facilities, patrol traffic and similar garrison duties. Simply on police duty they were not assigned nor organized for hunting stragglers in the boondocks. Somehow when the shots were reported the MP office was called and responded even though such activities were outside of their jurisdiction. Colonel Stent's G-2 was never alerted and the MPs were summarily dispatched to their doom. I was told later that the colonel was overheard castigating the MP officers in charge behind the closed doors of his office. The colonel was a quiet reflective man without bombast. He was incensed at the needless loss of the men by the failure to follow proper procedure. He had to have been irate to even have raised his usually quiet voice. He was a confident longtime professional Marine officer of considerable experience and intellect.

Over the next three days the ambush area was combed by Marine and Guamanian (Chamorro) Insular Police patrols. Even though these native Chamorros had the abilities of our American Indians to track in the wild nothing further was found of possible ambushers.

In a discussion in his office, the colonel asked me what further might be done to locate the ambushers. The Chamorros and the Marines had drawn a blank. I suggested that the war was over and the Emporer had commanded all warfare to cease, therefore it was the duty of all Japanese to surrender peacefully. These Japanese should be so informed. I suggested that jungle-wise POWs might find them as they knew the ropes of life in the bush. However, I advised the colonel that whoever was sent in there should be armed in self protection. If the holdouts were fanatic against surrender they would just as readily kill the POWs who had located them as the patrol Marines they had already done in. The colonel said that that was a fair position and that he would talk to the island commander Marine Major General Henry L. Larsen, his superior. He asked whom I might suggest for the POWs. I reminded him of IJA (Imperial Japanese Army) Warrant Officer Asajiro Yamamoto who had led some twenty men into surrender after hiding in the bush surrounded by training Marines for six or seven months. He was a "mustang" (former enlisted man) of twenty-plus years service in Manchuria and China who was an excellent leader - and trustworthy to tell us the truth. He had become the senior hancho (group leader) for the stockade when it had been segregated to enlisted men only two months months before. I was told by the colonel to await further word at the stockade while the colonel discussed the matter with the island commanding general.

In about an hour I was informed that the general had given us the go-ahead. I told Yamamoto that he was cleared to select two others for this operation. He agreed to go and to lead the men. If located the stragglers were to simply surrender as they were presumed unaware of the end of the war and of the order of the Emporer to stop fighting. I told Yamamoto that he would have the arms to protect himself if any recalcitrant straggler became dangerous to him and his group.

My fellow corporal interpreter Robert Kraft and I went to the armory and obtained three .30 caliber carbines, two ammo clips each and one hundred twenty rounds of ammunition. We carefully counted each round as we loaded the 20-round clips because every round had to be accounted for later. I would do a pile then Kraft would recount it and so on. Each POW was to be issued a carbine and the two clips of twenty rounds each for self-protection. We hoped that if they were located the ambushers would not kill the POWs as they had the Marines. This was a real possibility once the location of the ambushers had been discovered, if they did not want to surrender.

General Larsen had the area sealed off and the US troops alerted to the presence of the POWs. The POW patrol was inserted at the gravel pit early the next morning equipped with two days rations in gunny sacks, canteens of water, a compass, a watch and a contour map upon which Yamamoto was to record his time and location periodically.

Two days later we met them at the gravel pit at 0800. They were awaitng our arrival, lounging liesurely on the gravel.They had seen no one and seen no sign. The Chamorros and the Marines were right - apparently the snipers had left the area immediately for more secure hiding in the mountains to the east, a remote isolated region. (Some Guam Police patrol had killed stragglers in that general area to the east later on but we never knew if they were the actual culprits.)

Yamamoto produced the map on which he had recorded their patrol. In fact, he even drew

his own free-hand map showing the times and locations. The colonel was impressed with the scope and detail of the maps commenting that Yamamoto had received excellent military map training as a professional.

This incident involving the self-protective arming of POWs was commented on by the late Roger Pineau, Captain USNR, of Washington, D.C. as being the only incident of which he was aware of wherein POWs were permitted arms for such a mission. The arms were solely for their personal protection. Pineau was the leading authority on US naval Japanese language activities, the one-time assistant to the renowned naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison and an eminent naval historian in his own right. He was a linguist with Japanese code work in Washington's OP20 super-secret code deciphering activity in WWII. He had sought me out in 1982 for history of the enlisted Marine language school and its graduates in the Pacific in WWII. At his request supplied him with all of my knowledge and materials on the enlisted Marine language school and the efforts of its graduates whom I knew. He was working on the book, The "US Naval Japanese Language Effort In WWII", when he died suddenly in 1993, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. I had corresponded with him since 1982 and had met him personally later at the University of Colorado at Boulder in August 1992 where the 50th reunion of the Japanese language school for Marine and naval officers was held. The Boulder campus had been the site of the naval language school for officers, a sixteen-month course resulting in a naval or Marine commission.

Later, here in Montana, about 1990, I met a West Yellowstone-resident friend Byrns Fagerburg, who also had attended LA High School. We were both fishing the Madison River that day. Byrns told me about his friend in the V-12 program at Redlands University, CA being killed in an ambush on Guam in December 1945 as a Marine second lieutenant. This man, whom Byrns now remembers only as Roy, had been sent to Guam after the Olympic operation against Japan had been cancelled at war's end. From the description Byrns gave me (reddish-brown hair, green eyes, weight about 180 lbs and built like a running football back) he was that very same lieutenant killed at Asan Point whom I had seen, although I have never known any of those dead Marine's names. (See my vignette of April 2001revised March 2003, "Epilogue to the Asan Point Ambush" describing this startling chance conversation with Byrns on the banks of the Madison River forty-five years afterward).

I thought at the time of seeing this lieutenant's body on the litter right after the ambush: here he was dead, the war itself had long since been ended and that he would never even rate a battle star for the island campaign. Guam had been declared "secure" on 10 August 1944, a whole year and a quarter beforehand!

I have never rated a battle star for Guam either because I arrived there on 16 September 1944 a month after it was declared secure. I arrived in fact to a jungleful of armed stragglers who kept me busy right up to my departure for the States in April 1946, over a year and a half later.

A survivor of the IJA regiment of the 29th Infantry Division from the Nagoya, Japan area, one Shoichi Yokoi, finally surrendered as late as February 1972 amid great world-wide press coverage, after hiding out in the Guam jungle for twenty-seven years after the war had ended. I think he was the last of the holdouts on Guam.

To this day I remember well that"secure" is simply not synonymous with the "end of organized resistance".

(I have written this vignette in considerable detail to inform my family of the myriad facts in this interesting case).

Cal Dunbar
West Yellowstone
March 2003

Epilogue to the Asan Point Ambush
West Yellowstone, MT, April 2001
Calvin W. Dunbar, (Sergeant, 839916, USMCR, WWII)

The ambush at Asan Point, Guam in December 1945 was the closest call to me that I knew about. In exactly the same area that I had been on patrol with Marine Second Lieutenant Harold Caldwell of our G-2 unit and Corporal Joachim Aguon of the Guam Police Combat Patrol, the Marine patrol was ambushed the next afternoon. The four man patrol was wiped out with three killed and one wounded by Japanese rifle fire at very close range as the patrol approached along a narrow jungle path.

The subsequent investigation and fruitless search for the enemy has been covered on my vignette on the ambush, updated March 2003. The following is the almost unbelievable development which occurred forty-five years after the ambush:

I was fishing the Madison River of Montana in the Raynolds Pass area some thirty miles downstream from West Yellowstone one summer day about 1992. I fished this area weekly on my Wednesday day off at the parking area we call "Three Dollar Bridge", because the landowner had let you park for three dollars on his land off the road that goes over the bridge to Cliff Lake some miles beyond. (The then-owner, the late Frank Shaw, sat in his small inexpensive unairconditioned foreign sedan with his Blue Heeler sheepdog, a common breed in rural Montana, and personally collected the fee which never increased with inflation. Frank was a lean weatherbeaten Montana cowboy type, the "real goods" in his straw ten gallon hat, who loved rapping with the fishermen. He owned several ranches but this was his preferred recreation, in spite of the blazing summer sun. He refused to build a small log cabin at a nearby inlet creek , as I suggested to him several times, but sat instead in the blazing sun chatting with arrivals as they geared up.

In 1992, I was to take a lunch break from flyfishing the adjacent river and had returned to my parked car. Also eating his lunch was my friend Byrns Fagerburg, an avid flyfisher. Byrns had graduated from LA High in the summer class of 1943. I had graduated in winter class of '43 but never knew Byrns until he moved to West Yellowstone about 1985. He had lived only a mile from me near LA High while there and even attended the same junior high but I never had met him until Montana.

As we ate our bag lunches, the talk drifted to the years of World War II.

Byrns had been in the naval officer training V-12 unit at Redlands College, CA and when he was due to enter the unit at USC in LA, the war ended and he was discharged forthwith.

He said however that a friend of his in the class ahead of him at Redlands had graduated and opted for the Marines, which one could do, either the navy or the Marines. His friend was sent to the Pacific as a second lieutenant just before the war ended in August 1945. The atom bomb-caused surrender of September 1945 had cancelled the proposed invasion of Japan, (Operation Olympic), scheduled for October 1945. The operation was dreaded by all because the casualties were estimated to be horrendous. The the US combat losses were increasing greatly as America approached the Japanese mainland. The operations at Pelilieu (September 1944), Iwo Jima (February 1945) and Okinawa (April 1945) told the story of fighting ferocious dug-in Japanese who refused to surrender before death. The mainland would include a dense population of highly motivated civilians to augment the military. A bleak prospect.

This friend of Byrns had been killed at Guam in an ambush in December 1945.

My ears pricked up.

His friend had written home that he was glad he had been spared the invasion. These troops, with the invasion being cancelled, had been sent to Guam in numbers and used temporarily as garrison forces, mostly doing MP and guard duties.

His friend, as an extra hand awaiting discharge now that he was no longer really needed in the Pacific, was attached to an MP unit at Apra Harbor, the large fleet anchorage for Guam. To this military police unit was sent information about sniper fire into the aviation gasoline tank farm area on the bluff above Asan Point. Originally, the first of this fire had been properly reported to our G-2 office the day before, Friday, and we (myself, Lieutenant Caldwell of our G-2 and Corporal Aguon of the Guam Insular Police) patrolled the area finding only an abandoned fire pit and some matted grass where the Japanese had slept along the trail. (See my vignette Asan Point Ambush, revised (March 2003).

The Guam War Crimes Trial of Tadeo Igawa, January 1946

A vignette of my experiences as a Marine interpreter in the Pacific in WWII
Cal Dunbar, formerly Sergeant, 839916, USMCR
6 June 2001 West Yellowstone, MT

In December, 1945, I was stationed at Guam in the G-2 Language Section of Island Command as an enlisted Japanese interpreter, ranked then as corporal. Our main effort was to get the holdouts still remaining in the jungle to surrender peaceably. To do this we used a variety of means: loudspeaker broadcasts by offshore landing craft, aircraft and truck units using other Japanese POWs who had the proper native-speaker accent for veracity, contacts by temporarily-released POW proselytes to known holdouts in remote areas and surrender leaflets distributed by foot and aircraft in the remote probable hideout areas. Even though the formal hostilities had been over since September 2nd due to Japan's surrender there were still many holdouts on Guam, so we were actually on a war footing still. In fact, we had a disastrous ambush in early December 1945 in which a four-man Marine patrol was wiped out completely by hostile snipers with three Marines killed (KIA: killed in action) and one wounded seiously (WIA: wounded in action), so our efforts to effect surrenders were indeed real.

Soon afterthe September 2, 1945 surrender by Japan, we prepared a surrender leaflet for use in the boondocks. A total of 25,000 were printed by offset at the news presses of the navy newspaper, Navy News, Guam Edition. The text was written by our naval Japanese language officers, Lts, j.g. John Oliver and William Jones, USNR, both graduates of the US Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado- Boulder. They were assigned to our G-2 Language Section, Island Command, Guam from the Joint Intelligence Center Pacific Ocean Area (JICPOA) at Pearl Harbor. The Japanese text was transcribed into Japanese kanji characters by POW Michio Nino, the former head of the Guamanian Civil Affairs during the Japanese occupation. Nino was well-educated, a benign administrator respected by the Guamanians, and had a beautifiul handwriting which he was willing to share in the preparation of this leaflet to save the lives of the fugitrive Japanese. His beautiful Japanese calligraphy was easy to read and gave the leaflet veracity whereas an inept calligraphy by a Westerner would be highly suspect, lack authenticity and be disbelieved by the reader. To add more impact photos of the Emporer with General MacArthur in Japan together with the shipboard surrender ceremony on the battleship USS Missouri plus a current photo of the Guam stockade showing well-cared for POWs were included to augment the text. The message was that the war was over so better come on out; you will be well treated and well-fed. (See attached leaflet and translation).

We scattered these copiously all over the island by foot and by air- drop, using the Island Commander's Piper Cub. We printed in the newspaper which was distributed all over the island that expected surrenders were to be properly dealt with and gave instructions for that eventuality. Everyone was put on notice as to how to deal with a Japanese bearing the leaflet.

Subsequent surrenders as a result of the leaflet ensued. In late December a party of ~~four~~ five Japanese surrendered. (See atttached copy of Navy News).

A Guamanian citizen saw the photo and recognized one of the Japanese to be Tadeo Igawa, the Japanese Naval Civil Affairs policeman who had beheaded the Guamanian's relative, Vincent Lizama, during the pre-invasion June 1944 USN attacks which preceded the Marine landings the next month of July. Igawa's identification from the newspaper article was reported to authorities and he faced a war crimes trial in due course.

It seems that the Guamanian victim, Vincent Lizama, a retired USN person (lots of Chamorros had served as messmen in the navy over the years), had been jailed in the Agana prison during the Japanese occupation for pro-American sympathies. When the US shelling destroyed the prison he escaped, went home and was quickly recaptured. Without trial, he was summarily executed by beheading. Igawa's superior, a Lt. Koda, ordered him to behead Lizama using the officer's sword. Igawa complied. The officer Koda disappeared in the Marine invasion battle, never to be heard of again. Igawa fled into the jungle, hiding out until his surrender was motivated, along with his four companions, by our surrender leaflet a year and a half after the recapture of Guam by the Marines.

The war crime trial of Igawa was scheduled in February 1946. The charge was the obeying of an unlawful order by his superior. The Geneva Convention holds individuals responsible for obeying

unlawful orders by a superior. Unlawful in this case was the summary murder of the civilian without trial. His defense attorney was Edmund S. Carpenter, "Ted", a Marine Second Lieutenant. I, as a Marine sergeant, was his defense interpreter. The court consisted of five naval officers ranking from lieutenant commander to the court chief justice, a naval captain. The prosecution interpreter was a Guamanian Chamorro named Nicholas Sablan who had lived some years on Saipan and was fluent in Japanese. (Saipan, Tinian and the other Marianas islands had been Japanese territories since WWI, so the populace knew Japanese. The Chamorros were interrelated on the islands so traveled back and forth after the Japanese took US Guam in 1941). Sablan was himself then in civilian jail for mistreatment of Guamanians while he had been an interpreter for the Japanese civil affairs during the occupation. He identified Igawa as Sablan had seen the execution.

The courtroom was a Quonset hut in the downtown "city" of Agana which was actually levelled in the pre-invasion US bombardment of July 1944. Agana was being rebuilt with the immediate addition of military buildings. Even the Bank of Guam was then a mere Quonset hut.

Igawa was driven to this courtroom at Agana, a two-mile drive down the hill from the Guam POW stockade on Agana Heights, each morning by an MP-guarded jeep. Carpenter and I went behind in another jeep.

Upon convening that morning in February 1946, (I had just been promoted to sergeant in January), the naval captain court-head explained the charges and cited that the Guamanian people had been loyal to the Americans throughout the Japanese occupation and merited due consideration in these matters. I could see that Igawa was caught in a bind. The fact that he was obeying an order would not count for much with this court.

I was probably correct. The verdict after about four days of trial was sealed for higher review, but I never have had much real doubt about the secret verdict: "guilty as charged".

After a couple of days into the trial when we were riding up the hill back to the stockade, I told Carpenter, an intelligent open-minded type, that I thought the trial a "travesty of justice". The Japanese officer who had ordered the execution was absent, and they were trying his subordinate in his place. The loyalty to the Guamanians to the US was compelling to the conviction of the Japanese occupier. I told Carpenter that few Marines, if any, on the company street could recite one of the Geneva Convention provisions, but that they were well up on the Articles of the Navy ("Rocks and Shoals", from the phrase wherein anyone putting a USN ship on any rocks or shoals was subject to courtmartial). These were read aloud to all of us in standing formation by our officers at frequent occasions. The "Rocks and Shoals" provisions of obedience to orders and respect for officers were keynote in the USMC. Court martial, the brig, or even the long-term naval prisons at Mare Island and Portsmouth were a constant reality to the Marines who thought that discipline and obedience to orders were of paramount importance. Such things as the ordered killing of some faceless civilian native engaged in a seemingly hostile act during enemy action certainly fell within the concept of a reasonable order to a seasoned Marine, an enemy-aiding activity under fire. I had never heard of the Geneva Convention ever being read to the troops. The Geneva Convention was at best some remote historic European document insignificant in a vast oceanic theater where brutality, ours and the enemy's was commonplace.

The practice of beheading was an accepted military practice to the Japanese concept of the warrior code. Marines were accustomed to weird Japanese concepts of warfare whereby their treatment of captives with brutality was no surprise. They had a unique idea that swords were the mark of the warrior, carried them, and acted accordingly. Therefore by Japanese military standards, beheading was not the unusual offbeat concept that we Westerners assigned to it.

I told Carpenter that I thought most Marines would kill under orders leaving the interpretation of the act for later judgment. In fact, if at the moment as we were riding along, the menacing Japanese were flying over with a Japanese invasion imminent and Igawa, a known Japanese sympathizer, had escaped prison and recaptured, I would probably kill him if Carpenter ordered me to. It would seem valid, with Igawa a threat. However, as was the case, Carpenter and other Marine officers did not carry a sword, nor did we consider swords to be part of our regular warrior field accoutremont. So I would probably have used a gun or bayonet instead, perhaps the lieutenant's own pistol if he so ordered.

Carpenter quietly advised me to keep my thoughts to myself. Other officers might not be as open to discussion as he. I took his advice and let it drop there. However, I have always had doubts

as to whether Igawa should have been tried in his superior's place.

I left Guam in April 1946 and never have heard the final outcome of the trial. However, I would bet that Igawa was hanged or a least got life imprisonment.

In 1978 I read an article in Natural History magazine about a "holi" ceremony in India where the populace performed ritual ceremonies for their Hindu gods. There was a photo with a smiling Ted Carpenter in a tropical shortsleeved shirt, floral garlands around his neck and thrown red powder dyeing his face and naked arms. The article listed him as a renowned visiting anthropologist.

I contacted the American Museum oif Natural History in New York, the publisher of Natural History, and found Ted to be the director of the anthropological museum in Basel, Switzerland, the German-speaking part of the country. I had sent him copies of the photos of our Igawa trial in 1946 (See attached). He warmly responded in complete surprise, even inviting me to use his New York apartment should I ever be in the neighborhood. I have had no further contact, however.

War crimes trials are a sobering experience, a haunting remembrance in later years. One wants to be certain that true justice is done with scoundrels properly punished but one always wonders if sometimes that such a trial may be tinged with revenge. Better be careful; only the victors hold such trials.

Vol. 1—No. 156 Guam, Marianas Islands, Thursday, December 27, 1945 66,000 Copies Yesterday

Read War's Over, Japs Surrender

Five Japs outside the IsCom POW stockade are questioned by interpreter Cpl. C. W. Dunbar after being brought in by men of the 2nd MP Battalion to whom they surrendered yesterday after reading one of the leaflets dropped in jungle areas advising Japs that the war is over.

Five Japs See Surrender Leaflet, Give Up To MPs

Five Japanese, as a result of the surrender leaflets dropped in isolated jungle areas, gave themselves up yesterday to men of the 2nd MP Battalion, south-west of Base 18.

None of the Japs knew that the war was over until they read the leaf-

lets. They talked it over for several days, then decided it would be best to surrender. All of them were very much impressed by the picture of General MacArthur standing next to their Emperor.

The group was comprised of three soldiers, a construction worker, and a Japanese military government worker. They were originally part of a regular unit that had landed on Guam, but split up and went into hiding near Santa Rosa when the Americans retook the island.

The Jap military government worker had tried to get all the women and children hidden in the jungles before the Americans invaded Guam.

According to one of the civilians, they thought the war was still going on, because of the numerous airplanes flying overhead. They had worked their way south, and several days ago joined the three soldiers in the ComMarianas hills. There they decided to surrender. and walked toward Base 18 where the 2nd MP's picked them up.

The Japs were taken to the Island Command stockade, where they were rapidly processed. Cpl. Calvin W. Dunbar, USMCR, an terpreter from the IsCom G-2 section, questioned them. Their hair was clipped, and they were assigned to a compound under the direction of a Jap trustee who was appointed by the Americans.

All of the Japanese were in good shape when they surrendered. They had been living on jungle food—cocoa nuts, papayas. bananas, and limes. They were wearing American dungarees and shoes.

The five Japs are the first to respond to the 25,000 leaflets that were dropped recently. According to Cpl. Dunbar, the interpreter, takes about a week for the leaflet to be properly disseminated, and after they had been picked up, another week for the Japs to deliberate on the terms of surrender.

Navy News, Guam, Marianas Islands, December 27, 1945 reports surrender of five Japanese. Igawa, second from right, is recognized in in this photo by Guamiasn and brought to trial.

Sergeant Dunbar USMCR, defense interpreter, POW Igawa, at desk
Second Lieutenant Carpenter USMCR, defense attorney, standing

Fate of Guam's Jap Executioner Sealed, Verdict Remains Sealed

The fate of Tadeo Igawa, Jap Naval Civil Affairs policeman accused of murdering a 60-year old Chamorran, has been decided but the verdict will remain secret until released by higher authority, the Navy announced here yesterday.

Igawa was not acquitted, authorities of the war crimes court revealed as the ten-day trial ended.

Vincent Lizama, a native of Guam, was killed in June, 1944, by Igawa on an order allegedly given by 1st. Lt. Koda, acting for Lieutenant General Takashina, Japanese commander of Guam. Lizama, who served in the U. S. Navy for more than 25 years, had been imprisoned by the Japs for pro-American sympathies.

When American naval gunfire destroyed the Agana prison here, he and many others left the compound and returned to their homes. He was recaptured and executed within 15 hours.

Another native, Vincente Roza, was killed at the same time by Matsukichi Koboyaskh, a member of the Jap police force. Koboyaskh has been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Lizama was given no trial after his recapture, according to Lt. (jg) William Buckles, the Judge Advocate. He was taken to Fonte, east of Agana, where he was killed after being forced to kneel before a prepared grave. The grave was marked with a cross.

2nd Lt. Edmund S. Carpenter, USMCR, Defense Attorney, said that Igawa was acting under orders of a superior officer, and that the killing was committed at a time when the prisoner appeared to be a menace to the safety of the Japanese on Guam.

He reiterated that a soldier, under any military code, is not to question an order from his commanding officer.

'The prosecution calls it murder. I call it war," he said.

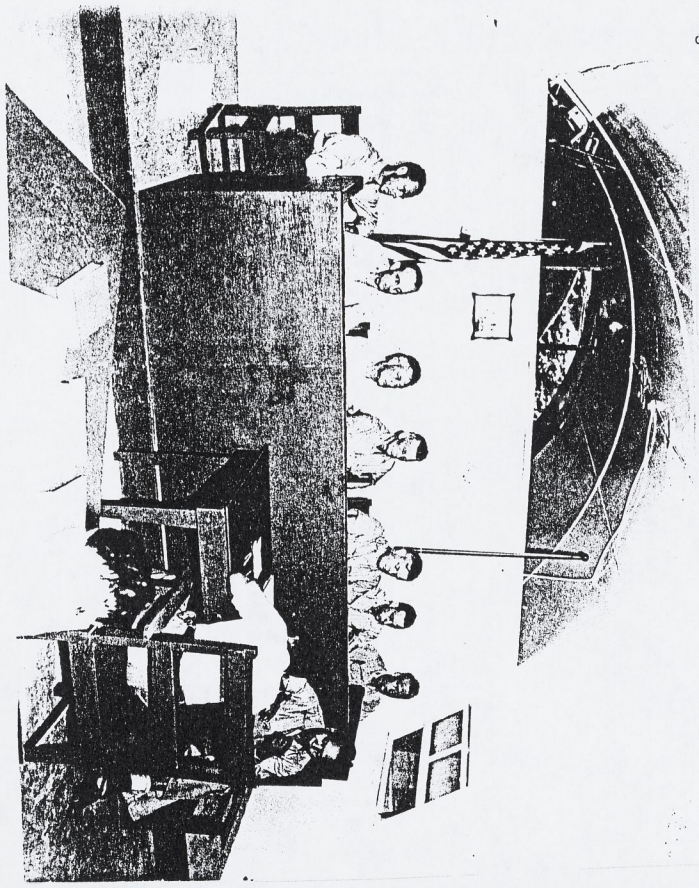
Igawa was identified by Nicholas Sablan and Jose Villagomez, witnesses for the prosecution, who testified that they were present at the execution. During the Japanese occupation, Sablan and Villagomez acted as civil affairs interpreters. They are now interned in the Agana Civilian Jail for mistreatment of Guamanians.

Lizama's wife and daughter identified his body by his clothes, sandals and false teeth.

Igawa is one of a group of five Japanese who surrendered last December 26 as a result of leaflets dropped from an airplane into an isolated jungle area. He was attached to the Japanese Navy in 1942 on Tinian, where he had previously worked with the Japanese South Seas Government. He was sent to Guam in September, 1943, where he was assigned civil affairs police duties.

(Navy News Photo)
Tadeo Igawa

Navy News, Agana, Guam, Marianas Islands, February 1946, reporting end of Igawa trial with vedrict sealed



The Igawa trial court, Agana, Guam, February 1946. Naval captain, center, chairmain of naval court
Guamanian Sablan prosecution interpreter facing camera behind paint roaster

.Note on the persona of Yamamoto Asajiro
(Asajiro Yamamoto in English language word order)

C.W. Dunbar, Sergeant, 839916, USMCR, 1943-1946
West Yellowstone, MT, 16 May 2001

Yamamoto was a warrant officer (Junshikan 准士官) in the Japanese Army at Guam. He had been in the army for almost twenty years, with long service in Manchuria before being sent in early 1944 to defend Guam against the impending Marine recapturing invasion which began in July 1944. After the fall of Guam to US forces, he had led a group of survivor holdouts successfully in the jungle area constantly patrolled by the Third Marine Division. When he surrrendered safely with some twenty-odd men in the spring of 1945, some five months after the invasion, I asked him how he had avoided the Marines who were a continual patrolling presence in his area which they used for maneuvers (the Iwo Jima operation was next). He replied that he came in silently behind the Marine patrols so that no matter where they went his group was behind them. I recall the day he surrendered; he wore a Japanese military field cap with a cloth neckguard covering his ears and neck for sun protection, like the familiar Foreign Legion *kepi*. He was very militarily proper in saluting and with military procedure - a good military leader.

When the officers stockade was finally completed in July 1945 at Dededo village, some eight or so miles miles from the Agana Heights stockade, he came to me with a proposition. Under Geneva Convention rules, officers were to be incarcerated in separate facilities where they were not subject to work parties. Also from a security standpoint it was better to separate officers from enlisted to break up any possible leadership potential inside the compound. July 1945 was the earliest we were able to build proper alternate facilities for the officers and get them isolated from the enlisted men.

Yamamoto said he was at heart an enlisted man and if he were sent to the officers camp he would be the lowest ranking POW therein. He asked our colonel (H.N. Stent, Colonel, USMC, G-2, Guam) to keep him at the present Agana stockade where he would be the head hancho (section leader) and run the subordinate hanchos (some ten hanchos each leading a han of about twenty POWs han = section, cho = leader). "Tell your colonel that if he selects me to remain here I will run the stockade efficiently and well". I told the colonel, who had recognized Yamamoto's leadership potential and experience, and forthwith granted him the request to head the Agana stockade POWs.

Yamamoto performed in spades. He was extremely handy in December when he led two other POWs to try to locate the ambushers at Asan Point and to conduct them safely in without further bloodshed. He failed to locate them but turned in a hand-drawn field map of his locations and times at various points. Should this map have been placed over a US contour map of equal size it would have fit very closely.

The colonel was impressed with Yamamoto's field skill and mapmaking training. I was told later by the late eminent naval historian, Roger Pineau, that Yamamoto's investigatory patrol was the only case of armed POWs used by us in the Pacific. We armed them solely for their own self-protection. Should they meet dissident stragglers who refused to surrender, they might be killed by them out of fear that US authorities would learn from them of the stragglers' location.

Yamamoto led the group of some one hundred fifty POWs repatriated early separately by us. These POWs, taken separately on our own naval ship were those who had helped us in the Guam straggler program, lest they be tried by kangaroo courts by fanatics aboard Japanese vessels on the repatriation trip to Japan from Guam. I began to repatriate them to Japan in February 1946 aboard the LST 777 from Guam to Japan via Saipan and Okinawa but enroute I became ill with dysentary and was hospitalized at Okinawa. The last time I saw Yamamoto was at our luncheon card table set up in my ward by the nurses in the fleet hospital. He, I and Lt Harold Caldwell of Guam G-2, a non-linguist, who flew up to Okinawa to take the POWs on in my stead to the repatriation center at Uraga, below Tokyo, Japan, had the lunch together. By the time I caught up with Caldwell in Japan two weeks later the POWs had been repatriated already and had dispersed into the homeland.

The balance of the Guam POWs were repatriated on Japanese ships in December 1946, at least the Rota POWS were and I presume the balance of the Guam POWs as well, as told to me by Dr.

Mitsuru Yazu of Yukuhashi City, Kyushu, Japan, my sword returnee and former Rota POW, when he visited me in W.Y. in August 1989.

I have often wondered how Yamamoto fared in the postwar world. A real leader. I wish that we had kept contact.

C-O-P-Y

The Prisoner of War
The Island Command Stockade
Guam
February 19, 1946

The Government Authorities of Japan
Tokyo, Japan

Gentlemen:

We are the prisoners of war who fought this futile war on the islands of Guam, Iwo, Okinawa, and others. Living now in comfort in the physical universe under the favorable treatment of U. S. A., we express our heartfelt thanks to the U. S. A. From the view-point of the spiritual universe, however, we are getting along in the depths of despair.

All of us know how most Japanese hate the prisoners of war like us according to their old custom and tradition. Some of them probably think why didn't we kill ourselves as the Japanese militarists had taught us, and the other of them might have decided that Japan lost the war because we, the personnel in the front, did not fight admirably. Regarding those questions and opinions against us, there might be many different answers, according to each one's thought. But, in general, we feel we were deceived by the prewar Japanese government. We believed in their assurance that Japan was the strongest nation in the world, that Japan was the divine land, and Gods would save our fatherland, that the spiritual power can conquer the material one and that we would never be defeated in war, since Japan had occupied the East India Islands. We think no one can really acknowledge American fighting power except the personnel who fought against them on the bloody islands like us. Now we are heartily convinced what the militarists had said before the war was false propaganda.

Before the invasion we and our glorious dead comrades wondered what the Japanese fleets were doing, while we were suffering from shortage of food and many of us died of malnutrition on account of the activity of American submarines and bombers.

Under this condition, the invasion began. How terrific were "the hair-cutting bombardments," which raked all parts of the island! So hellish were the enemy plane's diving and in such great number that we could do nothing against them. Hard, desperate fighting continued. Commanders shouted, "Hold out! Stand out till reinforcement come." Breathing with difficulty, the many wounded asked just before their death, "Haven't the .....Japanese Fleets ..... come yet?" Using only rifles and grenades, we fought as well as we could, for most guns and machine guns were destroyed by shells during the first three days.. But the long-waited-for day had never come and we couldn't defeat the overwhelming power which had a lot of materials.

CAL DUNBAR
BOX 368
WEST YELLOWSTONE, MONTANA
59758

Scattering ijto jungles or caves, after the last attack in full remainding force was of no avail, we had a little time to consider that:

Although we were not killed unfortunately, we did our best. But why had the "Imperial Headquarters" forsaken us? Didn't Japan have any more power to give us a helping hand? If it be so, why didn't they expect it before the war? Everything of American material was superior beyond comparison. It was the responsibility of the military leaders who started this hopeless war and tricked us into fighting that we lost the campaign. Therefore, it was a foolish thing for us to commit suicide for them. You can guess what was the condition of we who could not get any food and shelter, and yet did not want to kill ourselves.

The cursed war is over. Under the new renewed peace our fatherland must be striving for construction of peaceful Japan along the line of democracy. Some intelligent people who know the democracy, perhaps understand our position as P. O. W., but most of others might not. We hope, however, the Japanese government understans this, because you have been reforming any militaristic idea in Japan. If we could not know what you think about us and get your stirring remarks to us, how we would be encouraged to live!

Expecting Japanese people's abherrence of us——however it may be we still wish to return to our native land——, without knowing the date of our repatriation no one of us are hopeful. We feel as if we have been cast on a dark, endless and lonely desert.

We know you have been pressed by much work to solve many problems of Japan herself, but if it is at all possible I would like to have you express to us that, at least, the statesmen of our native country do not ignore us and that we will have a brilliant future again after we come back to Japan.

Please brighten our life! This is our earnest desire.

Very truly yours,

/S/ YAMAMOTO, ASAJIRO

YAMAMOTO, ASAJIRO
On behalf of the P. O. W. in the Island Command
Stockade, Guam.

(I would ask your forgiveness for my writing this letter in poor English and to be censored by the military authorities of U. S. A.)

CAL DUNBAR
BOX 368
WEST YELLOWSTONE, MONTANA
59758

Not So Strangers on a Train

A vignette of my Pacific days in WWII. 20 May 2001. West Yellowstone

Calvin W. Dunbar, formerly Sergeant, 839916, USMCR

In March 1946, I was assigned to conduct 150 Japanese military POWS from Guam to the repatriation center at Uraga, Japan, on Tokyo Bay south of Yokohama. Uraga is where Admiral Perry landed in 1853 with his "Black Fleet" to open up Japan to the western world. We were repatriating this group of POWs on a USN ship ahead of the other prisoners on Guam, who were due for repatriation later on Japanese ships, because these men had helped us in the psychological warfare program at Guam. They had loudspeaker broadcast, written leaflets, searched the boondocks for stragglers or helped us in other ways. It was feared that, if they were to return on Japanese vessels, there might be retaliatory action and kangaroo courts with summary judgment by antipathetic military elements, with the disdained POWs being tossed over the side to a watery grave. We wanted safe conduct, not reprisals.

I was on LST 777. We stopped at Saipan to take aboard some 100 Okinawan civilian farmers, sugar cane agriculturists in Japanese goverment enterprises, for repatriation to Okinawa. Some two days out of Okinawa I contracted bacillary dysentary - probably from the filthy shipboard living conditions of these Okinawan peasants. The military POWs were always clean and well disciplined. I was hospitalized at Fleet Hospital 116 at Naha, Okinawa upon arrival. Our non-linguist Guam G-2 second lieutenant Harold Caldwell flew up to take the POWs on to Japan in my stead.

I was released from the hospital a few days later and scrounged an army transport flight from Kadena army airfield, Okinawa to Atsugi army airfield near Tokyo.

When I reported in the naval headqurters at the old Forester Building in the Marunouchi section of downtown Tokyo, my reception was not hospitable. First, the naval captain wanted to know just what I was doing in Japan; where was my receipt for the prisoners? The naval officer felt that I should have returned to Guam directly from Okinawa. In fact, Lt. Caldwell and I had planned to meet in Japan where we would see a little of Japan. The good captain did not want a couple of loose-operating Marines doing Japan on him. He ordered me to go to Uraga and get a proper receipt and report back. He was going to have me flown back to Guam forthwith.

I boarded the train south along Tokyo Bay to Uraga, arriving there In late afternoon. I commandeered a passing truck which had a Japanese driver. He knew where the US army headquarters were and drove me there. I told him to wait. All of this in Japanese. I had my greens on with a tank jacket instead of a blouse, as Japan was much colder than Guam. No khakis were worn in Japan in the winter. I had had a set of greens in my seabag at Guam which I wore with the borrowed Marine tanker's jacket. This Japanese truck driver probably had never seen a Marine before as Honshu was occupied by the army, and Marines were far away to the south on Kyushu. I looked military enough to be convincing as someone of indeterminate but sufficient rank that he should obey.

I entered the office where a captain of the army First Cavalry Division was on duty. He said he recalled the LST load of POWs from Guam earlier in the week and gave me an official receipt. I got back in the truck, had the driver take me back to the railroad station where the stationmaster said a Tokyo-bound train was due in twenty minutes. I spoke no Japanese to him nor anyone else because of the environment. There were no other Americans about.

It was getting dusk with the sun having gone down. On the platform were some 200 recently repatriated POWs. They were all naval, dressed in mint condition field grey naval uniforms, newly issued, just off the rack with no rank insignia whatsoever. I stood where the stationmaster pointed and when the train came he boarded me first, indicating that I was to occupy a full set of seats by myself. The Japanese then piled on the car, homeward bound. They had no luggage besides the new uniforms they wore.

The train barreled on in the night toward Tokyo, going through the leveled bombed-out sections of Yokohama. It was totally dark outside. I looked at our brightly lighted rail car chock full of Japanese. I was the only American in the car or anywhere. As we traveled on, I finally looked over across the aisle.

Directly across from me, smiling and looking at me with curiosity, was the very first Japanese

officer I had ever seen, months ago at Guam. I recalled that rainy night in the canvas pyramidal squad tent, shortly after my arrival on the island, perhaps October 1944. I had arrived on Guam one month previously. The main resistance was broken, but bands of armed stragglers existed in the boondocks for months and even years. I was not at all deft in interrogation, so our G-2 Staff Sergeant Andy Anderson, who had three amphibious operations under his belt, been to several field language schools and had made innumerable interrogations, was helping me to learn the craft of interrogation. By the light of the single 100-watt light bulb powered by some distant gasoline generator, we were talking with this POW. The rain was pounding on the canvas tent in torrents. This particular POW was about twenty-three or four years old, clean-cut and nervous. He was a young naval ensign (kaigun shoi) attached to an Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) air unit which, of course, had been decimated in the complete destruction of all Japanese forces on Guam by the invading Marines. Officer prisoners were few and far between as survivors and this unique fellow was my first encounter with one.

Quickly, now in Japan, on the train, I recalled this fellow's name, rank and unit because his interrogation had been so impressive to me, my very first officer POW.

He smiled across the aisle and asked, in English: "Marine?' I replied that I was indeed. In English, he continued: "I know Marines!. They captured me at Guam. I was shipped to Hawaii and then to the United States where I was in a camp. Now the war is over. I go home. I am happy".

I wrestled with the thought as to whether or not that I should expose our true relationship, but as I looked back into the rear of the car, I saw no potential allies. I feared that there might be some Japanese who had been mistreated in capture and might be harboring a grudge. I decided not to risk it. I was alone, in a foreign land, unarmed, surrounded by unknown heretofore enemy Japanese. I had just come from Guam where some Japanese were still on an ambushing wartime basis as hostile stragglers in the boondocks.

I figured I had survived the official war. I was intending not to die, stuffed out of a train wndow by some hardnosed former prisoners with no one to aid me. My disfigured body would be found later along the tracks with no one to tell how I had died. Under the existing circumstances, the odds for my well-being in case of difficulty were too long.

I got off at the central Shinbashi station near Marunouchi in the goverment area of Tokyo. I was being billeted temporarily by a former language officer I had known on Guam in his bachelor officer quarters on a barge in the Sumida river which flows through downtown Tokyo. Johnny Rosendale, Lieutenant, j.g., USNR, this naval languge officer, put me in touch with Lt. Caldwell the next day. Dodging the brass at the naval office, we spent a few days around Tokyo before we found a naval transport plane and were flown back to Guam.

Nowadays we know how the Japanese nation and the people docilely accepted the defeat with no incidents whatsoever against us as occupiers in the subsequent years. I think, perhaps, that I should have revealed my identity to the ensign and struck up a friendship. However, at the time, discretion was the better part of valor. I felt very much at a disadvantage and had been conditioned by my Pacific experience to be wary of the Japanese enemy.

I thought: "There is no good reason why Mrs. Dunbar's son Calvin should die at this stage of the game by being stuffed out of a rapidly-moving train window into the inky night by parties unknown".

However, now I wish I could have seen his surprise at my recognition of him. It is not surprising that he failed to recognize me. He was very scared when I saw him that night. All he knew was that he was in the hands of the dangerous Marines who had completely destroyed all of the Japanese military in their way on Guam. Moreover, to Japanese most alien Americans fit a foreign physical mold that makes individual identification difficult for them. Unless the Japanese had been exposed to westerners on a regular basis we all looked pretty much alike-pale complexions, big noses, round eyes and tall bodies

I often wonder how he has fared..

Sword STORY

By KAREN EAGLE
For The Chronicle

WEST YELLOWSTONE — A beautiful Japanese sword that is nearly 300 years old was sent back to its rightful owner in Japan this week — thanks to an unselfish decision by Cal Dunbar, who has possessed it since World War II, and a miraculous chain of events that enabled Dunbar to track down its owner.

"I've been thinking about it for a long time, who this man was, and it seemed rather silly to me to keep the sword around here because subsequent generations have no interest," says Dunbar a long-time West Yellowstone resident who turned 63 today. Dunbar is co-owner of the Food Roundup.

"... When I found out that this was a pretty old sword, I thought that it undoubtedly has family significance to him, and thought he would probably want it back if I could find him," he says.

The story of the Japanese sword began in September 1945 when 20-year-old Marine Cpl. Dunbar was serving as a Japanese translator in Guam. It was near the end of the war.

After the surrender of the Imperial Japanese Naval Forces on the island of Rota, 20 miles north of Guam, Dunbar's colonel presented him with a sword that had been handed over during the surrender. He brought it home with him as a souvenir.

"I've always wondered if he's still alive and who he might be," says Dunbar about the sword's owner. Last March, he began a search to find the answers.

Dunbar wrote to an acquaintance of his, retired naval Capt. Roger Pineau, who has many contacts in Japan. He suggested contacting the Welfare Department in Tokyo. Dunbar wrote them on March 16 explaining how he obtained the sword and telling of his desire to return the sword to its rightful owner.

He asked for their assistance in locating Mitsuru Matsushita, the name on the sword, or his family if he was deceased.

On May 22, 1987 he received a letter from the Welfare Ministry saying they had contacted the owner, who had changed his name to Mitsuru Yazu. It it is not uncommon for the Japanese to change their surnames for a variety of family reasons, Dunbar says.

Yazu is now a doctor living in Yukuhasi City in the Fukuoka Prefecture, Japan. The Welfare Ministry also informed Dunbar the weapons laws require the return of the sword be handled through the Japanese Consul General in Seattle.

By an interesting twist of fate, Dunbar had recently met the Consul General, Shisenobu Nagai, while working with the Montana International Trade Commission. Pressed into service because he speaks fluent Japanese, he had driven Nagai from Helena to Bozeman to inspect the MSU Agricultural Research Station, and then on to West Yellowstone.

The story of the sword began in September 1945 when Marine Cpl. Dunbar, 20, was serving as a Japanese translator in Guam. It was near the end of the war.

He contacted Nagai who said his office would handle the return of the sword but to be patient, it could take a long time.

In the meantime, Dunbar wrote directly to Dr. Yazu. He heard back from Yazu in June.

"I received your lucky letter yesterday, June 12th. I am really very grateful. That sword was a long, long time ago and the fact that someone like you would keep it, preserve it, and now offer it back to me is something I had not even thought about. Believe me, it is like a dream, so that I believe in the end, it is truly divine intervention — an act of God..," Yazu wrote.

The doctor also enclosed a copy of an article from the Asahi newspaper telling about Dunbar's intended return of the sword to its rightful owner.

In another uncanny coincidence, Dunbar has a fly fishing friend, Suichi Akimaru, who also lives in Fukuoka. (Dunbar meets many Japanese visitors to the West Yellowstone area because he is the only town resident who speaks Japanese.) Dunbar wrote him and Akimaru called Yazu. They live only about an hour apart and made arrangements to meet. They met at Akimaru's home and Yazu brought gifts, a set of traditional work clothes and two fans for Dunbar which Akimaru would deliver when he came to West Yellowstone for the Federation of Fly Fishers convention in August.

In September, Dunbar received a letter from Consul Jun Yoshida, on behalf of Consul General Nagai saying they had contacted Yazu and were working on arrangements to return the sword to him. On Dec. 3, the months of waiting were over. Dunbar again heard from Consul Yoshida.

"I am pleased to inform you that you may send the sword to Dr. Yazu," the consul said. He added that the sword will be held in the central post office in Fukuoka Prefecture while waiting to clear customs. It will then be examined by the cultural section and delivered to Dr. Yazu.

Dunbar packaged the sword and it was mailed Monday, nearly nine months after the search began.

The sword, called a wakizashi, is about 32 inches long. The sword is a "second sword" that is worn under the arm, with warriors also carrying another, larger sword. Metal cherry blossoms, the mark of the Imperial Japanese Forces, adorn the hilt. It has an outer sheath of leather and an inner sheath of sharkskin. Several years ago, Dunbar sent pictures and metal scrapings from the sword to international sword expert David Pepin in Grant Park, Ill. Pepin believes the sword was made about 1700.

Attached to the sword is a strip of muslin cloth with Japanese characters giving the name and rank of its owner.

Dunbar will miss the sword but is glad it's being returned to its rightful owner.

"I've had it for a long time and I've gotten attached to it. It's a beautiful piece of Japanese workmanship. I've enjoyed having it but I feel good about sending it back to him," Dunbar says.

"It's the right thing to do."

ALBERT

Cal Dunbar holds the nearly 300-year-old sword he has possessed since World War II and which he sent back earlier this week to its rightful owner in Japan. Dunbar is wearing traditional Japanese clothes the sword's owner sent him as a gift.

CAL DUNBAR'S TRIP MET ALL EXPECTATIONS OF GRANDEUR

By MARY McBROOM

Cal Dunbar, West Yellowstone, proprietor of the Food Roundup and City Councilman, fulfilled one of his most cherished dreams with his visit with the owner of the Japanese sword, awarded him by his colonel at the conclusion of World War II.

As a Japanese interpreter in the United States Marine Corps. Dunbar had served on the Island of Guam when the Japanese military on nearby Rota Island surrendered. Their arms were confiscated and Dunbar's colonel gave him a Japanese sword as a souvenir. Dunbar has treasured the gift for over forty years. It has hung in a place of prominence on a wall in his home.

The sword, called a "wakizashi," is 32 inches long. It is used as a second sword and is worn under the arm. Metal cherry clossoms, the mark of the Imperial Japenese Forces are depicted on the hilt. The outer sheath is leather and the inner sheath is sharkskin. The sword dates back to the years between 1573 and 1592 during the reign of Emperor Tensho. A strip of muslin cloth attached to the sword reveals the name and rank of its owner in Japanese.

In March of 1987, Dunbar started looking for the sword's owner, whose name and rank were written on the muslin cloth. Retired naval Captain Roger Pineau of Washington, D.C., an acquaintance of Dunbar's, suggested contacting the Welfare Department in Tokyo to locate Mitsuru Matshushita, the name of the sword, whose rank was Lt. j.g., Medical, Imperial Japenese Navy. Dr. Yazu changed his name to that of his wife's family after the war, a practice not uncommon in Japan.

On May 22, 1987, the Welfare Ministry wrote that they had contacted the owner, who had changed his name to Mitsuru Yazu. Yazu is now a doctor living in Yukuhashi City in Fukuoka Prefecture, Japan. The Ministry told Dunbar that the weapons laws require the return of the sword be facilitated through the Japanese Consul General in Seattle, whom Dunbar had met while on a journey with the Montana International Trade Commission. He had driven Consul General Shigenoby Nagai from Helena to Bozeman to inspect the Montana State University Agricultural Research Station and from there to West Yellowstone. Nagai told Dunbar it could take a long time to return the sword to its owner but he would help.

In the meantime on June 12th, Dr. Yazu received a letter from Dunbar telling him he was preparing to return the sword. He was overwhelmed with gratitude and even remarked that "it is truly divine intervention." An act of God." The Asahi newspaper related the story.

Shuichi Akimaru, one of Dunbar's fly fishing friends who also lives in Fukuoka was informed by Dunbar about the return of the sword. Akimaru called Yazu and invited him to his home, where Yazu came laden with gifts, a set of traditional work clothes and two fans for Dunbar for Akimaru to deliver when he came to West Yellowstone for the Federation

Consul Jun Yoshida, on behalf of Consul General Nagai notified Dunbar in September that they had contacted Yazu and were making plans to return the sword to him. On December 3rd, Consul Yoshida gave permission to send the sword to Dr. Yazu. He was told that the sword would be held in the central post office in Fukuoka Prefecture while waiting to clear customs. The cultural section would then examine the sword and it would be delivered to Dr. Yazu. Dunbar promptly packed the sword and mailed it according to the instructions.

Since May, Dunbar and Yazu have corresponded and exchanged photographs. Yazu sent a videotape of his home and gardens, where dressed in traditional clothing, he and his wife display the sword. On the tape also are excerpts from Japanese television news describing the story.

Dunbar has just returned from a trip to Japan as a senior adviser to Lewis Robinson III, chairman of the Montana International Trade Corporation. The trip included visits to several Japanese companies as part of MITC's ongoing work on trade between the Japanese and Montana. Dunbar is still fluent in Japanese and serves the Corporation as an interpreter.

He spent time at Yazu's home in Yukuhashi City in the Fukuoka Prefecture, was showered with gifts and was charmed by the doctor and his family.

Some of the gifts are gyotaku (a fish print-painting) and a samue (helmet.) Dunbar took slides of the visit and will show them in West Yellowstone at some future time.

The Montana delegation landed in Tapei, Taiwan, where the legislature at Taichung was in session and they were greeted there. They visited the National Museum where they gazed at priceless art, jade and Chinese scrolls. They flew back to Fukuoka and Dunbar visited Dr. Mitsuru Yazu at his home in nearby Yukuhashi City. He was entertained lavishly, but among the highlights was a fly-fishing trip in the Kyushu mountains. Dunbar was probably the first foreigner to fish there. En route back to Yukuhashi City on this fishing excursion, he and Yazu ate at a local roadside inn where they ate Bungo Yakiniku – a local beef delicacy.

The Japanese newspapers were excited about the return of the 400-year old sword and photographed Dr. Yazu and Dunbar being received by the Mayor of Yukuhashi City. Yazu refers to the sword as his "good luck sword." The mayor of Yukuhashi City held a reception to welcome Dunbar. One hundred fifty people stood on the steps on the municipal building clapping. In the mayor's office hung a large American flag. The mayor, on behalf of the City of Yukuhashi, presented him with a Samurai helmet in the mayor's office.

That same afternoon they lunched at a hotel by the sea and enjoyed seafood; still later they dug clams, which Dunbar described as a "small horseneck clam", which they cooked and ate. They also visited a local shinto shrine atop a long stairway and sauntered through a bamboo

43年ぶりに返還された軍刀を手に握手をかわす矢津さんとダンバーさん

中津大ぜきの取水事業

戻った刀

行橋の矢津さん

行橋市行事七、外科医師、矢津充さんさんが太平洋戦争中「守り刀」としていた軍刀が今年一月、四十三年ぶりに元米軍兵士から返還されたが、この元兵士、カール・ダンバーさんさんはモンタナ州ウェストイエローストーン市在住。スーパー経営ー一が十八日、矢津さんと一緒に行橋市役所を訪れた。

矢津さんは昭和十八年に九州大学医学部を卒業後、十九年六月に海軍軍医として南太平洋マリアナ諸島ロタ島に着任した。その際、亡父から守り刀として軍刀を贈られたが終戦で軍刀は米軍に没収され返還主姓領入委天の

Good Reading

The local Japanese press loved Cal Dunbar.

noticed that beef was high but that seafood was comparable in price to the United States. The supermarket owners hosted a dinner for him and Yazu. He visited a Catholic Church and parochial school, but observed that only 1,000 out of 60,000 population of Yukushashi are Catholics. He traveled to Kokura to take the Bullet Train to Kobe where he was met by Mr. and Mrs. Hitoshi Yamada, the parents of Toyohiro Yamada, who had been fishing in West Yellowstone since 1979. That train goes 220 kilometers per hour, so that this trip back to Tokyo was swift and enabled him to rejoin the Montana delegation the next day, where they continued the business of international trade.

Kazuhiro Ashizawa, the founder and organizer of Japan Fly Fishers and wife Sachiko met with Dunbar in Tokyo. Ashizawa fly fishes our area every year. The Ashizawas hosted Dunbar and some of the Japan Fly Fishers at lunch where Dunbar received an official Japan Fly Fisher's club tie.

All in all, the trip represented one of those precious moments in life that will always linger, and the Japanese are grateful that the sword was restored to its owner after its long absence. Dunbar feels lucky that he found Yazu, that he is well and thoroughly enjoyed meeting the Yazu family and the people of Yukuhashi City, who treated him so kindly.

Henry's Lake State Park opens to public May 26

Henry's Lake State Park in Island Park will open for the summer season May 26, assistant manager John Frank says.

The park is located on the southeastern shore of Henry's Lake. The park is popular with fishermen and fishing on the lake will open May 28.

There will be a daily limit of two trout and fishing hours will be from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m.

A 100-space parking lot, two-lane boat ramp and boat docks accommodate the fishermen at the park. An entrance fee is charged or an annual pass to all Idaho state parks may be purchased, a state park news release says.

A 32-unit campground with restrooms, hot showers and a trailer dump station is available for overnighters. An additional campsite is available next to the restroom for physically disabled campers.

There is a 15-day limit on camping and no reservations are accepted.

For non-fishermen, Henry's Lake offers scenery, boating, camping, photography, birdwatching and hiking on the nature trail.

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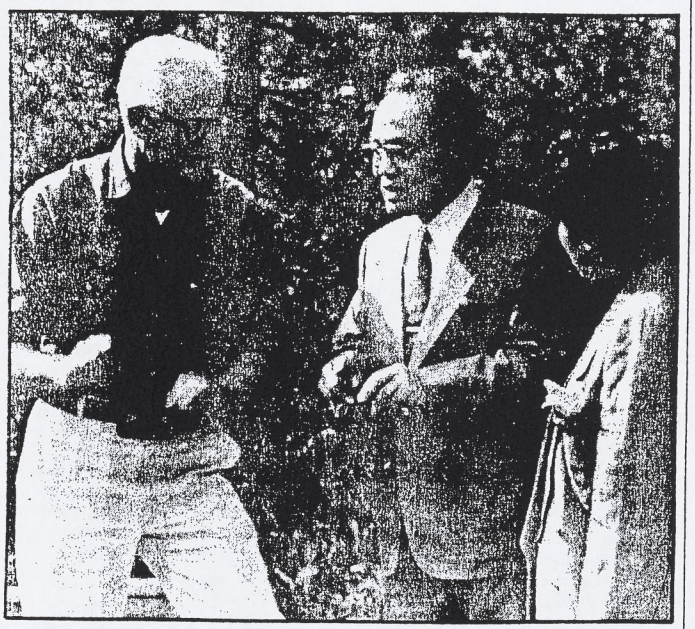
Symbol of war now a symbol of friendship

For more than 400 years, the small Samurai sword had guarded and protected Mitsuru Yazu and his ancestors in the Fukuokaken Prefecture of Japan. But in September of 1945, near the end of World War II, the sword was surrendered to Yazu's captors. A 20-year-old Marine corporal named Cal Dunbar was given the sword by his colonel after the Japanese emperor had ordered his men to give up their arms.

For nearly 40 years, the sword hung on the walls of the Dunbar home, a symbol of the time spent in Guam during WWII by the translator and interrogator of Japanese prisoners. But then, three years ago, a relative asked Cal what the small, dirty, tattered strip of cloth was hanging from the sword and why had he still kept it after all these years.

The sword is not just a sword... this is a representative of their lifes.

Cal Dunbar



Cal Dunbar shows off his yard and home to Dr. Yazu and his wife during his visit to West Yellowstone last Tuesday. The strips of leather which once held the sword on the walls of Dunbar's home remain as a symbol itself of enemies who have now become friends.

The cloth noted the name of the sword's former owner and with extensive searching and help from the Japanese Welfare Ministry, Yazu was located. In the spring of 1987, during a trip to the island country with the Montana International Trade Commission, Cal Dunbar once again met the small oriental doctor and returned his family guardian.

The sword, which had once been a symbol of an enemy's surrender, now is an everlasting symbol of friendship between Yazu and Dunbar.

Last week, Mitsuru Yazu made his first visit to the United States and of course it included a trip through Yellowstone Country where the two corresponding friends could meet and talk of old times in the military.

With Dunbar translating for his friend, the two recalled the events which led to the sword's changing hands so many years ago.

As a military surgeon, Yazu was onboard a ship bound for the island of Koto, a small 5 by 7 mile piece of land near Guam used by the Zero fighters of Japan. Of the seven ships in the fleet, five were sunk before the regatta arrived at the island. The doctor was called upon to render aid to the 4,000 army and 3,000 air force Zero pilots that were stranded on the small island. Living in caves by day and growing sweet potatoes by night, the Japanese survived 15 months before surrendering their arms to the U.S. forces.

During the interrogation process, the sword was surrendered and when Dunbar took possession of it, he also took possession of Dr. Yazu.

Yazu had received the sword from his father before leaving for Koto. He

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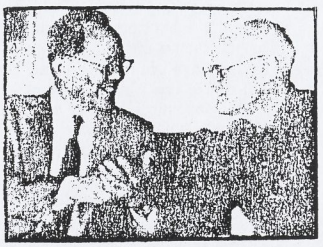

from the preceding page

was told it had been a protector guardian and would keep him safe. During the sword's residency at the Dunbar home, Cal's daughter, Dusty, recalls a night when she was young, her parents were away and the storms were brewing overhead. When her parents returned home, the sword was no longer hanging in its rightful place on the wall, but had been removed and was found along side the bed of the young girl. It had become a guardian in the Dunbar household as well.

"The sword is not just a sword, it's a token. In their thinking, their craftsmanship, their culture, this is a representative of their lifes," Dunbar explained. "I never meant this to become a big deal, I just wanted to see that this man got his sword back."

But the 72-year-old doctor could only recall one other similar instance of a military captor returning a sword, that from an Australian who was dying and wanted to see the sword returned before he died.

The sword now sits in Yazu's house in a "special place" built to display the symbol of honor, protection and now friendship.

"He's well, I'm well, and the sword is happy," Dunbar grinned, interpreting the soft words of Yazu.

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Remembrances of Colonel Stent
Howard N. Stent, Colonel, USMC, G-2 Island Command, Guam

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In keeping with my program of recording incidents of my Pacific days in WWII from 1944 to 1946 before this history is lost, I am doing a profile of the colonel as a vignette.

Colonel Stent was our chief intelligence officer for the command of the island of Guam. The island command structure was assigned the duty of administering the entire island under the leadership of Marine Major General Henry L. Larsen, ("Heavy Henry" to us troops), a veteran of WWI in France. This command included everything dealing with Guam and its Chamorro citizens from cilvil affairs, education, police, banking, public health and safety, to dealing with the enemy Japanese military stragglers at large in the back country, as part of the general public safety program.

The enemy defenders of Guam numbered some 20,000 troops at the time of the invasion by US forces to regain the island in July 1944. Guam, a US possession, had been overrun by the Japanese in early December 1941 right after the Pearl Harbor, Hawaii attack. Japan quickly occupied the western Pacific areas of which Guam was one, poorly defended by a handful of Marine and naval personnel. For two years the Japanese occupied Guam, which they called Omiyajima, "Greart Shrine Island, after the famous location in Japan. They intended to make Guam part of the Pacific empire they envisioned in the early days of the war when they ran rampant against the feeble allied defenses in the Pacific. They made the school children study Japanese, set up a civil government and provided an occupation force.They also had a military police force, the dreaded Kempeitai, which treated the natives cruelly for any infractions of their occupation rules.

Originally, the Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) provided the 54th Naval Guard Force of some 2000 and an army occupation force (IJA). As the retaking of Guam became apparent in 1943 as the US forces took the Gilberts and the Marshalls in the Central Pacific, the forces on Guam were augmented by IJA troops from Manchuria. In the spring of 1944, as the atttack on the Marianas became imminent, the IJA defense force was built up. The 29th Infantry Division and the 48th Independent Mixed Brigade which had the renowned 10th Regiment in it, were dispatched to Guam to bolster the defense. (These troops were part of the vaunted Kwantung (Manchuria) Army that had been dreaded in our planning of the invasion of Japan but, as we later learned, had been depleted by these elements sent to the Pacific piecemeal as the war approached the Japanese homeland). So on the date of the US invasion of Guam, July 21, 1944, the Japanese were about 20,000 in number, consisting of the 29th Division, the 48th IMB, the 54th Naval Guard Force and other attached troops such as engineers and the like. The landing US forces were the 3rd Marine Division, The First Provisional Marine Brigade (4th and 22nd Marine Regiments), the 77th Army Infantry Division, and any attached service troops, probably 50,000-plus total. (The general rule of thumb for amphibious operations was a 3:1 ratio for the attackers).

Anyway, Guam was assaulted on July 21. There was a large banzai attack on the night of July 23, (the last in the Pacific). The Japanese got wise and dug in thereafter, causing the terrible US casualties at subsequent Pelilieu, Iwo Jima and Okinawa with organized resistance ending on August 10. The island was declared "secured" with no further combat battle stars awarded thereafter.

Unfortunately there were armed holdouts in the jungle, some 1000 plus. These groups were not in contact with each other; organized resistance had ended but they were individually organized, armed, well-led and capable of subsisting on forage in the densely foliated well-watered bountifully-endowed hinterlands. Coconuts, bananas, taro, sweet potatoes, with deer and wild pigs plus seafood along coastal cliff areas kept skilled foragers well-fed. The last holdout, Shoichi Yokoi, did not come in until February 1972, some 37 years after V-J Day and 38 years after the fall of Guam to US forces. If the Japanese were not wounded and knew how to forage then survival was no problem. Remember, in isolation, human communicable viral diseases are not a risk. Guam is a large island (200 square miles, 10 wide and 20 long), with lots of rainfall, rivers, mountains, dense foliage areas, and many cave-ridden coastal cliffs, so it was a good place for numerous holdouts. (The other islands in the central Pacific were all much smaller and lacked ample fresh water, jungle food and dense hiding areas).

Into this arena stepped Colonel Stent and our G-2 Section. The combat forces were preoccupied with further operations (the Marines for Iwo the next February and for the army, the Philippines campaign later that same year), so our G-2 section had the task of bringing in the holdouts on "secure" Guam.

Now, there are two ways to deal with holdouts: one- go in after them by force, or two-getting them to come out peacefully. The former means casualties to your people as the hidden holdouts will resist while the latter means no loss to you nor to them. The second requires more time, patience and caution in actually contacting the holdouts. Colonel Stent organized a psychological warfare program in which we ultimately lost no one from our unit and caused no casualties to the surrendering Japanese. We had some 1000-plus Japanese surrender due to his program. As as result, the colonel was awarded the esteemed Legion of Merit decoration by the USMC. He had run the most successful psychological warfare program in the entire Pacific.

I graduated from the enlisted Japanese language school at Camp Pendleton, CA, in April 1944, shipped out to Hawaii in June, transhipped to Guam, arriving 16 September, being held up a month at Eniwetok lagoon in the Marshalls because the Saipan operation ran three weeks late, so the Guam invasion was postponed. I was with the replacements for the 3MarDiv which was the floating reserve for the Saipan operation and was not released earlier so that the Guam operation was postponed about a month. Anyway, Guam had been "secured" 10 August, but there were many Japanese running loose in the boondocks. Le Roy Hansen and I, both classmates of the language school, had traveled together and reported to the G-2 Section. (Seven of us were sent forth from the language school and assigned alphabetically to units: Adams to the Amphib Recon, Crenshaw to Pelilieu, Kraft and Martin to Tinian where Tillery had already been assigned, Dunbar and Hansen to Guam and Paschall to Third Phib Corps staff).

The G-2 Section, Island Command, Guam had formed at Hawaii before our arrival there in June, had gone with the invasion fleet to Guam and had landed after the initial assault waves. When Hansen and I arrived in mid-September, they were set up in canvas pyramidal squad tents at Island Command headquarters at Agana Heights about a quarter of a mile from our POW stockade where Hansen and I were billeted in a tent. The G-2 Section consisted of Colonel Stent; his assistant Captain Bernard Halpern, a peacetime Pittsburg, PA lawyer; a Lieutenant "Nick" Savage and some dozen privates and NCO-ranked Marines. At our stockade, a canvas tent complex with the Marines outside and the POWs inside of a 12' barbed wire enclosure, was a Staff Sergeant Marvin R. Anderson. The POWs were guarded by a platoon of military police, which changed from Marines to army several times as the war progressed. This primitive tent complex was replaced by a new stockade built by POW labor of native-style huts with palm fronds for roof thatching and woven nipa siding for walls with coral sand decks. A nice layout, cool and clean, just like the rural Guamanians lived in. "Andy", this Marine staff sergeant, was a skilled linguist, having graduated from our enlisted school stateside several years earlier and having undergone further language training in the field thereafter, on detached duty from the 9th Marines, 3MarDiv. Andy had been in the Guadalcanal, Bougainville and Guam operations as a linguist. A month later we received two naval lieutenants-junior grade, John Oliver and William Jones, recent graduates of the US Navy Japanese Language School at Boulder, CO, who would serve as our language officers until 10/45. Another such naval lieutenant JLO (Japanese Language Officer) was there briefly until about 1/45, Lt, j.g. John Rosendale.

I never met the colonel initially, being directed and briefed by "Bernie" Halpern. Gradually I got to know the colonel. Most of our matters involving POWs were handled by the sergeant with the colonel. I watched the sergeant interrogate several POWs in the canvas office tent at headqurters to the light of a single 100-watt bulb hanging from the ceiling. This was our original "G-2 Headquarters". One night, in this bare globe lighted tent, we had a really scared fellow, a civilian Japanese of some kind attached to the military, who was really terrified. He thought he would be shot afterward. Of course, the tough-looking Marine guarding him with a .45 pistol did not ease his thoughts. The unsmiling Marine was holding the pistol pointed right at him. The POW picked me out due to my youthful looks, I suppose, and pleaded with me, almost making love to me, not to kill him. I was glad only a few Japanese speakers were around as it was embarrassing; he said to the effect that I was a " beautiful kind young man who was not cruel". I was happy when we escorted him back to the stockade. I think he nearly died of heart failure, though as he was herded him down the inky black

gulch from the lighted tent.

Gradually I got to know the colonel, although he mostly addressed the sergeant and the officers.

Colonel Stent was from Massachusetts. The Marine Lieutenant Savage told me when I ran into him on an airplane in CA after the war that the family was originally Jewish. Stent was a tall, dark, lean, officer-looking Marine with a distinct aquiline nose. Savage could be right, "Stent" could be abbreviated anglicization of a longer ethnic Middle European type of surname. Anyway, the lawyer Halpern was definitely Jewish as was our budding art historian PFC Phil Gould, the map overlay specialist at the section. As the USMC went, G-2 was a pretty intellectual outfit, and Jewish guys are smart, so they were there doing intelligence-oriented stuff. So Stent, with a good education from some private school in MA, got a commission in the USMC just about the time of the Armistice in WWI. Rather than France, then, he was eventally sent out to China. I think he did two tours of duty in China, one in the twenties and one in the thirties. I know his son Jack, my age, was raised in Shanghai where Stent lived with wife Kam for years. He was a major in the old Fourth Marine Regiment, the "China Marines" who were eventually ordered to the Philippines and forced to surrender at Bataan in 1942. Stent was a battalion commander, in fact the later Lt. Gen "Brute" Krulak, father of Commandant Krulak, was in his battalion, Krulak's memoirs state. I think wife Kam was the daughter of "Buck" Neville, hero of WWI and a USMC commandant. Jack told me years later in SF that his own middle initial was N for Neville. I never heard anything about this otherwise; my conjecture only. Kam always seemed to be steeped in the people and activities of the Corps. Kam was herself a character, very horsey and outdoorish. She had hunted tigers in Indo-China, later Viet Nam, her house at Warner Springs, CA was full of trophy tiger skins, and the Japanese officers at the Shanghai legation force called her "The Tiger Lady". Retired Maj Gen Worton, in the 1950s the head of the LA Police Commission and fellow resident-friend of Dad's at the Jonathan Club, told me once: "She should have been the Marine".

Stent was somewhat old for combat command by WWII but fine for duty as the Island commander's assistant chief-of-staff for intelligence. I was lucky to be under him. He was a seasoned Marine colonel, very intelligent, well-read, sophisticated, and had the respect of his superiors and peers. He liked young Marines, whom he regarded with a fatherly eye. He was a vast departure from the usual Marine officer who behaved much like the army's famous General Patton. Colonel Stent was humane with the POWs and could foresee their future lives.

One day, about the spring of 1945, after Iwo, I was in his then-more splendid quonset hut office. We were alone. The talk shifted to the POWs. He asked me: "Do you know what we have in those pens over there?" I replied: "Yes, sir, what's left of the 54th Naval Guard Force, the 29th Infantry Division and the 48th Independent Mixed Brigade". I was impressed with my knowledge of the Japanese Order of Battle for Guam.

He said: "No, that's not it really. What we have is the future leadership of Japan. Those fellows are returning to places we will never get to. We are going to win eventually. We want a good report card when they are asked what kind of people we are, what our government is like and how they were treated". I was surprised at his approach. Most Marines would just as soon line them all up and shoot them. I still think today about the colonel's depth of understanding and his grasp of the future.

He was well-connected in the USMC generally. The night that Major James Devereaux, the commander of the defeated Wake Island garrison in 1941, came through Guam after his war-end release from the prison camp in Japan where he had been held as a POW since the fall of Wake to the Japanese, he was introduced by General Larsen our island commander to a standing ovation of us Marines gathered to see the movie at our outdoor Marine Bowl movie theater. Standing at Devereaux's side on the stage, talking with him in a close personal proximity, was the colonel. Apparently they had been friends somewhere in previous days in the Corps.

He was always very solicitous of the lower echelon enlisted men. For example, when Kraft and I were included in the Truk surrender team he simply was being kind. There was already the Boulder graduate JLO naval officer Oliver and a nisei (Japanese American, literally translated "second generation") army staff sergeant who certainly were qualified linguists, but he wanted us to participate in the "fruits of victory" so included us lowly corporals to go along on the destroyer.

In May 1945 our JL staff sergeant got into trouble with the island commander and the colonel

saved him from being sent back to the 3rd MarDiv and further operations. Andy had already been at Guadalcanal, Bougainville and Guam. It seems that our island provost marshal (PM) who was in charge of the military police, the brig and the POW stockade guards brought a party of officers from the officers club to inspect the POW stockade late one evening, about ten o'clock. I was on duty as Andy had sneaked out to see a girl at a nearby off-limits Chamorro village. I was ordered to accompany the party by Colonel Victor Borraco, the PM and a graduate of Texas A&M who had a drawl and a definite resemblence to Snuffy Smith of the cartoons. In the party I recognized Henry Fonda who in his khakis looked a lot like his later Broadway character role "Mister Roberts". As I stood well back, the PM had the individual pens fall out into ranks assembled by their "hanchos" or pen section leaders. The officers passed down the ranks as the POWs were highlighted by flashlight with an occasional PM comment such as "He's a big fellow!". Some of the POWs understood some English. We had never had had an iota of trouble as our Colonel Stent was careful that the Geneva Convention formalities were properly followed.

The next day I told Anderson all about it and the danger that such late night exhibitions might be badly taken by the heretofore peaceable POWs. Andy told all of this to a Lt j.g. Nace, a Boulder-grad JLO at CINCPAC Nimitz's naval headqurters up on a neaby hill. Nace just happened to be at the stockade. Andy told me: "I just stuck my neck out that far", gesturing with his hands. I secretly thought Andy ill-advised to have selected Nace . Nace looked to me like a superior-oriented fellow who might have "raised his hand a lot in class", not a regular guy with whom to plot something dangerous. Nace was supposed to tell CINPAC that he had heard of the inspection directly from a critical POW. Well, Nace told the tale and naturally cited Andy as the source. General Larsen immediately summoned Andy to his office in a rage, angrily inquiring why he had implicated his PM to the CINCPAC brass as a drunk. Andy replied that he never had said he was drunk, only that they all may have been drinking at the officers' club. "After all, I take a drink now and then myself". The general retorted:"Not in this outfit you won't anymore!". Shortly thereafter Colonel Stent summoned Andy and asked why he had not told him instead of some CINPCAC officer. Now it was in CINCPAC not ISCOM hands, adversely reflecting on the Marines. Somehow the colonel convinced the general to let Andy be returned stateside as he had had a lot of combat time. Andy went to Camp Lejeune as an instructor in the enlisted JL school which was there at that time. He later went on to Japan for the war crimes tribunals, married a Japanese, died in 1954 and is buried in Foreigners' Cemetery in Yokohama. The colonel did Andy a real favor. The next operation for the 3 MarDiv was to be the horrible invasion of Japan.

The colonel was always solicitous of us men, as I said. As Andy left his office after this initial conversation after the general's rage, the colonel looked at Andy's scratched and cut face (he had slipped on a rock returning in the late dark from the Chamorro village that night) and merely said, sympathetically without further question: "Sorry about your face!".

In May, 1945, Major Sato of the 29th Division staff surrendered with his group after protracted negotiations. This surrender was the crowning moment of the G-2 psychological warfare program and brought high acclaim to the colonel.(See the official report copy in my file).

In May, 1945, Corporal Allen Tillery and Corporal Robert Kraft, both graduates of our enlisted Japanese language school, came down from Tinian where they had completed their island command G-2 duties to join our section. Hanson had gone to the 3 MarDiv for the Iwo operation in February and left us. Tillery and Anderson returned stateside in July. That left naval officers reporting to the colonel.

In August, I interrogated the POW Noma of the Rota garrison who had deserted that island in a canoe to be saved at sea by a US naval destroyer on August 16, the very day the Japanese suspended warfare. I interrogated him for three days, so when our G-2 was ordered to handle the surrender of Rota Island in the Marianas, thirty miles north of Guam which we had bypassed as it was too small and too mountainous for B-29 bomber airfields so not worth the fight for it, I was invited to attend. I went along with the G-2 team on our destroyer to talk with the boarding IJA and IJN Rota officers about the surrender. Inasmuch as I had talked with the sole Japanese we ever had from Rota, the colonel had me handle the conversations in spite of the fact that I was a mere corporal. Once in the course of the talks in the destroyer ward room, a naval captain from Guam, I think a medical offcer, bore into me as to whether there was this disease or that on Rota. I barely knew the disease in English, let alone Japanese, and had to look up the word. The captain kept throwing afflictions at me as I

looked up each term. Finally Stent said: "Charlie, Dunbar will get you the information, just let him proceed at his pace." I said, under my breath: "Thanks, Colonel". The colonel said he had had a lot of experience with student language people in China.

After Rota, we were ordered to handle the surrender negotiations for Truk, the huge base on a series of islands inside a lagoon forty miles across in the Caroline Islands (See my report on the surrender at Truk). Truk, the "Gibralter of the Pacific,"was some 500 miles SE of Guam. We went down on two destroyers. This was a big deal; the IJN officers were a rear admiral with several captains and IJA officers of colonel rank at least, maybe a general. Our group of some dozen G-2 folk was headed by Brig Gen "Dutch" Hermle, USMC, with two Navy Crosses - one for Tarawa and one for Iwo. Hermle was then General Larsen's assistant island commander.

With two naval language officers better at Japanese plus an army Nisei staff sergeant, there was really no need for Kraft and me, two mere corporals from the 20 week enlisted language school, but the colonel included us in the party as a reward, I think. While I did not talk directly to the IJN admiral, I rubbed shoulders with him and his group and was privy to all of the meeting in the destroyer ward room. The colonel was gracious to Kraft and me. He liked Marines and he was kindly to young Marines. I am in the official pictures as if I were really somebody of higher rank.

Oliver and Jones returned to Pearl Harbor JICPOA (Joint Intelligence Center, Pacific Ocean Area) in October 1945. Kraft and I were the G-2 Language Section.

The colonel was always thoughtful of us enlisted men. At Christmas 1945 he came into the quionset hut where we were having an evening party. We were surprised to see him as we were all enlisted people. He quickly put us at ease and wished each of us a "Merry Christmas". He wished me one personally as well with great sincerity. After he had left some fellow from another outfit made some remark as to the Corps going "soft". He was promptly set straight by several of us who informed him of the high regard we all had for the colonel and what a swell officer he was to serve under.

The only time that I was almost compromised with him involved a petition to gather the bones of the Guam Japanese army high officers (see the vignette Bones Of The Brass). Jones and Oliver had returned to Pearl Harbor in Octiber 1945. Oliver had shown me this petition that the POWs had presented whereby they wanted to collect the bones of the Japanese divisional officers who had died in a group in their bunker during the battle for Guam. Oliver told me to give this to G-2 after he and Jones were gone because he wanted to get back to Hawaii. He put the folded petition in the desk of the stockade language office hut where Kraft and I slept. I overlooked giving it to G-2 right away.

About two weeks later the colonel was visiting at the stockade with me when a POW asked about the petition. I translated. I told the colonel I had not read such a petition (true, I had not). The colonel asked around the stockade offices without finding the petition and left. I was afraid that I would get Oliver in trouble if I told him that Oliver had withhheld it. When Kraft came back I asked him what I ought to do. Kraft thought we should deliver up the petition at once, to heck with Oliver. I agreed and took it up to the colonel's office where I handed it to his assistant Captain Bernie Halpern. I told him that I had found it in the safe in the stockade office, without involving Oliver. We had never had access to this safe and Oliver had just told me the combination when he left. It was only an hour or so since the colonel had heard about it so it all came off well with no further inquiry.

We got busy going to the bunker and gathering the bones. The colonel was interested in our learning of the last minutes of these enemy officers, telling us to glean the facts as we worked with the POWs. I wrote the report.

It was submitted to the island commander. General Larsen gave an Armistice Day address on the Guam radio station KWYS on November 11th. He spoke of his experience in France where one unit had fought after 1100 because they were cut off and did not get the word of the armistice. He then proceeded to relate the story of the deaths of the Japanese military leaders in the bunker. My report word for word, by a USMC general, no less. It gave me an eerie feeling to anticipate the verbiage as he proceeded. It was my first claim to fame and only the colonel and his assistant knew it.

I reported to the colonel weekly at his office. I was his eyes and ears in the stockade. It was a unique experience to sit alone with the colonel acting as his staff, answering questions - a mere corporal. I guess Kraft did it also, but never with me.

About this time, a Mr. (Herr?) Breuner of the International Red Cross inspected our stockade. He was a German Swiss from Zurich who was stationed in Tokyo. The International Red Cross is

headquartered in Geneva. Breuner spoke flawless English. The colonel called me up to his office, introduced me to Breuner and asked me to show him the stockade. I was to leave him on his own to go through the area and speak to the POWS without my presence. When he was through I was to bring him back to the colonel's office. I thought it somewhat cheeky of the Red Cross to be inspecting our camp when the Japanese were absolutely notorious in disegarding anything the Red Cross and the Geneva Convention stood for, but I held my tongue.

"Herr", which I definitely did not call him, Breuner was a lean man, brownish, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, in his late forties in white oxford shoes, dressed in a tieless civilian-striped seersucker shirt and trousers, because it was tropical on Guam. When the many photos of Klaus Fuchs, the German nuclear scientist who had helped the Rosenbergs steal the atomic bomb secrets for Russia at the Los Alamos labs, appeared in the press in the fifties, I thought Fuch's resemblence to Breuner was uncanny.

I drove Breuner to the stockade in the jeep and escorted him through the guarded gate. Enroute alone in the jeep, he told me that "Your colonel is the epitome of a gentleman". I never had used the term "epitome" myself, so I looked it up later in the dictionery just to make sure, but I knew it was highly complimentary so I heartily agreed. After he had spent considerable time in the stockade, I returned him to the office. Going back, he told me that the facilities were first rate with the POWs living under very similar conditions to us Marines. I thought it fine and accurate because he had probably seen far worse facilities in Japan and elsewhere in the Japanese zone of influence run by officers who in no way imaginable could resemble our Colonel Stent. So much for the International Red Cross. Where were they when our imprisoned men were incarcerated for years under frightening conditions and worked to death in those terrible underground coal mines in the Japanese homeland? The Japanese government had never signed the Geneva Convention nor adhered to its principles in any way, but I did my duty and held my tongue.

In December 1945, we had the Asan Point Ambush where a Marine patrol was wiped out in the very area the then-G-2 Lieutenant Caldwell, myself and a the Guamanian policeman Aguon were into the day before. (See my report: The Asan Point Ambush). The colonel had me report that morning for the investigation to a Marine Gunner Rose at the site. "Gunner Rose was a corporal of mine in China".

In January 1946, both Kraft and I made sergeant. The colonel's promotion of us had come through. Kraft went home then because he had more points than I had, having been at Tinian. I became involved in the war crimes trial of Igawa, the Japanese military affairs policeman who had beheaded a Guamanian during the occupation. (See the vignette, The War Crimes Trial of Igawa).

In February, I took about 50 POWs from Guam who had been helping us broadcast and otherwise assisting our pschological warfare program back to Japan on an LST. This was to preclude the possible retaliatory murder by the other POWs when they were all shipped back to Japan on Japanese ships. Shortly before this trip was when Boulder JLO Lt.j.g Paul Sherman joined us from Yokosuka, Japan.

While I was gone on this LST (Landing Ship Tank) trip to Japan, with a stop at Okinawa to unload the 150 civilians we had picked up enroute at Saipan, the colonel went stateside. I returned to find Lieutenant Colonel John Hill of Island Command his younger replacement as G-2. While Hill was competent, fair, and a good officer, he had not the intellectual caliber, experience and savoir-faire of Stent in any way. I missed the colonel. The G-2 Section was not the same. Colonel Hill did help me get documentation to properly return my personal .38 revolver stateside. Dad had sent me it in 1944 when I first landed at when I needed a pistol to escort POWs around and none were available for enlisted men. Dad had had it for years, having got it from a guard at the Portsmouth, NH naval prison near his home in Kittery, ME. I remembered it and at my request Dad had mailed it to me through channels.

I did not get a personal commendation as did Kraft. I believe the colonel had put me in for one but the new island commander was Brigadier General Leo "Dutch" Hermle, who had two Navy Crosses, one for Tarawa (2 MarDiv), one for Iwo Jima (5 MarDiv), both as assistant division CO. Hermle was a tough customer. He said that there would be no more personal commendations. So I never got one. (Also our first sergeant was a First Sergeant Fricke of Milwaukee, born in Dusseldorf, Germany, who definitely did not like me. He liked Kraft, a fellow kraut. I always said [quietly, to myself] that the Nazis

had missed a hell of a guy when Fricke moved to the States). If Colonel Stent had remained, these folk would have treated me differently I think, but I think they resented his liking for me (especially Fricke).

Shortly thereafter however, I returned stateside an APA (a naval troop transport), via Saipan to SF in April. I was replaced by Paul Sherman at G-2.

After discharge on 6 May 1946, I did not see the colonel until the spring of 1950. However, the first postwar contact with the colonel was by "Uncle Dick" Thompson of Upland and his wife Ruby. He had been one of my flyfishing mentors, having taken me about 1940 to his trailer at Lake Henshaw in San Diego County to fish for croppies and bass. He was a longtime friend of Uncle Bob Baynham of Claremont. I had told the Thompsons of the colonel at Warner Springs which is close to Henshaw and urged that they say hello. They did. In spite of a sign that said "No Uninvited Guests" (the colonel had a heart condition and napped), they went up the door and were cordially greated by the colonel and his wife. The Thompsons said that the Stents were most hospitable. In 1950, I was then attending UCLA, and my Guam buddy Hansen was with Associated Press in LA. We drove to Warner Springs one Saturday where we had roast turkey luncheon with the colonel and his wife Kam at their house. We did not stay all night but left in the early afternoon, seeing Uncle Hal Warner and his late former wife Helen and her daughter Maureen and husband Paul Brown on Balboa Island, had dinner at a local cafe and spent the night in the Laguna Hotel enroute back to LA.

The colonel's house, which he called Prakhan, meaning Sacred Sword in Chinese, was a Spanish-style hacienda on a canyon drive abutting the Los Coyotes Indian Reservation wilderness. There were other houses about but not close. He had a pistol range on his back patio where the rounds hit the dirt bluff in the rear of the house. There was no habitation on the reservation to the east for miles. It was rustic, semi-wild, deserty and private. The interior of the house, with white stucco walls, was Spanish in layout with a corrider that ran from the living room through the kitchen to the bedrooms and a study. In the living room, there were teak chests, solid silver diningware, glazed pottery, and several tiger skins, as rugs and wallhangings of tigers she had shot in Indo-China. It was all very desert-like, southwestern and oriental all at once. In the halls on the wall hung many photographs of the "China Days', the Shanghai polo teams, military formations and the mounted "Horse Marine" guard units. Very colonial. The colonel is mentioned in the memoirs of Lieutenant General Victor "Brute" Krulak, First To Fight, as being Krulak's battalion commander in Shanghai. Krulak's son Charles became the thirty-first commandant of the USMC, 1995-1999.

Hansen and I drove back to Laguna for the night after a wonderful turkey dinner prepared by Kam Stent. Kam had asked when we arrived: "Which of you is Dunbar?' I replied. She said: "Why, you're just a baby!". Not everyone is a John Wayne. (Hansen always accused me of being "Colonel Stent's Boy").

I drove over from Lake Henshaw in 1951 where I was fishing with Uncle Dick Thompson at his trailer. It is a short drive to Warner Springs. Beside the colonel and his wife, I met the colonel's brother from the east. He was a goodlooking blond fairhaired gentleman a few years younger than the colonel. The colonel was dark and Semitic-looking. This man was more fair and Teutonic-looking. After chatting with them for an hour in the house, I left. I never saw the colonel again.

I had told him that Major General Arthur Worton was living at the Jonathan Club while he was serving on the LA Police Commission in a room across from Dad's. The colonel said he knew Worton well, that he had asked him to come up to LA to help but the colonel did not want to leave Warner Springs. He told me that he knew that Worton was Jewish. I think that that the colonel resented that Worton could "pass" whereas he had always had the trouble of anti-Semitism in the USMC (he never said so, but I surmise). I never told Dad this fact about Worton as I felt it might simply bother him in dealing with the personalities of the club, which did not admit Jews. I think that being Jewish probably had kept Stent from becoming a general in the prejudiced atmosphere of the Twenties, Thirties and Forties.

In 1956, at Christmas, Jan, six-months old Dusty, and I went to see Kam at the Warner Springs house. Their son Jack and his wife Sam were there also.The colonel had died earlier in the year of 1956. Kam told me: "Don't cry for the colonel! When he couldn't have the Marine Corps anymore, nothing mattered!". His son Jack, my age, was in SF with the CIA and had been for several years. Jack had been a sergeant with the famous Marine Corps legend, Colonel "Chesty" Puller, a family friend, at the Chosin Reservoir in Korea. Colonel Stent had written us to get together in 1955 just after we

moved there from Utah. I frequently had lunch with Jack thereafter. He and his wife "Sam" (really Florence, a name she hated), were friends of ours and frequent visitors to our house at Orinda. Jack was gone often on some secret deal so Sam stayed with us. While at Warner Springs, Kam told me she had been to Camp Pendleton recently to the hospital and had seen Dutch Hermle there. We left in the late afternooon for Aunt Ang and Uncle Bob Baynham's house at Claremont, and I never saw Kam again, although we heard from her for a few years at Christmas until she died in the seventies.

I told Jack once during lunch that I wished I was in the exciting CIA rather than in the boring Ethyl Corporation being a "gofer". He replied that I had had a chance. It seems that in May 1952 I was interviewed by a professor from Wash DC for a government job. My UCLA economics professor Alfred Nichols, for whom I corrected papers to earn a few bucks, arranged this interview. A sandy-haired, fortyish,sport-coated, Dak-slacked fellow in chukar loafers interviewd me in Nichol's office in the UCLA Business Administration building. He offered me a job doing economic analysis in Wash DC for more than Ethyl ha offered me. I asked him precisely what I would be doing. The reply was always "economic analysis". I asked if my language experience was of interest to him. He said that they had linguists but I was to do economic analysis. I had visions of those naval JLOs at Pearl Harbor in some room with a desk with an "In" and "Out" box doing translations all day, whereas we Marines in the field were talking with live personalities. I declined. If this fellow had given me a clue about CIA or some interesting intelligence work I would have taken the job. I could see myself doing the analysis of annual Soviet light bulb manufacture or something.

We have lost track of Jack and Sam since we left Orinda in 1961. They went on to live in India, had four kids, and Sam died from cancer. We heard this all from Kam at Christmastime, but Kam since has died, all trace of the Stents is gone. I asked Roger Pineau, my naval historian friend in Washington D.C., to try to locate Jack through his CIA contacts but nothing ever came of it, and Pineau died in 1993.

Thus ends the story of one of the most influential men I ever knew. His input and effect on my Marine experience and my life in general were profound. He might not have been the man with the most influence on my philosophy, but he was right at the top of the group. My experience in the Marines would have been utterly different and much poorer without him, as well as my life in general. He gave me a chance as a very young fellow to get incomparable experience which gave me subsequent self-confidence. To the colonel youthful age was no detriment if the desire and ability were there. I always had trouble adjusting to the postwar attitude that I was "too young" when fellows our age and practically no rank were "running the Pacific" or at least they let us think so.

When Jan and I married in June 1954 the colonel sent a note in response to our wedding invitation. It reads:

Prakhan
Warner Springs, California
13 June 1954

Dear Mrs. and Mr. Romney:

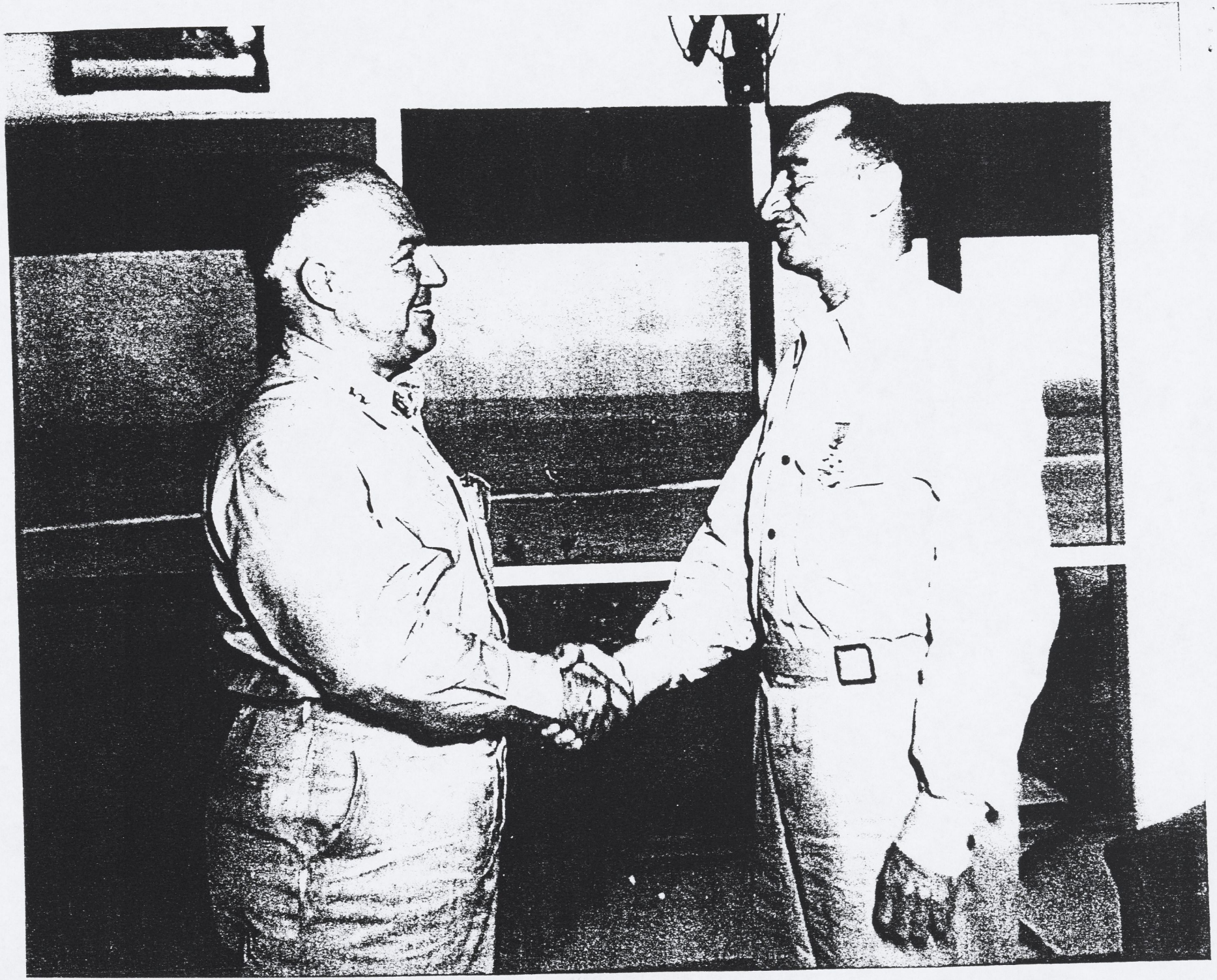
Your kind invitation to Mrs. Stent and myself to the wedding of your daughter, Janice, and Cal Dunbar was received yesterday. We sincerely regret that we will be unable to attend the ceremony, but, instead of the formal "Regret, Etc." normally sent in such cases, I believe that a short note is in order.

As you no doubt know, Cal served with me in the Pacific during the late unpleasantness which still seems to persist. He was a fine, outstanding Marine, and a greater compliment I can pay no one.

Actually, I think of him more as a son than a man who served with me. (Incidentally, our son just got back from the Orient after an absence of two and a half years, well and good to look at again). Cal is very loyal, kind, considerate, and agressive (sic). I feel with someone by his side who loves and understands him he will make a prominent mark in this world. This may sound more like a reference than a note, but it is not meant to be. May they both be very happy.

Thanking you again, with apologies for the poor typing, and with the request that you give Cal our best, and hope that we may see them together ere long.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed)
H. N. Stent
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps (Ret)



USMA

Decoration of Colonel Howard N. ~~Stent~~, ~~USMA~~, Asst Chief of Staff G-2, Iscom

Legion of Merit
by Major General Henry L. Larsen
Island Commander, Guam
Agaña Heights Hdqs Bldg
overlooking Agaña Bay
Fall 1945

COL DUNBAR
BOX 368
[illegible] STONE, MONTANA

Fall 1945, Guam

Maj General Henry L. Larsen presents Legion of Merit to Col. H.N. Stent (Howard N.) in Iscom Hdqs office overlooking Agaña Bay, Guam (Agaña Heights Hdqs)

Stent received LM for his intelligence operation in bringing successfully to many Japs from Guam jungle with the versatile psychological warfare techniques: direct contacts by Japs into jungle hideouts; ground loudspeaker broadcasts; offshore ship broadcasts; aerial broadcasts using speakers in bomb-bays of Naval PV bombers; leaflets, ground & airborne distribution; direct negotiation by Col with Major Sato on one-to-one basis both in jungle and at Guam stockade by Sato's surrender; surrender negotiations of Ponape, M.I. and Truk, C.I.

A veteran reflects on war and peace

by Cal Dunbar

West Yellowstone- Veterans Day is a solemn, hushed day for me. I reflect on the impact my World War II experiences have had on my philosophy of life.

As with most veterans, memories of the deep emotional trauma will never be publicly discussed- just as one spares the world details of one's sex life.

However, it is inarguable that men and women of my age bracket who served in the military were unalterably affected by the experience.

I was lucky. I was not wounded, acquired no exotic diseases, no lingering antisocial attitudes. I was educated on the G.I. bill and am fortunate to consider myself somewhat successful as a person and family man.

My forefathers served in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, World War I, and ancient military activities in Scotland. My father had been head of the American Legion for the Los Angeles area. Our household was patriotic.

After Pearl Harbor, while I was in Los Angeles High School R.O.T.C., I became interested in the Marines. The Corps epitomized to me direct action, almost monastic motivation, and world class expertise.

In spite of somewhat weak eyes and a very un-Wayne- like physique, at age 18, I was accepted for duty.

It was 1943. I was lucky to make Japanese Language School, a six month course with a high wash-out rate. It taught combat Marines to translate field orders and interrogate prisoners in the field at battalion level and below. After boot camp and language school, I went to Pearl, the Marshalls, and then Guam.

I was in Guam from late summer, 1944, until late spring of 1946, attached to intelligence and attempting to get all of the Japanese stragglers out of the caves, the cliffs, and the scrub jungle boondocks. I was an NCO, finally making sergeant in 1946.

We also administered a holding compound for Japanese POW's from Guam, Rota, and later, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

We interrogated hundreds of Japanese military and got to know their "mind set" (as Intelligence calls their thinking).

While always wary and fearful of armed Japanese military, I came to respect their unique Samurai-generated courage and their professional expertise.

Japan had been at war for over ten years before Pearl Harbor. I interrogated men who had fought in China, Manchuria, Singapore, Java, the Pacific, and even against Russians on the Manchurian-Siberian border in the mid 1930's.

The Pacific was a brutal war. The Japanese were brutal.

I served on a war crimes trial of a Japanese military policeman who had beheaded a Guamanian civilian in the pre-invasion chaos just before the U.S. landing in July 1944.

Our response was brutal, too. Of the 20,000 odd Japanese soldiers on Iwo Jima, I think a scant 400 made POW. A lot of those I saw were mauled by shelling, small gunshot and flame throwers. Very few were physically unscathed. The atom bomb which called off the invasion of Japan saved a lot of both Americans and Japanese.

Meanwhile, we were all losing close friends , the Marines being an assault force against small, nearly impregnable Japanese bases which made frontal attacks the only option.

Casualties were heavy.

Surrender was not an option under the Japanese Military Code- "death in battle," said the Samurai. It was practiced. The highest ranking officers I ever saw as POW's on Guam were a Lt. Col., a Major (IJA), and a Commander (IJN). The rest, other than two score of lesser officers, died on the field or committed *seppuku*, also known as *hara-kiri*.

At war's end, I was fortunate enough to have been included on the select team handling of the surrender of IJA and IJN garrisons on nearby Rota and distant Truk Islands. Rota had some 7,000 troops, while Truk had a mixed garrison of tens of thousands on its several islands in the vast lagoon. I personally dealt with the Rota Island commandant, an IJA major, who came aboard our destroyer. At Truk, I was simply staff. A USMC Corporal had no business dealing directly with an IJN admiral. We had a couple of Naval language officers for that. But I'll never forget the goose bumps I got from the flapping IJN ensign with its red rays on the stern of two launches that came out to our destroyer.

My Colonel, the late H. N. Stent, a former Marine of the China garrison between World War I and World War II, taught me plenty. He received the Legion of Merit for his work (and ours) on Guam. We successfully got some 2,000 Japanese from the boonies into safe custody, almost without mishap, although there were a few casualties in ambushes by holdouts.

It was the most successful such operation in the Naval theater of the Pacific.

The Colonel was unique. He understood the Asiatics and sought the input of his men. We were always being solicited for ideas before he made his operations formal. Also, more important, he had a humane, long range outlook on the future of the Pacific Rim relationships.

One day in mid 1945, he spoke to me alone in his headquarters.

"Dunbar, what have we in those POW stockade pens?"

Enthused to be consulted by a Marine Colonel, I replied in all my assumed professional military expertise, " The remnants of the 29th Infantry Division and 48th Independent Mixed Brigade of the IJA and the 54th Naval Guard Force of the IJN. " (I thought I was a whiz kid.)

The Colonel smiled benignly. "Dunbar, what we have are the future leaders of the New Japan. Those men are returning to places Americans will never enter- small, remote villages and the like. We will win in due time and when we send them back, we want them to give us a good report card. We treat them fairly, according to the Geneva Convention. We show them how our American society works- our rights, our mutual respect. Japan will be a great relationship if we do it right."

Returning to the POW stockade where we lived, I reflected on his remarks. I still do. Most Marines wanted to do in every Japanese everywhere as quickly as possible. The Colonel was light years into the future, and correct, as history has shown.

At his home in Warne Springs, Calif., in 1950 another interpreter I served with (he retired as foreign editor on U.S. News and World Report a couple years ago), and I were dining with the Colonel and his wife. The Colonel said, "Dunbar, the Japanese occupation and economic and political rebirth look like a real success. We did a good a job on it, didn't we?"

Puzzled, I replied, "Colonel", we never made the occupation, except to send some prisoners back when I went up there."

He responded, "yes, we did. We sent back some 2,000. They went into the fabric of their society with a good appreciation, an experience of fair treatment, and a first hand glimpse of Americans on a daily basis. I think we did something all right."

I have thought about it over the years, and I' ve gained new friends from Japan with whom I fly fish a lot around West Yellowstone every summer. I also think about finding Dr. Yazu, to whom I returned a 400-year old Samurai sword he had given up during the Rota garrison surrender. The Colonel had given this sword to me personally as a token of

see REFLECTS, p. 13

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my war experiences. After a lengthy search, I found Yazu still alive and have enjoyed our visits here and in Japan. (*Editor's note: Dunbar kept this beautiful sword in a special place in his home but was always curious about its owner. The story of his successful search for Yazu was widely publicized here and in Japan. In returning the sword, Dunbar said he gained a wonderful friend. He and Yazu have visited one another in Japan and West Yellowstone.)*

I've also had some feelings of insecurity about my military experience, which always returns, as probably it does to all who served, on Veterans Day. I had a lot of friends from the Corps, men similar to our own West Yellowstone Gieschen brothers, who served in the nasty island campaigns with the Corps, real heroes, who always bore the scars. I always valued their friendship.

I thought perhaps through the news of the returned sword in 1988 I would get some letters from Pacific Marines who resented my peacemaking. The scars run deep.

I did not receive one. In fact, I received a request from a former Marine sniper here in Montana I'd never met before who had a sword from Saipan he wanted to return. So far he has not succeeded. My mind was finally set at ease at the reunion of my college fraternity at the Cal-Stanford game at Berkeley in 1988. One of my fraternity brothers was an infantry grunt with a machine gun crew in the Marine assault on Saipan. He never advanced beyond PFC, a not uncommon thing in combat forces. He's now a Cal grad and a Harvard MBA with a long career in a Fortune 500 corporation.

He is my "litmus" against which I evaluate Marine Corps standards. He and another fellow are alive today because their machine gun crew chief, another PFC, threw himself on an enemy grenade tossed into their gunpit during a night Banzai attack on Saipan. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously. My survivor friend has always epitomized the Marine Corps to me.

I met him at the banquet room bar.

"I guess you heard I found the owner of that Rota sword. It turned out to be 400 years old. I gave it back to him."

"Yes, why did you give it back, Dunbar?"

"It's over, Ted. It's over."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It is over."

So November 11, 1990, I will reflect that it is over, our Pacific fracas. I wonder about the friends I lost, the rotting Japanese corpses, he freshly ambushed Marine dead, the blind brutality of it all, the respect for courage, the hope it will really matter, the twinge of guilt I feel for being comfortable these days, unscathed.

That is why our generation continues to serve, sits on some pretty boring civic boards that sometimes seem to be unproductive,why we belong to the American Legion and send young folks to Boys and Girls State, why we go to church on occasion.

It's why we simply cannot emotionally handle the sound of the bugle and the rifle fire for our veteran friends when they are buried at the Fir Ridge Cemetery. We feel grief, and a sense of inadequacy. The least we can do is try to make Earth a better place.

After all- we made it. Why didn't they?

Over the years, Cal Dunbar has been an active and vocal member of many of West Yellowstone's community organizations, and was a City Councilman for 18 years. He is an owner of the Food Roundup, an avid fly fisherman, and a Montana Ambassador.

The Postcard

(This incident has never been recorded before in any of my material so I am doing it now before I forget all of the facts. This is the detailed version for our family.) 22 December 2000

About 1975 in the late summer, West Yellowstone hosted the annual Montana meeting of Trout Unlimited (It moved to Bozeman, where it is held now, some years later to attract a larger crowd). The featured speaker was Ed Zern the New York-based columnist of Outdoor Life magazine.

Zern was a friend of Dave Bascom, the San Francisco advertising genius (Jack Daniels, Skippy Peanut Butter, Awful Fresh Macfarlane Candy, Ralston Purina, Harry and David and Mary Ellen Jam to name a few). Flyfisher Dave had purchased the Lonesomehurst cabin on Hebgen Lake originally built by Jan's grandfather, John Horlick, in 1918 so Dave became a good friend of ours. Dave wanted to have Zern out to dinner at his cabin while Zern was here, so he asked me to pick up Ed and bring him out as he might have trouble finding the place. I did.

Dave's dinner included Chanterelle mushrooms from the upper Watkin's Creek area of Hebgen. Present were Dave, Ed, Al Pratt, the political cartoonist of the Seattle Post Intelligencer and stalwart of the Washington Fly Fishing Club, and me.

After the dinner I drove Zern back to the Executive Inn, and he invited me to have a drink in the bar. In the small bar with Clinton "Bob" Smith as bartender were about four men. As we drank we engaged in conversation, mostly about guns and hunting as Bob was an avid bird hunter and he was impressed with Zern.

One fellow there, a large Viking-looking, deep blue-eyed chap, about sixty-some, was an electrical contractor from Dubois, WY rewiring the Old Faithful Inn. Cy Tjomsland, it turns out, had been a Marine sergeant of engineers in WWII. He had been attached to the 17th Marine Regt (engineers for the !st MarDiv) of the 1st MarDiv at Guadalcanal and had been on their rifle team in Australia. Cy, a licensed electrician, had joined the Seabees in 1942 right after Pearl Harbor and while at Camp Stoneman, the Navy Construction Battalion (CB) induction camp on the Sacramento River near Pittsburg, CA, he was told that they were forming a complete Marine division (1st MarDiv), needed engineers so he turned in his USN clothes and was issued USMC. He became a sergeant instead of a petty officer. In late December 1943, the 1st MarDiv went from Australia to Cape Gloucester, New Britain to take the airfield to help neutralize the huge Japanese base further up north at Rabaul on New Britain island.

After the landing, coming along just behind the infantry at this airfield Cy noticed several Japanese army bodies. He frisked a close one on hopes of finding a personal battle flag (the 24" by 24" white linen flag with a red "meatball" Rising Sun center upon which the owner's hometown friends inscribed their names and best wishes in a series of vertical lines eminating as rays from the center. "Good luck and long life in battle, your friend Hiroshi Watanabe", etc. All of the Japanese carried them as a good luck talisman. They were a hot war souvenir to Marines. So hot that some interpreters made them to trade to pilots for whiskey. Pilots had a lot of whiskey and

little chance to encounter a Japanese).

Cy found no flag on the body but beneath the corpses's helmet he found a postcard. The Japanese military used an ordinary kraft paper postcard made for the address on one side and the message on the opposite. The censoring officer stamped the address side with his personal stamp (han) which all officers carried with their name in kanji and then the soldier could mail the card home.

This particular card was addressed and had a full message in cursive Japanese handwriting but had no red stamp on the front, meaning that the soldier had written it, slid it under his helmet, intending to have it censored and mailed at the first opportunity. No such opportunity came. He was killed beforehand. Cy pocketed the card and brought it back home as a souvenir.

After our initial meeting in the Executive bar, Cy came to West Yellowstone annually by snowmachine with friends from Dubois. He later told me about the card and finally brought it up here in March 1980 for translation.

I could translate some isolated parts of it, including the address, but Japanese personal handwritng is tough. I sent a copy to Vernon Crenshaw at Dallas, TX who was my classmate at language school, went on to the Pacific with me and to Pelileu alone later where he was commissioned in the field. He is very gifted in Japanese translation. Vernon spent hours on the card with great success but said it was really tough going.

The translation showed that it was written by a soldier from the countryside in Aichi Prefecture north of Nagoya on Honshu to a couple of friends of his family in the area. At the time of this postcard discovery, I was fortunate to have a friend in West Yellowstone, Masaru Takimura who had just returned to his home city of Osaka on Honshu, after working several summers at the Executive Inn restaurant as a bus boy while he was studying English at Arizona U. (The locals here called him "Ben" as they could not handle the language and the restauranter (Lin Tureman) had been in the USN in Japan and could handle "benjo" (head or toilet) so he simply called him "Ben". Outside of Takimura, myself and Lin, no one knew that "Ben" was not simply a man's name). I mailed a copy of the postcard to Ben. He located the family still in the address area. The widow had never heard anything over the years about her husband but that the War Office had him listed as presumed dead. He had merely disappeared into the South Pacific. (The Japanese were defeated at Cape Gloucester and were in extreme disarray in that area). His two young boys were now adults in the area. This new development was a Godsend to the family to learn the facts about the long lost man..

Cy wrote her a typed letter telling how he came upon the card, and we sent the card and the letter to Ben in Japan. Takimura handled the details there.

The postcard translation is:

"To: Mr. Tsunesaburo Hayashi and Mr. Masazo (Crenshaw had read it as Seizo, an optional kanji reading) Kondo (two male friends of the writer)

Azanakatari (Azanakatari section), Yana-mura (Yana village), Yana-gun (Yana county), Aichi-ken (Aichi prefecture).

From: Nobuo Hasegawa

Military Mail

Hayakawa unit (his commander's name was Hayakawa), 3778 Unit (the

military field unit), Haken-gochi (the unit code name), Nankai (South Seas)

"Hello. I have neglected to write you and I hope that during that time there have been no changes in your circumstances or conditions. Thinking of you, I continue to strive with good spirits. Therefore, other matters notwithstanding, please do not worry. New Year is just around the corner and it is a very joyous occasion (because) this year's rice crop is so good. I am thinking of the various ways that you have been of assistance to my family. Thank you very much. The days are very hot but the nights are cool and it seems like autumn. There is no fruit, only the luxuriant green growth of the jungle. It seems that there is a rain squall every day. I pass my time by listening to the voices of the locusts and the birds and the sound of the waves. Since there are no calendars nor newspapers (here) and no change in temperature I (just) complete and forget each idle day. My only happiness is receiving an occasional letter from Japan. I think you are aware, from the newspapers and other media, of the situation here. More and more in the best of spirits, I continue to stand firm. From far away I pray for the health of all of you. Please relay my thanks to Suma Kondo (A female friend of the family) for her letter."

The current address of the widow whom Ben had located, was:
Mrs. Take Hasegawa
28 Mukaida, Nakauri
Shinshiro-shi (city), Aichi-ken (prefecture)
Japan 441-13

As far as I know, the Hasegawa family never contacted Cy Tjomsland after they were mailed the postcard and Cy's letter. (Attached hereto are the copies of the postcard, Crenshaw's translation, and Ben's letters). The JLS archives at U of CO, Boulder, CO have copies for their files. (JLS means Japanese Language School. Boulder was the site of the official USN/USMC JLS in WWII. All of our JL officers graduated there).

Cy died about 1985. I have been out of contact with Ben since the postcard era. I presume he is still in Osaka. Crenshaw still lives in Dallas, TX. Nothing further ever was heard from the Hasegawas except what Ben related at the time.

C.W. Dunbar, 12/23/ 2000, West Yellowstone

The Postwar Japanese Language Experiences
Cal Dunbar Vignette
March 2004, West Yellowstone

From discharge in May 1946 through the years until 1957 I had no use of Japanese.

In 1957 while I was employed by Ethyl Corporation at San Francisco as an account representative, there was a top executive of Mitsubishi Refining Corporation visiting the U.S. He was invited to a meeting with our then general sales manager from NYC headquarters Jack Pruitt. At a suite in the St Francis Hotel this gentleman was met by the SF group made up of our district manager, his assistant, Pruitt and me late one afternoon for drinks. I was included because I could speak Japanese. Pruitt allowed as how I was reputed to speak Japanese, so he would like to actually hear me. The guest who spoke fluent English was obliged to listen. I said merely: "Anata wa Beikoku wo mi ni koko e kimashita" which quite simply means "You came here to see America". He asked me to repeat it once again for him. I did. He nodded, smiled and translated, saying that was precisely why he had come here. We all laughed. Pruitt chuckled. I had passed his test. I never remember just who this executive was but he was the top brass of the corporation as I recall, an urbane distinguished English speaker, obviously warranting the attention of our NY management. Mitsubishi was an affliate in Japan of Tidewater Oil Co, a huge U.S. account of ours. I never saw this man again.

In 1958 I was told by our district manager that I was to pick up a Japanese executive, the chairman of Mitsui Chemical Corporation, show him around SF, take him to lunch and return him to his hotel. I drove up Sutter Street to the Victoria Hotel and picked up Tsuneo Kondo and his aide. Kondo was a middle-aged heavy-set cheerful fellow. His aide was a slim Duke University mid-twenties grad student who knew some English. Kondo did not. Kondo was very proud of the fact that he came from Niigata City on the Sea of Japan, the hometown of the great Admiral Yamamoto of WWII fame. The hotel was Japanese owned. I had my huge Kenkyusha Japanese-English dictionary on the front seat. I had carried it across the Pacific after it had been issued to me at the EMJLS . The mildew had ruined the fabric cover. It was the only such dictionary I had then. Kondo roared when he saw it, giving me his pocket Sanseido dictionary which he inscribed for me. Enroute the aide advised Kondo I was not the SF manager but Kondo never commented and seemed to appreciate the fact he could talk directly to me. Our manager John Koehnle knew no Japanese whatsoever. I took them to Golden Gate Park where they visited Steinhart Aquarium and the Japanese Gardens. Kondo liked the ambiance and genuine ancient pagoda there. I drove them over the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito where we lunched at the new upscale testaurant The Spinnaker. After lunch I drove them over the San Rafael bridge to Richmond down the freeway to the Bay Bridge, back to SF and the hotel, completing a tour of the whole bay. I never saw Kondo again. He seemed to enjoy the junket. I still have and use the Sanseido dictionery he gave me.

From 1958 until 1978 I had no JL contacts. We had moved to West Yellowstone in 1961 from SF.

In August 1978 the Federation of Fly Fishers, the national sportfishing group of flyfishing aficianado clubs, held their annual conclave in W.Y.. One morning I was asked by the president to meet with a visitor from Japan who had had some questions that the FFF people had trouble understanding. I met this nineteen year-old young fellow at the schoolhouse which was used for display booths. He was Toyohiro Yamada the son of a top executive with Kamigumi Trading Corp at Kobe, Japan. Toyo then had a very rudimentary grasp of English. He had a fly shop, England River Fly Shop, in Kobe. He had fished England and Scotland was well-connected and apparently heavily sponsored by his wealthy father. This was the beginning of a long association that continues to this date. He is the age of our son Romney born in 1958.

In 1979 he returned for the summer with one Takeshi Doi a fly fishing aficianado cook who had been hired by the father to accompany Toyo. Doi was several years older at about twenty-five. Doi spoke no English. They lived in a cottage, but frequented our house. One afternoon we were having a party with guests for cocktails. Suddenly the front door opened and Yamada strode up the stairs to our living room waving his hand in the air and announcing in loud tones that he had cut his finger. There was some blood but it was far from life-threatening. As our astonished group of guests looked on I escorted him into the bathroom where I treated and bandaged his finger. Thereupon he and Doi

promptly went out the door and I explained to the startled guests just what they had seen. One day he saw Grandma Romney drive in from the lake in her somewhat heavy-footed manner and jokingly termed her"Kamikaze Grandma". He was and is a character.

The two returned home in September. Doi wrote a series of articles for an angling periodical with photos he had taken here. I never saw Doi again. Yamada has returned many times, was married in our house here, has a photo business which has him traveling about with a young female "temporary assistant". We are not sure just what this amounts to but apparently his marriage is still intact with a wife and daughter in Kobe.

One interesting aspect of the Yamada relationship was his insistance on getting married in YNP in April 1992. I told him the park would not open for the season until May but he insisted that the marriage occur in West Yellowstone at least. I got the required information from Gallatin County, relayed it to him in Kobe, as to the marriage license application and the medical exams. He flew over to LA with his fiancee Yukari, a girl from Shikoku. They bought the wedding clothes in LA and came up here via Salt Lake. I drove them to Bozeman where the county clerk's office inspected their medical forms and typed out their wedding application with my help to the clerk in handling the Japanese names and places. The next day early a distraught Yamada and the fiancee came to report that her tiara, gloves and veil had been thrown out by the hotel maid. She had placed them next to the trash basket in the room. After a futile search through the previously-emptied dumpster Jan and I scrounged up replacements. The local seamstress had some white netting she sold to fishermen to put roe in for bait. That took care of the veil. Jan located the jeweled crown she had worn once in a town parade as the parade queen. That replaced the tiara. Jan located some white linen gloves which happened to fit Yukari. We were now set for the ceremony to take place that afternooon in our second story living room with the panoramic view of the Continental Divide mountains behind the snow-covered expanse across the street that had once been the town airfield. A great Montana setting.

About two PM the local justice of the peace arrived followed by our store manager Kelly with his videocam. We were all dressed up, Jan in a suitable dress and I in a blazer. We looked spiffy. The bride and groom were dressed to the nines appropriately. The JP read the service while I translated. Yukari had no English whatsoever. Thereafter we had champagne which had been cooling out front in the snow which was still a good three feet deep. Thus Toyo and Yukari were wed here. Jan and I have always thought that they must have had a ceremony in Japan previously to involve their families but we never learned. We have not seen Yukari since and Toyo only on the brief fleeting trips he has made with his assistant as he travels the US on photographic missions out of some office he maintains in LA. He is a "will o' the wisp".

In 1982 I was contacted by the late Roger Pineau of Washington DC who was researching the Enlisted Marine Japanese Language School for inclusion in his intended book *The US Naval Japanese Language Effort In WWII*. Pineau was a retired naval captain, a renowned historian who had been associated with Samuel Eliot Morison, a Japanese interpreter with the top secret OP 20 code center in Wash DC and the proponent of the historical aspects of the former naval JL school at UCO, Boulder, CO. My EMJLS and Guam buddy, the late Leroy Hansen, was the Foreign Editor of *US News and World Report* in Washington and referred Pineau to me. I supplied him with all of my photos and knowledge. I talked with him by phone there in 1983 when I went back to a house committee meeting on a snowmobile access matter. Later Pineau invited me to the 50th naval officers Japanese language school reunion at University of Colorado, Boulder, in August 1992 where I met him face-to-face. He died the next year. His contact has made me a regular with the archivist at UCO, Boulder and was instrumental in the invitation to me from this archivist to attend the 60th reunion in July 2002 which I did.

In 1985 I met Cy Tjomsland (see my vignette *The Postcard* for details) whereby we located the widow of the writer of the card Cy had picked up from a dead Japanese soldier at Cape Gloucester, New Britain in 1943 where he was a Marine sergeant in the First Marine Division.

After 1988 the Hosokawa family traveled several times to visit Lewis Robinson at his Duck Creek house outside of town. Mr. Morihiro Hosokawa was for a time prime minister of Japan, governor of Kumamoto Province, Kyushu and a relative of the imperial family. His son Mitsumori lived with the Robinsons and attended the West Yellowstone high school that winter. Jan said he was a casual student and had little regard for women teachers such as she though he became a close friend of

Lewis. Robinson's wife Linda.

In 1987 I located the owner of the WWII sword I had been given by Colonél Stent after the surrender of Rota, M.I. near Guam. Dr. Mitsuru Yazu of Kyushu entertained me in Japan in April 1988 and visited here in August 1989 with his late wife (see my clippings from the press at the time included in my vignette selection.)

The contact with Yazu has put me in current contact with Zenji Abe of Tokyo who was the IJN (Imperial Japanese Navy) CO (commander) of the Rota naval garrison with whom I talked at the shipboard surrender conference in August 1945 (see my vignette on *The Surrender of Rota*.) Abe went on postwar to retire as a colonel from the JADF (Japanese Air Defense Force) and is now a recognized participant in the USS Arizona Memorial at the annual Pearl Harbor ceremonies. Abe had been a dive bomber pilot in the PH attack who had been forced by fuel shortage to crashland on Rota later during the battle of the Plilippine Sea. He thereupon assumed command of the Rota naval force.

In 1988 in Kyushu during the visit to Yazu I fly fished with Shuichi Akimaru the bamboo rod buider of Fukuoka. He loaned me a 7' graphite rode with which I fished a small stream in the mountainous farm country where I caught five small (5"-6") yamame (they are landlocked salmon like a golden trout) on a #16 dry caddis. Aki has been here many times and will conitinue to do so. He has donated several of his bamboo rods and nets to the IFFC at Livingston. He has given me a bamboo rod, a bamboo landing net and several fly boxes made of native fruitwood, all handmade by him.

Aki was a great friend of the late Kazuhiro Ashizawa, the Tokyo flyfishing author who founded Japan Fly Fishers. Ashi was a frequent visitor here. He died of cancer several years ago. Aki wrote a memorial to him which I translated for the Henrys Fork Foundation quarterly at the time. They held a memorial ceremony in July 1997, the year after his death when Ashi's ashes were deposited in the HF by his widow Sachiko and their two daughters. Jan and I later entertained them at our Romsett cabin at Hebgen Lake. We are in ccntact with her in Tokyo.

Ashi was instrumental for many JFF anglers to come to W.Y. I have known many over the years. Tarumi, Sato, Yamaoka, Yamamoto, Ishii and Watanabe to name a few. Ashi had Aki give a presentation on flyfishing for yamame (the native non-anadromous salmon that populates the country's streams, looks like a golden trout and rarely exceeds twelve inches in length) at the 1987 West Yellowstone FFF conclave. I translated Aki's story on yamame fishing for the FFF magazine, *Flyfisher*.

I have done translations periodically. In the 1980s I translated the visitor warning about animals and thermal features for the visitor newspaper handout for the entrance gates. This warning is printed in several foreign languages such as German, Spanish and French.I had no computor to write the kanji, so I recall reprinting by hand the lines several times until all of the kanji looked even. Several years later my kanji were replaced by a neater computor message apparently written by a native speaker who made some editing to make the message less stilted.

In the mid-80s I made a voice tape for the Forest Service to use at the Earthquake Lake visitors center. The script was some twenty pages typewritten in English. I struggled with it in my spare time for several months, looking up all sorts of geologic terms as well as converting feet to metric scale. I sent a tape copy to Doi in Kobe as I knew he spoke no English. He replied that he understood it all but that I would have to speak much faster as Japanese were impatient and would be bored. I practiced talking rapidly and cut four minutes out of the twenty-minute tape. In the final rapid-fire version I made a few small grammatical errors but I let them go as, if I kept redoing it, I might make further errors, ad infinitum. It was not the best tape in the world but the USFS used it for years.

One group of Japanese Christian students led by an American pastor from Tokyo heard it and afterward came into the store to meet me. It could not have been too bad. They got the message and were enthusiastic.

About 1985 a French student was gored by a bison in Hayden Valley, YNP. He was traveling with three Japanese students. They had taken photos of this bull quietly eating alongside the road. The Frenchman wanted a closer photo so handed over his camera while he advanced to about six feet from the peacefully-eating bison. His close approach triggered an immediate response. The bull gored him in the stomach, tossing him in the air and walked away. The victim was eviserated. The park responders drove him to Lake hospital from whence he was flown to SLC for care. He died of bacterial peritonitis six weeks later. Chet Keller, the retired Washington State University professor who has been the seasonal ranger for years at the west entance, brought the three hospital report forms in Japanese

kanji into the store the next day. He asked if I could translate them. Luckily they were in handprinted kanji (kaisho), not the inscrutable cursive script characters (sosho). I said that I could. After the first report the story was the same. Simple. The writers were descriptively gory. "White glistening intestines, gushing red blood, etc". Next morning Chet came for them. He asked if I was confident of the translation. I replied that I was. All three stories were the same. The park service was concerned because a foreigner was the victim. I told Chet that my friend John Lounsberry was the ranger for Lake District, and he was to tell John that "If it is good enough for the Marine Corps it is good enough for the Park Sevice!". Chet did and John and I joke about it every time we meet each other on the ski hill at Big Sky.

I have been asked many times by shopkeepers, the police and others to assist with everything from confused customers to problems of auto accidents and jewelry robberies. Also the local chamber of commerce office has called me over to interpret visitor requests from time to time through the years. I have also translated many articles for locals appearing in the Japanese flyfishing magazines. The authors accompany these stories with many color photos of the area and local fishermen in action, so the locals are intrigued as to just what had been said about them. Also there has been a plentitude of snowmobile articles for the winter tourist magazines. I have accompanied several parties of Japanese authors into YNP and elsewhere at the request of local concessionaires and the state tourist office in Helena.

Recently I was at the local airport here to see someone off on a flight. On the incoming flight was this thirtyish Japanese lady bearing a backpack from which a metal packrod tube projected. I asked her in JL if she flyfished for trout. She said she had done so often in Japan and here several times. I asked her if she had known Ashizawa and currently any of several JFF anglers I mentioned to her. She replied she certainly did. Suddenly she said "You are Dunbar!" Astonished, I asked her how she knew that as she said that we had never met. She replied that I was well known in Japan among flyfishers. I guess that if you are the only Japanese-speaking flyfishing angler hereabouts, it is readily apparent. I guess that I had better watch my Ps and Qs, my Mother used to warn us, "Remember who you are. You never know who knows you".

Butch Roosevelt

A Vignette of the Guam Days, 1944 - 1946
Cal Dunbar, formerly Sergeant, USMCR
G-2 Language Section, Island Command, Guam
West Yellowstone, MT June 2004

This is the story of a Guam POW who was a Korean laborer impressed by the Japanese and captured by the Marines in the invasion of Guam in July 1944.

One day in October 1944 I returned from noon chow to the "old" stockade (it was simply a bunch of pyramidal tents in a hollow surrounded by a string of barbed wire in which POWs had been incarcerated since the closing days of the campaign, about mid-August 1944. (The "new" stockade which was the permanent one used until well after I left Guam in April 1946 was built by POW labor some two hundred yards away across the Agana Heights highway. It consisted of nipa huts with woven thatched palm frond roofs built on foot-high coral stone foundations with coral sand [cascao] floors). Arriving at the stockade I was told by my fellow enlisted interpreter Bob Kraft that we had just received an interesting POW. He was a Korean brought by a jeep driver and had presented us with an interesting dossier.

I went to the entrance and bade the POW come out. He was a tan-toned fellow about the age of twenty-five with sharp facial features, a gold canine tooth, shiny black hair, a clean-cut physique of medium stature, well-cut hair, a high-pitched voice, dressed in immaculate new Marine khakis and fairly newly issued boondocker shoes. I saw to it that the MPs had given him a temporary cot and went to our language tent-office. There the officers in formed me to get him instead a cot outside the stockade in one of our tents as he was going to be treated as a PAL, or Prisoner-at-Large, meaning he would have freedom of the area outside the stockade, with no duties and was to eat at our mess hall. We thought this a rather odd arrangement, we had no such other POWs. I was shown his manila envelope dossier which contained several interesting letters, complete with letterhead and appropriate sender signature.

One was from the CO of the 21st Marines (regiment level) to Hdqs, 3MarDiv (division level) requesting he be attached permanently to the regimental language unit; another from 3MarDiv to 5th Amphibious Corps (corps level) passing on the request, then on up to FMFPAC (USMC Pacific headquarters level) to HQMC (headquarters for the entire USMC) in Washington, DC. The reply from Washington was negative: he was to be treated as a regular POW because he was a Japanese national and his use would contravene the edicts of the Geneva Convention negating the of POWs as combatants. So here he was at our stockade as an ordinary POW.

The local decision for PAL status was made, probably by our G-2 Colonel Stent and approved by the Island Commander, Major General Larsen, that his conduct had merited special treatment permitting him limited freedom.

This Korean, Kan Chu Bon in Korean (Chu Bon Kan in English word order), using the alternative name of Yasumoto Shuho in Japanese (Shuho Yasumoto) was born on Cheju Do (Saishu To in Japanese), a large island off of the southern Korean peninsula near the Tsushima Straits west of Kyushu and southern Honshu of Japan. Korea had been occupied by Japan since 1910 so he was forced to learn Japanese and even adopted the Japanese name for use in a Japanese environment. He was impressed into the Japanese army as a laborer according to the usual treatment of Koreans by the Japanese military machine. As such he was transported to the Pacific and stationed at Guam, probably in 1943.

After the Marines landed on 21 July 1944 to retake Guam, he fled north toward the refuge of the dense scrub jungle area on the plateau which later became the B-29 bomber airfields. There he was captured by the 21st Marines of the 3MarDiv who were advancing northward. The Marines were interested in neutralizing the remnant enemy forces in the region and he volunteered to assist them as an additional interpreter. Our language people were few for the many required patrols so he was quickly accepted. Under the Geneva Convention this was OK because these were patrols aimed at peaceably persuading surrender of the enemy and were not combat-oriented. He was never armed.

A few weeks later the 3MarDiv went into permanent quarters to train for the next operation

(Iwo Jima 3/45) and the pursuit of all Guam stragglers was assigned to us at G-2 Island Command. This program was organized and directed by our island G-2 (Intelligence), Colonel Stent. No other units had language people or broadcast equipment. They simply turned any incoming POWs over to us for processing. They were not proactively seeking Japanese.

When the regiment stopped policing the area and went into training they had no further use for his services, the request for permanent asssignment having been denied by the heads of the USMC so he was sent to our stockade where I met him. The field Marines could not handle his oriental names so they nicknamed him: "Butch Roosevelt". Butch was a common American nickname and Roosevelt was our US president. This was something they could handle; easily remembered and not derogatory. So we continued to call him Butch.

Butch became a feature of our area. When the new stockade was completed in December 1944 he was assigned to sleep in one of our unit huts accomodating twelve cots and did so thereafter. He made a patrol with us where we broadcast to stragglers in dense jungle areas.

This night we were in the dense area on the plateau north of Dededo village in northcentral Guam. We were forced to walk out from the broadcast location because we had trouble with the truck that hauled our generator. The jeep we had would not carry us four, the two Japanese POW broadcasters, me and Butch, as passengers. We hiked alongside the jeep driver following a primitive tank road to a nearby proper road where we were to wait while the driver could bring back a larger truck to take us all. It was about one-half mile to this developed road along the tank track through dense cover. It was a pitch black night. I knew if we got jumped the enemy holdouts would kill Butch for certain as they disliked Koreans and he was helping us. I asked him if he knew about revolvers. He said he did. I gave him my Colt .38 which my father had sent me from home because we enlisted men had difficutlty getting the issued .45 Browning. He gave the pistol back to me when we reached the rendezvous with the truck. I have often reflected on the chance I was taking, giving an enemy POW a loaded pistol, but at the time I thought that anyone who had helped fellow Marines and had received the accolades he had from Marine brass deserved at least a fighting chance if some hostile holdouts struck us. The two Japanese POW broadcasters did not reflect any feeling whatsoever. They probably figured that any Korean would be friendly to us anyway.

One afternoon I met Butch walking along the Agana road with a Chamorro (Guamanian native) buddy. They evidently were returning from the town of Agana a couple of miles down the hill. They were well outside of the stockade area so I made Butch hop in the jeep and returned him to the stockade grounds. I reminded him that he was off limits. He replied that it was nothing unusual. A few days before he had been over to the Chamorro (Guamanian native) village of Sinajana about a mile from the stockade. I told him that if the Guam police found him there it might mean trouble with the colonel. He told me that he would not be turned in. As he was sitting in a house a police patrol did enter, look around, speak to the Guamanians there and leave They looked at him but said nothing, probably figuring he was some sort of a relative. I figured that Butch was determined to act independently regardless so never intervened any more. I know he came and went into areas we Marines could not go without a pass, but his being oriental and a friend of those locals gave him cover we lacked. I never paid further attention to his actions figuring that I had given him due warning.

One day the colonel phoned telling me to bring Butch to his office. I did. The colonel told me that another colonel friend of his on the command staff wanted an orderly and to take Butch to see him. This colonel was waiting in the senior officers' area. It was a highly restricted area for the island command staff of colonel rank and above. Each such staff officer had his own pyramidal tent to himself with a cot, desk chairs, locker and outside lounge chairs overlooking the coast and sea - nice accomodations. This colonel explained to me that he wanted an orderly to spruce up the place daily for which he would pay him cash. As I recall it was an adequate sum. I explained to Butch stressing that he could deposit the money in the Bank of Guam towards his future repatriation with a tidy sum in US cash for returning home. Also as a part of the benefits Butch would have access to a restricted area in which he might make important contacts among those officers who were in a position to be his possible benefactors. Butch declined forthwith. I carefully re-explained the deal to him. He again refused. I told the perplexed colonel of his refusal and he replied that if that was his decision that was that. I took Butch back to the stockade and went to Colonel Stent and reported. Stent was disgusted, said that the decision was entirely Butch's, but he was passing up a good deal. I think this was the

turning point in the colonel's sympathy for Butch.

Once I encountered Butch in the outside stockade area talking to a young US naval lieutenant. They were speaking rapidly in what I presumed was Korean. After the officer had left I asked Butch who he was. Butch said that he was the son of a family of prominent missionaries long in Korea. Butch had never met him before, a chance encounter. Butch had only heard of the family. The name was Underwood. I said you mean, in Japanese, "Kinoshita: "under-the-tree" in Japanese". He said that was correct as the name. Years later, in West Yellowstone where I am active in the Presbyterian church, I looked up Korea in the church booklet of missions. There was listed a Horace Underwood and a Jane Underwood in Seoul. Recently I read that Horace died. I do not know anything about Jane at all, sister or wife?

Butch several times spoke respectfully of a Korean leader then in the Soviet Union who would one day return to a freed Korea as savior. I paid no attention to the name at the time but I am certain he was referring to Kim Il Song, the dictator father of the present dictator Kim Il Jong. The father established the post-Japanese-war communist regime in North Korea to which the present son ascended upon the death of the former Kim. This original Kim represented the trouble we had in the Korean War. As soon as the Japanese were gone he took over North Korea, made it communist and aligned it with the Soviet Union bloc. Butch was impressed with the original Kim then in exile from the Japanese.

Finally in mid-1945 Butch requested to be put inside the stockade where there were a few other Korean laborer POWs. He gradually had become bored with his inactivity and the lack of companionship. He spoke no English. His activities had become a nuisance to the guards responsible for his whereabouts. He desired to associate with his own countrymen from whom he had been isolated as a PAL. I told the colonel of his request. The colonel, apparently relieved, thought it was a good idea and quickly consented. Butch went inside the stockade as a regular POW subject to the working parties and the regimentation of confinement. I never spoke with him thereafter because he became simply one of the many POWs in the stockade.

When I was visiting Colonel Stent at his Warner Springs, CA home in 1950, his son Jack was then a Marine sergeant serving in Korea. Stent remarked about the fierce riot that just had erupted when the Korean-Chinese POWs temporarily took some US guards hostage at the US army POW stockade on Cheju Do (Butch's home island, incidently). We went on to discuss the poor administration of that stockade to permit such a riot and digressed to the topic of Butch and the Korean communists in general. Stent remarked that Butch was probably in the thick of the communist movement as a troublemaker in Korea. He had little good regard for Butch whom he regarded as an ingrate to the Marines. The 21st Marines had treated him well, we had treated him well at Island Command but that stubborn contrary streak of some Koreans of that era, "The Irishmen of the Far East", ran deep. These were contrary folk, harboring deep grudges over their subjugation for so long by the Japanese. Today, fortunately, South Korea is over this attitude, becoming our great friend with their solid contribution in the Korean War, Vietnam and their present rise as a world-class democratic economy.

In February 1946 it was decided that the POWs who had helped us in the psychological warfare program by broadcasting on our loudspeakers, writing surrender leaflets and the like were to be repatriated at once rather than await the general repatriation of the entire group of the POWs we held. The fear was that there might be reprisals against these men enroute to Japan on Japanese ships with kangaroo courts and summarily executing them by throwing them overboard. There might be some Japanese military diehards who would regard them as traitors and treat them accordingly if they had the opportunity. Rather than risk this it was decided that these POWs, termed "proselytes" (converts) by our intelligence people, were to be transported in safety on US ships well ahead of the general populace to permit them to take cover in Japan before the others would arrive. I learned of this decision and requested of the colonel that I be assigned to the detachment as interpreter. I wanted to see Japan. He granted my request (see my vignette Not So Strangers on a Train for details).

We assembled a roster of some one hundred fifty POWs who qualified, embarked them on a LST and proceeded to Japan. Enroute, at Saipan, we picked up one-hundred Okinawan peasants for transport to Okinawa. They had been agricultural laborers in the sugar cane fields for the Japanese. Enroute to Okinawa I developed bacillary dysentary, probably from these primitive Okinawans, was hospitalized for a week on Okinawa in the fleet hospital and flew on to Japan to meet our G-2

lieutenant who had taken the POWs on to Japan from there. We then flew back to Guam.

I am certain that Butch was included in that group of repatriated POWs because he had participated in the rounding up of stragglers with the 21st Marines and would be considered a Marine proselyte by revenging zealot militarists bent on reprisal. I cannot definitely recall him in the group enroute. I had lost personal contact with him earlier the year before when he became a regular POW in the stockade lockup. I have never heard anything further about him since those Guam days.

Japan Trip, April 1988

Vignette of Cal Dunbar, former sergeant USMCR
West Yellowstone, MT, September 2004
For the Dunbar family

This is a record of the trip to meet Dr Mitsuru Yazu who had been a naval doctor for the garrison at Rota Island, Marianas in WWII then using the surname Matsushita. His sword had been confiscated at the surrender of that island in September 1945. Colonel Stent our Guam G-2 had given it to me as a souvenir for my participation in that surrender as his interpreter. (See my vignettes on that August and September 1945 period). I had finally located Yazu (see the material on the sword return) and mailed the sword to the Kyushu postal authorities in December 1987 (air postage was $85 US to mail the wooden box made especially for me by the W.Y. school shop teacher Jeff Hungerford). The postal authorities in Fukuoka turned it over to the provincial antiquarian who examined it and determined the blade was indeed made right there in the old Bungo province where the present Fukuoka City is now situated about 1580 AD in the reign of the Emperor Tenjo, some 400 years ago. It being a bona fide antique Yazu was given in February 1988 an official certificate permitting him to keep it as an antique whereas otherwise it would be proscribed under Japanese law as a weapon. The sword return was the subject of considerable media publicity in Japan. Our West Yellowstone entrepreneur Lewis Robinson was chairman and president of a new Far East marketing venture Montana International Trade Corporation (MITC) in operation with a proposed trip to Japan and Taiwan scheduled for April 1988. He thought that it would be apropos for me to accompany the group of three Montana people as "senior advisor to the chairman and president" of MITC. He wished to capitalize on the current intense media interest in Japan as to the sword. I accepted to go on the two week trip.

Besides Lewis and me there was Jack Haffey of Anaconda the vice-president for rates for the Montana Power Company (MPC) and Tom Staples of Butte the executive secretary for MITC.

We four flew to Seattle on Saturday April 9, stayed overnight at the Seattle Sheraton Hotel. Sunday April 10 at 12:40 pm we took a Northwest Airlines fight to Narita Airport, Japan, arriving 2:35 pm then Monday April 11. Narita airport was a mass of parked 707 jets because that is the plane used for international travel by airlines. The line of aircraft tails dominated the horizon. At Narita Lewis and I had a beer with the late Kazuhiro Ashizawa and his wife Sachiko. "Ashi" was a longtime flyfishing friend of mine who came to W.Y. annually. He was the most prominent flyfishing author in Japan, organizer of the Japan Fly Fishers and whom might be regarded as "The Lee Wulff of Japan". I had never met Sachiko before. I was transporting an oil painting of a Japanese *yamame* (their landlocked cherry salmon which correspnds in their fly fishing experience to our trout) which Morimoto the painter friend of Ashi's wanted to reproduce. This artist had donated the painting to the International Fly Fishing Center museum at West Yellowstone with the proviso that he could reproduce it whenever he desired. I gave the oil to Ashi. Lewis and I rejoined our partners and flew on to Taiwan where we stayed at the posh Asiaworld Plaza Hotel in downtown Taipei, the capital.

Next morning, Tuesday April 12, we went by conducted van to the Taiwan capital at Taichung some forty miles south. We sat in the gallery of the legislature where there were heated debates all of which were simply unknown Chinese harangues to us as we had no interpreter. We had lunch at a large round table in an alcove. A lady served as interpreter to our group. We four were joined by about six legislators who spoke no English. I sat next to a huge fellow of the staff who had been in the army. He was friendly. We had toasts of a clear vodka-like beverage in small glass cups. It was obviously potent; it looked like "white lightning" - the straightrun bootleg distillate of Appalachia. This seatmate tried to get me to take several glassesful by his frequent toasts but I was very careful not to overdo and let it go with a couple only. The capital porte cochere and entrace hall had large statues of Chang Kaishek and the red cloth banners along the walls obviously extolling his virtues. Lewis greeted Assembly Chairman Kao but unfortunately had left the gift of a Big Sky Carvers wooden duck intended for him on the airport bus in Seattle. Wife Linda Robinson saw that it reached the chairman afterward. Following the lunch we were returned to our Taipei hotel.

Wednesday April 13 we were guests of a Taipei businessman who had had Montana grain

dealings for his brewery operation. He had been to Montana and knew Staples and MITC in Helena. He invited us to his posh club uptown. We four and his two aides: one who spoke Japanese and a smattering of English and the other a huge fellow referred to by him and Staples as "Big Brother". Drinks were served by two attractive lady club bartenders. The lunch was on a round table with a lazy-susan full of Chinese delicacies. After we returned to the hotel and dinner we four went to an evening meeting of about a dozen foreign trade people in an upstairs meeting room downtown.

Thursday April 14 Lewis and I went to the museum where the artifacts of the Chinese culture had been evacuated from Beijing when Chang Kaishek and his Republic of China left the mainland for Taiwan to escape the Communists. This museum is a large single story brick structure on a hill north of downtown Taipei. Tight security is maintained. No cameras are allowed. The displays are in secure glass cases. There is a multitude of fine ivory and jade carvings and ceramics in the cavernous gallery. Of particular interest is a map painted on five-foot wide tan fabric which is about fifty feet long extending along almost an entire wall of the gallery. This map of the Yangtse river was painted for river boat pilots to use navigating the river. It is very detailed as to shoals, obstructions, islands and the like. Fascinating. After several hours of browsing we returned to the hotel, checked out and at 4 pm boarded our flight for Fukuoka. The Cathay Pacific airlines pilot in his British Hong Kong accent advised us that our flight would be held up for a few monutes due to runway traffic. It was dark when we took off from the Chang Kaishek Airport for Japan. We arrived about 8 pm at Fukuoka airport where the Yazu family was awaiting us. They had been there for a good hour or so due to our flight delay.

The young customs guard looked at my Japanese books and laughed when I referred to my "*jibiki*" (literally translated "character extractor" or the classical style term for a Japanese *kanji* dictionery). He said that term *jibiki* was old-fashioned. It was simply "dictionery" nowadays (it comes out *dikushunari* in the Japanese imitation of the English word). He kidded Lewis that I was "spaced out". Anyway, we entered the airport lobby while the guards were all laughing.

There were Dr and Mrs Yazu with one of their daughters Michiiko, her husband and their three young sons. This son-in-law, Dr Hiromichi Minamikawa, is an orthopedic surgeon, head of the Orthopedic Surgery Dept at the Fukuoka University School of Medicine. The young sons aged about five, three and one were dressed in blazer jackets, ties and carried plastic-wrapped bouquets of flowers which they presented to each of us. Mrs Yazu, Itsuko, was dressed in a beautiful kimono her face formally whitened with powder and Dr Yazu, Mitsuru, was garbed in a western silk suit. Everyone was all "dressed to the nines" for the greeting occasion. I had told Itsuko on the phone from Montana not to come over from their city of Yukuhashi, an hour away by car, at that time of night but she insisted that our arrival be welcomed by them. I introduced our party. None of the Japanese there spoke English but they understood it all. After some twenty minutes of greeting conversation we departed with the plan that the Yazus pick me up at the hotel after lunch on Saturday to take me to their town for three days. Our party checked in at the posh New Otani Hotel in downtown Fukuoka.

Friday April 15 our party spent contacting *Kyushu Denryoku* (Kyushu Power Corporation or KDC) executives. KDC was the "sister company" in Japan to MPC. MPC had provided training for exchange KDC personnel in Butte over the years. After lunch we called on an executive named Sadeo Takano where we presented a series of drawings by Bozeman sculptor Jim Dolan for consideration by KDC. Dolan's metal sculptures of the historic Japanese heroic warriors Miyamoto Musashi and Sasaki Kojiro whose epic battle would be the first of such historical samurai events to be featured in theme parks proposed to be built over the next twenty years for national attention. Dolan is the sculptor who has done a lot of Bozeman sculpture such as the flying geese over the staircase at the airport and the herd of elk in front of the bank on Main Street. One of the younger KDC managers, Mr Naohiko Matsuno, had had an American education and served as our interpreter in all of these KDC contacts. (He and his wife Hiroko later visited Lewis in West Yellowstone.) Nothing was decided at that time on the theme park and I have never heard any further developments since. Later in the afternoon later we were taken to a nearby park for a chance to see the cherry blossoms then in full bloom. There were a lot of picnickers enjoying the "*hanami*" (literally: flower viewing). We visited the KDC power museum and had a chance to sit in the KDC executive board room where there were several valuable vases in alcoves as well as an original John Constable oil painting on the wall. His style was recognizable to me instantly, very similar to his famous *The Wain Wagon.* I was really impressed to see a real Constable original. It was just hanging there, not especially protected. That evening we were guests of several

KDC executives at a fancy French-style restaurant called The Clouds in downtown Fukuoka. (In the course of our KDC contacts we had met Mr Koji Odajima the executive managing director of Kyushu Telecommunication Network who later in 1991 with his wife Machie and two sons visited the Robinsons in Montana. They then gave Jan and me an exquisite eight-inch Arita bone china dish in a grape leaf pattern made in Saga, Kyushu by the ceramist Seiji Fukagawa. Arita bone china is one of the very best of Japan. (It is currently hanging in our kitchen.)

Saturday April 16 we MITC three had lunch at the New Otani Hotel with the two KDC managers , Mr Masaaki Takemura and English-speaking Mr Naohiko Matsuno and the Yazus. We also were joined by Shuichi Akimaru my bamboo rodmaker friend who lives in Fukuoka city with whom I had fished in Montana. He had made a presentation on flyfishing for *yamame* to the Federation of Fly Fishers conclave the previous year. We made a plan to meet the next day to fly fish for *yamame*. After lunch Dr and Mrs Yazu came for me in their car driven by a friend. It was a nice Japanese righthand drive white sedan. The drive to Yukuhashi city took about an hour or so.

Yazu's house is adjacent to his clinic, (now operated by his son and called the "Yazz Clinic"). The clinic is a two-story concrete building next to his house, a single-storied rose-colored block house with a walled garden enclosing a fishpond full of *koi* carp. The entrance dining and living rooms are western while the recreation room is oriental with a low table and tatami-matted floor. Everyone in the house was excited at our arrival. "They're here. they're here" was shouted in Japanese. I was led into the living room where there were several TV and newspaper correspondents who were pleased to speak Japanese with me. I met Mrs Fumie Matsushita married to Yazu's nephew. Yazu had changed his surname from Matsushita to Yazu, his wife's surname, after the war because he had surviving brothers and she had none. The sword was surrendered at Rota under his then-name Matsushita. "Naval Medical Lt,jg Mitsuru Matsushita" was the name written in *kanji* (*Kaigun Guni Chui Matsushita Mitsuru*) on the muslim identification strip. The Japanese military on Rota had to account for every weapon. Yazu told me that even his set of surgical scalpels were confiscated, they being deemed dangerous as knives. An after the correspondents left we saw later that evening the TV broadcast of my arrival at Yazu's on the NHK (*Nihon Hoso Kaisha* - Japan Broadcasting Company) channel in Fukuoka. The broadcasting news anchors made much of the fact that the sword had reappeared after a lapse of 43 years.

Yazu then took me to the Japanese-style Miyako Hotel owned by a lifelong school chum. I had a room with a western bed as well as a tatami-mat floor with *futon* pillows. I checked in, put away my gear and he returned me to his house where we had a fancy Japanese-style dinner. Present were one of his doctor friends who spoke some English, Mrs Itsuko Yazu, his nephew Dr Satoru Matsushita and wife Fumie, Yazu's son Tsuyoshi and fiancee Noriko Matsuo seated around the low round table on the tatami-matted floor. The doctor friend, Yazu, Yazu's son and nephew wore western suits while the son's fiancee Noriko Matsuo and Mrs Yazu wore elegant kimonos. The entrees were all raw seafood; bream, octopus, eel, tuna, shrimp, lobster and such. Fumie, the nephew's wife, came in with a round plate with paper-thin slices of raw fish of a slightly green cast, almost transparent. The slices were artistically arranged in an overlapping circle around the plate. In the center of the arrangement was an artistic white confection design of a crane. Very fancy. I asked what the fish selection was. The reply was "*fugu*". Now *fugu* is the globefish with glands containing a nuerotoxin which can be fatal. Fugu is processed by highly-trained experts duly licensed by authorities after passing a rigorous examination. I cringed to Fumie, replying "*doku*", meaning poison. She and the others told me that it was entirely safe to eat. I replied that if she were going to eat it I would certainly do so. She did and I did. It tasted tart to the tongue with a slightly astringent flavor. It was delicately delicious in its unique way. I think that the Japanese take pleasure in its notoriety as well as its taste. I am sure that Yazu included it for me as an item of interest to the evening because of its well-known potential toxicity. After a bounteous banquet of these assorted raw seafoods we were entertained by a kimono-clad five year-old grandson to an *odori* (dance) of a traditional type complete with fan and elaborate bowing and gesticulation. The evening festivities then ended and I was driven back to my hotel.

The next morning Sunday April 17 I was met by Yazu and his driver friend who drove me to a railway station on the Fukuoka- Beppu highway an hour's drive south from Yazu's home so that I could flyfish with Akimaru. We stopped off briefly along the way at a roadside spring area of note. At the station we met Akimaru and his four flyfisher friends; three men and one's wife, all about forty.

Having equipped me with waders and gear, Aki and I fished first in the boulderstrewn stream *Narukogawa* in Oita prefecture, the prefecture which neighbors Fukuoka to the east. This stream runs along the highway which connects Fukuoka to Beppu, the popular seaside resort, to the east. I used the #3 lined 7-foot 2-piece graphite rod Aki had made with a #16 elkhair caddis fly on a 6X tippet. I was surprised that the fly size was that large as the stream and the fish were of small scale. I had several rises but no takes in the this rapid-flowing stream. By then it was lunchtime so we all had a picnic lunch at a roadside pullout. Yazu had brought along a *bento* (picnic meal of rice, raw fish, pickles and soy sauce in a wooden box with chopsticks) for me. After lunch we drove further up into the rural mountain area of Oita prefecture to a valley of farms surrounded by lowlying slopes. These were really small farms with tiny fields and brick houses with thatched straw roofs. There was a TV antenna on almost every house poking up from the straw. Incongruous. Cows were behind fenced grazing portions. The tractors in evidence were tiny of *Kubota* make, almost toy-like. They were tiny because the fields they worked were tiny. We parked on the rural road and Aki led me to a small stream running amongst the farms. This creek was the *Okugokawa* river at the Kujumachi village district of the Bungo-Nakamura countryside, that historic ancient region of Kyushu famous for fuedal wars and samurai warriors. The three- to four- feet deep flow was abour six-feet wide, low gradient with somewhat deeper bends and an occasional pool perhaps eight-feet deep, a really small creek. I cast upstream dryfly-fashion working upstream and caught five small *yamame*, the native landlocked trout-like cherry salmon which is the Japanese version of our trout. The largest I caught was about seven inches long. A whopper *yamame* might be twelve inches long, (called a *shakumono* or "foot-long one" in Japanese), but they are caught in the remote less-fished mountain areas and are rare in that length. Aki said I had done well. I gave him back his tackle, waders and vest. I asked about a fishimg license as I was uneasy about not having one. He said this was no problem. (In Japan they have river associations instead of government supervision and I guess the whole thing is treated somewhat lackadaisically). However some Japanese anglers informed me later at home that they do, in fact, require licenses. I guess Aki was going to have me plead complete ignorance should I be stopped. A merely typical *gaijin* (foreigner). On the way back in Yazu's car we passed several mushroom plantations where the mushrooms were growing under black plastic covers in long rows under the pines. I presume these were the *shitake* variety that are imported to the States and we sell in our Food Roundup supermarket. Yazu, the driver and I rode toward home.

Enroute about dusk we stopped at a roadside restaurant. I was the only occidental in the crowded place filled with folks on Sunday holiday. Yazu ordered us a meal of *Bungo yakiniku* (Kyushu barbequed beef) which we ate with chopsticks (*hashi*) on low tables Japanese style. It was dark when we exited and the hour-or-so drive home was uneventful. At the hotel I had the driver read a sign for me hotel which I had found puzzling. It explained the hours and rules for using the hot spa. I had seen kimono-clad families in the corridor earlier and assumed that there must be hot tubs somewhere.

The next moning Monday April 18 I looked out the window on the town bordering the river which flows through the city to a scene of uniformed students going to school afoot or on bicycles. I went down to the dining room for breakfast. There were few folk in there. One elderly woman asked if I were visiting. I told her the sword story that had been carried in all of the papers: the national and regional *Mainichi, Sei-Nihon, Yomiuri, Asahi* and the local Yukuhashi newspaper as well as the NHK TV news broadcasts. She laughed and said she seldom read the paper and had not seen the TV. The hostess, a middle-aged matron, brought me the standard guest breakfast. It was typically Japanese: raw fish, a hard-boiled egg, rice and some pickled vegetables. I asked her about the pickled vegetables. She said she did not know the specific vegetables. They were simply *tsukimono* (pickles) to her. There was a young business-suited salesman for Upjohn Pharmaceuticals there who told me that he regularly called on Dr. Yazu's office.

About 9:30 am after breakfast I was met by the limousine bearing Yazu and Mrs Yazu. We were dressed well, jackets and ties. She wore an exquisite kimono. We were driven to the city hall for the mayor's reception. We were so carefully dressed as Mrs Yazu had told me that the mayor was a *daiji na hito* (important man) so we were on our manners.

We stopped at the porte cochere of the city building (a building not unlike the Bozeman federal building). A square brown brick three-story affair with a green carpet extending from the entrance to the entry steps. At the foot of the carpet a young lady officially greeted us. She handed me a plastic-

wrapped bouquet of longstemmed flowers. Mrs Yazu bade me enter the building. As we walked up the porte cochere to rhe entrance, the building wall on the right was lined with people, all clapping. At the door there was sign in English: "Welcome Mr Dunbar", We entered the lobby. Everyone was clapping, as we entered the elevator. At the top floor we exited to more clapping. I thought to myself: "Dunbar, you had better remember this at the next town council meeting. They won't be doing this for you in West Yellowstone!" We walked into the reception room. It was festooned wih a large US flag on the wall and crossed miniature US/Japanese flags on the central coffee table. The mayor, assistant mayor, and various press correspondents filled the room. A Ms Hiromi Takegami in her late-twenties was present as our appointed city interpreter. She told me that she had worked for Hitachi Electric Corp in Tokyo previously. Her English was excellent. We actually did not need her interpreting sevices for the contacts as my Japanese was adequate but she was a pleasant person to be around and she told me a lot about the city and the personages present that I would have not known otherwise. She made my contacts easier because she knew the people and the territory.

The mayor was Sukeo Hori, 72, a taxi magnate with a fleet in Kyushu and in the neighboring province of Oita to the east, particularly in the resort area of Beppu. Hori had been a school chum of Yazu's. He spoke little English. He welcomed me to Yukuhashi and presented me with the artistic miniature samurai helmet with bow and arrow, in Japan a gift presented on Boys' Day in May to one's boy relations of esteem. It comes with a black enameled wooden case upon which the helmet may be placed for display. The helmet is of heavy metal goldplated with semi-precious stone adornments. It even has a feather duster in the kit to aid maintenance. It is altogether a work of art, complete with a goldplate *kanji* character *Zen (Mae)* identifying the maker. (It is presently atop the chest in our dining room.) Hori unsheathed the miniature sword and smilingly said that they were giving me a sword also. After about an hour of talk and press photos we adjourned to go to the Hori residence for lunch. The party consisted of the mayor, the assistant mayor, the Yazus, Ms Takegami, some city PR man, their city photograher Coachan Fujiiki and me. On the way out of the city hall we stopped briefly in the city council chamber. Yazu insisted that being a city councilman at home I should sit in the mayor's seat behind the podium in the chamber. I did. They thought it great sport because I was on the West Yellowstone town council. The city PR photographer Fujiki took photos as we all laughed.

The mayor's house in the Yukuhashi suburbs occupied several acres of ground, something special in land-expensive Japan. It faced a lake, had a hill constructed of soil and rocks, several varieties of topiary shrubs and trees, a pond with large multicolored *koi* carp swimming around, a large multicolored Great Dane dog and a substantial one-story house. It was one-half English country style and one-half Japanese style behind an imposing gated entrance. Obviously Mayor Hori was a man of substance. We entered a Japanese-style dining area in the Japanese section of the house. The low-lying table had a recessed carpeted pit in which our legs fit as we sat around this low table. Lunch was Japanese fare served by liveried waiters. After lunch the mayor and Mrs Hori bid us adieu. The mayor had to return to work. The rest of us toured the city.

(Hori wrote me in May 1988 right after the trip. Mrs Hori sent me several photo albums of their house and yard. He died suddenly of cerebral hemorrage Sept 1992, four years later, age 76, after just having been re-elected mayor.)

That afternoon we went to the seaside *Bokai-so* Hotel on Minoshima beach in a group of seven: the Yazus, interpreter Ms Takegami, PR cameraman Fujiki, two city officials and me. There we were to have a brief clamdigging picnic. We were given spades, buckets and rubber boots. We set about digging their clams along the beach. The tide was out exposing the sand flats. Mrs Yazu had worn *mompei* the Japanese peasant pants, the rest of us merely stepped into rubber boots and waded along the strand digging up clams.The clams were put in the buckets. After about an hour we had collected quite a few clams. These clams were yellowish brown three inch-long slender bivalves of the razor clam type. We walked back to the hotel where a patio room had been set with a lowslung table. The clams were prepared by the hotel staff and we had a quick picnic lunch. The cameraman Fujiki, a real character, joked that he realized who Dunbar-san looked like: "Popeye!". I guess my chin and manner of talking out of the side of my mouth had rung a bell with him. We all laughed heartily and I felt good that they felt comfortable enough to kid me.

We stopped at the hillside *Susa Jinja* Shinto shrine reached by a long steep stone stairway from the road. Yazu told me to clap before we approached up the stair to announce our arrival to the gods.

I did and rang the bell hanging by the entrance. We were greeted by the resident priest Mr Takatsuji an outgoing erudite gowned man in his late fifties. We went to an alcove reception room where he served us tea and cakes while discussing the sword matter with Yazu. The priest said that he had known of several swords being consecrated there for military people. I thought this a unique Japanese custom whereby the sword is given the mystic qualities of a personal protector. I know Yazu had referred to his sword as his protector (*mamori*) in one Japanese newspaper article. To a western military person such as a Marine this concept seems weird. The Marines always thought that using swords in the Pacific was downright foolhardy. The concept of knighthood and spritual prowess against modern weapons was completely foreign to them. They thought that fighter pilots carrying swords into the cockpit were misguided.

Next Yazu took me alone to the Green Pea Grocery Company headquarters where I met the CEO Norikazu Sasada and assistant Yukitada Miyahari. We were escorted to one of their nearby supermarkets. It was about an 10,000 sqft operation full of busy shopping housewives. After a while a bell rang announcing closing. I was surprised as it was only about six pm, still daylight. That evening we met Mr Sasada at a Japanese-style restaurant where we three dined together. (I guess that Yazu footed the bil)I. Afterward Yazu and I picked up Mrs Yazu wife, were driven to my hotel room, sat on the tatami-matted floor and discussed events of the day.

The next morning, Tuesday April 19 I walked around the city with one of their young city PR men who knew considerable English. We were joined by the Yazus, interpreter Ms Takegami and cameraman Fuji. In downtown Yukuhashi most of the streets were narrow, reflecting the age of the city, pre-automobile. We stopped at the local catholic church, a white clapboard edifice with a statue of fair-skinned Christ in front. Inside there were a few middle-aged people silently kneeled in prayer. On the wall was a paper banner saying in *kanji* the biblical phrase from Matthew 28: "Go forth into the world and tell all peoples my story". I was surprised to see this quotation that I had heard so many times in English translated into Japanese *kanji*. Outside again, we saw the adjoining parochial school primary students leaving for the day. Each was wearing the same dark blue school uniform and carried the same yellow book-backpack. I noticed that the supervising habit-clad nuns were all Japanese. When the Yazus were visiting in the living room in West Yellowstone the next year I remarked that I was the only caucasian to be seen in Yukuhashi that day. Mrs Yazu said that I was overlooking that statue of Christ (strictly caucasian) in the churchyard and chuckled.

It was time to leave Yukuhashi and catch the early afternoon train for Kobe. I was escorted by the group to the station where we met the niece-in-law Fumie Matsushita and her son of three whom she had brought to meet me . I was to take the fast express train the *Shinkansen* (New Rail Line). Mrs Yazu told me to board the train quickly when it arrived. I did and I was off to Kobe.

At Kobe about 6 pm I was met by the parents of Toyohiro Yamada who had spent lot of time in West Yellowstone fly fishing and had become a close friend of ours. He is exactly our son Romney's age. I was met at the station by Mr and Mrs Yamada. Mr Hiroshi Yamada, about 60, was one of the managing directors of *Kamigumi* Trading Corporation which had huge warehousing and international transhipping facilities in the five major ports of Japan. It is a huge important operation. The Yamadas escorted me to dinner at his exclusive executive restaurant in Kobe. Mrs Yamada said that she had never been there before.

It was an upscale place: decorated in the spartan *shibusa* style ("less is more") with a series of raised tatami-floored alcoves which had sliding matted doors for privacy. We were in one that had the capacity for about eight people. There was a Japanese vase with flowers in one corner alcove. We had removed our shoes in the corridor prior to entry into the dining area. The classically kimono-clad waitress slid back the door each time she brought an entree and closed it upon serving.The food was Japanese of a very sophisticated type. The restaurant dinner hostess was an urbane lady in an elegant designer dress. A posh place! (Mrs Yamada allowed as how she had never been there before.) After dinner we took a cab to the Yamada townhouse where I met Toyohiro's slightly older sister and her Hitachi engineer husband who were living there. After visiting for a few minutes we left them and proceeded by cab to the Yamada apartment where the parents actually lived. I was to stay the night with them there. Mr Yamada showed me the library where I would sleep on quilts on the floor. He then showed me the gift they had for me. It was a miniature silver fan of some eight inches inlaid with gold mounted in a glass display case. (It is now on our living room chest here). It was shipped to us in

Montana later. I snuggled into the warm quilts and slept.

The next morning, Wednesday April 20 about 7 am after Mrs Yamada had fed us breakfast Mr Yamada walked me around the neighborhood. This *Sumiyoshi* district of Kobe is where most of the old *sake* breweries are located. These wooden structures currently in use are several hundred years old. He pointed out to me where several famous *sake* wines are made. I am glad that this area was spared in WWII. There was a unique golf driving-range a couple of blocks away. It is six-stories high serviced by elevators with golfers able to drive from each level into a tall net some thirty or so yards away. It can accomodate several hundred golfers practicing drives at once, a clever use of the very crowded space in Japan. Mr Yamada was picked up every morning at eight am by company limo to be taken to his downtown office.

After Mr Yamada went off to work Isamu Hasegawa came in his van to take Mrs Yamada and me on a tour of nearby Osaka where he lived. Hasegawa had come to West Yellowstone to flyfish with Toyohiro previously. He drove us to his house where we met his wife, then to his shop where he custom-made kimonos of high quality and finally to the private school where he introduced us to his two little girls of primary school age. His shop had about six seamstresses in it stitching on sewing machines that were on tables only about a foot above the tatami-matted floor. The girls sat on the floor Japanese-style to operate them. He showed us one blue kimono of exquisite silk being embroidered with white cranes. He said these kimonos are valued at several thousand US dollars and are for special occasions such as weddings. We rode around Osaka looking at the Osaka Castle (*Osaka Jo*) from a distance before going to the railway station. At the depot we had a quick counter lunch of squid before I had to board the *Shinkansen (*New Electric Train) for Tokyo to rejoin our Montana group there. Mrs Yamada had upgraded my ticket to first class instead of coach, a nice gesture she just paid without consulting me. I am sure that there was a price increase to do so. I boarded the train shortly after noon waving farewell through the window to Hasegawa and Mrs Yamada on the platform. I have not seen them since.

On the northbound train I had a window seat on the left looking west. Enroute I saw Mt Fujiyama, the tea and mandarin orange groves of Shizuoka province and the everpresent carp flags flying in the yards of the rural residences indicating that the family had a son or sons. The Boys Festival in the spring warrants a family to fly a carp flag should they have a son. The carp signifies strength and courage, the masculine virtues. My seatmate, a middle-aged man, never spoke word one to me the whole trip, either sleeping or feigning sleep. I am certain he could hear my conversation. Some Japanese simply dislike us. I had a conversation with a pleasant middle-aged lady across the aisle and had to step back and forth over the legs of this sleeper in order to show this lady the news articles of my sword adventure in Yukuhashi in which she was most interested. I was careful not to touch the sleeper's shins. The lady asked me if my wife in the US also knew Japanese. I replied"*Nihongo ga zenzen dekimasen"*, meaning she "can't speak Japanese at all" The lady laughed and said *"Eigo ga zenzen dekimasen"* meaning "I can't speak English at all".

The *Shinkansen* train is worthy of note. It travels at a good 150 MPH. It is so smooth-riding that you do not notice the speed except when you look at the dial in the corridor registering the KPH (kilometers per hour) speed. In the lounge your drink on the table does not even quiver. When the train accelerates leaving and decelerates coming into a station it does so so smoothly that there is not even a ripple in the glass. I was impressed. For a crowded country where automobiles for the general populace would create all sorts of traffic problems the local train systems and the express system for distance work great. The US would do well to apply the rapid transit system more here instead of plugging the freeways and highways with congested auto traffic. Maybe we will get around to the futility of auto congestion eventually. In Japan in the metropolitan sectors of the large cities the local transit system, surface and underground, are superb. Of course Japan is very small heavily-populated country so it all works. Still the USA would do well with a Shinkansen-type Amtrak train on the coast-to-coast run.

Entering Tokyo the train goes through the cities on the west shore of Tokyo bay such as Yokosuka and Yokohama. The US navy has had a base at Yokosuka since the occupation in the former Imperal Japanese Navy base. I had been in the area in March 1946 when I repatriated some POWs from Guam (see my vignette *Not So Strangers on a Train*). At that time entire sections of the cities along the Tokyo bay western fringe where the industrial ares had been were nothing but rubble from the

bombing. One could look across a vast area and see nothing except for an isolated shack here and there. The whole area was devastated. Now this whole area has been entirely rebuilt with high-rise modern buildings, up-to-date streets and altogether a bustling metropolian scene. I was amazed at the difference. It was all new to me. Before, in 1946, I had been able to retrace my way at night from a billet back to the headquarters from which I had been driven by jeep. The assigned billet was full so I looked across several bombed-out blocks to the lighted headquarters building whence I had been originally dispatched and simply walked to it in the dark even though I had just arrived in Tokyo and was completely unfamiliar with the territory. Today this same route would be impossible as it would be invisible amid the maze of high-rise buildings. Unbelievable, the postwar progress there.

The train arrived in late afternoon at the downtown Tokyo *Shimbashi* station which I had last seen in 1946. I carried my luggage the considerable distance to the entrance as there were no porters in evidence and entered a waiting taxicab in the cabline. Enroute to the Capitol Tokyu Hotel we passed the Diet (their congress) and other government buildings. This central Marunouchi section was where General MacArthur and the occupying forces had had their headquarters. I remember that the US Navy headquarters were in the "Old Forester Buildnig". MacArthur had his SCAP (Supreme Commander Allied Powers) office in the Daiichi building. I had gone to his office one day when I was looking for my Guam lieutenant (see my previously-cited vignette). Japan has come a long way since 1946. I looked out the cab window at a policeman directing traffic. I thought that he looked a lot like the POWs I had interrogated at Guam, young, tough and spartan. Somehow the military bearing, uniform and all registered. Remembrances of an era past! I arrived at the hotel situated on a hill near the government area, paid the driver who had a time giving me change. I guess that I had hit him with a large bill, entered the hotel - a posh place, and went up to my assigned room. The other Montana folk presently contacted me and we went to a busy restaurant bar in the crowded Ginza district where we ate and drank beer surrounded by lots of people. Amid the din I regaled the MITC fellows with my visit to Yukuhashi. Thereafter we returned to the hotel.

Thursday morning April 21 my friend Ashlzawa came to the hotel and together we went by cab to his house in the Daita neighborhood of Tokyo, about a fifteen minute ride. Enroute Ashi told me about his wife Sachiko's father who had been a lieutenant general in the Imperial army as plans officer in Singapore. He was tried at the Tokyo war crimes tribunals postwar and sentenced to five years in Sugamo prison. He had not participated directly in any atrocities but owing to his rank as a leader the crime of warmaking was attributed to his responsibilty as a planner. He served the time but was broken by the stigma and died shortly after his release. Sachiko is an attractive lady, mother of two girls, a good English speaker whose education had included ballet dancing. We .were greeted at the door by Sachiko. The teenage girls were elsewhere.

Ashi's house was a pleasant one-story residence of some 2000-plus sq ft. Ashi had told me in the cab that houses in Japan were "small", as if I expected a mansion. It had a pleasant garden. The room over the garage was Ashi's study where he wrote his fly fishing magazine articles and books. Ashi was a world-traveling fly fisher - USA, Canada, Alaska, New Zealand, Iceland, South America, almost everywhere salmonoids are flyfished. The walls were lined with fly rods and all sorts of waders and hip boots. Next to his desk was a complete flytying section. It was some array. Sachiko made us tea and cakes in a conversation that lasted a couple of hours before his neighbor Takeshi Watanabe a fellow flyfisher, JFF member, flytie , author and frequent West Yellowstone visitor, who had joined us for the session, drove us back to the hotel. Ashi set a date for a luncheon with some JFF people the following day.

That night I joined the MITC fellows at a party with several Japanese trade people in a hotel. We were served Japanese fare which included a bowl of raw squid in a salty opaque brown sauce. It really was bitter to the tongue. One of the trade people, a lady, Ms Hisako Fukazawa, of the PR dept for the Tokio Marine Medical Service, Ltd, told me that I certainly did not have to eat it; that a lot of Japanese did not like the dish. I ate it anyway. Meanwhile over several glasses of *sake* Jack Haffey the MPC Irishman and I expostulated as to how the Irish priests had saved western civilization during the Dark Ages. He spoke and I translated. We spoke of the Book of Kells, cloistered monasteries, the Roman church vs the Celtic church and the like. After a couple of hours we escorted the lady to her train and the fellows went out on the town. They took us to a bar called the "Ladybug" in a financial side-district. The hostesses in this place which was a watering spot for executives were Americans.

The longlegged twentyish blonde with whom I spoke was from Montclair, CA, near Claremont, where her father was a fireman. She was in Japan on a lark and had there for a few months. I suppose that she was well-paid, deemed exotic by Japanese men and she regarded it all as a life-adventure. It was by now later than midnight and I was tired by the very long evening. Eventually we were deposited back at the hotel. Japanese executives live a hard life and between the corporate working pressure and the entertainment I do no think they spend much time with their families who are forced by the high costs to live in the distant suburbs at considerable commute distance. Returning to my room I retired relieved to be free at last to do so.(Ms Fukazawa and another member of that hotel party group, Naoshi Kawabata of Urban Institute K-Planners, did visit Montana later that year to investigate possible venture opportunities with MITC.)

On Friday April 22, our last day in Japan, I met Ashi, Sachiko, Morio Sato, Motoo Tarumi and another JFF fellow for lunch at Ashi's invitation. After contemplating the available spots the Ashis decided on the hotel, an expensive proposition but handy. After lunch the MITC folk and I checked out, caught the hotel limo, waved goodbye to the Japanese and departed for Narita airport. Our Northwest Airlines 707 left for Seattle at 5 pm.

The flight back was the usual 11 plus hours during which I managed to sleep a little in the cramped passenger seat. Hours later over the darkened Pacific I saw lights in profusion far below us. I finally figured out that fishermen were netting squid attracted to the surface by the bright floodlights. That made sense as we were thousands of miles from any metropolis. Dawn came and Haffey said: "Wake up Cal the fish are biting!" We landed in Seattle at 9:30 am the same day. Lewis and I tranferred to a 1:30 pm NW fight to Bozeman via Spokane. We were met by Linda Robinson at Bozeman at 5:40 pm who drove us to West Yellowstone arriving about 7:30 pm.

Thus ended my fourteen day trip to Taiwan and Japan. The occasion when I first met Dr Yazu. Not only did I meet him face-to- face but I was entertained royally for three days by the Yazus and the Japanese people in their hometown of Yukuhashi. The MITChad.paid for all of the expenses of my trip as I had served MITC as senior advisor. I feel that my presence did provide media attention and public interest that would have been lacking otherwise. The return of that 400 year-old sword had caught the public eye in Japan.

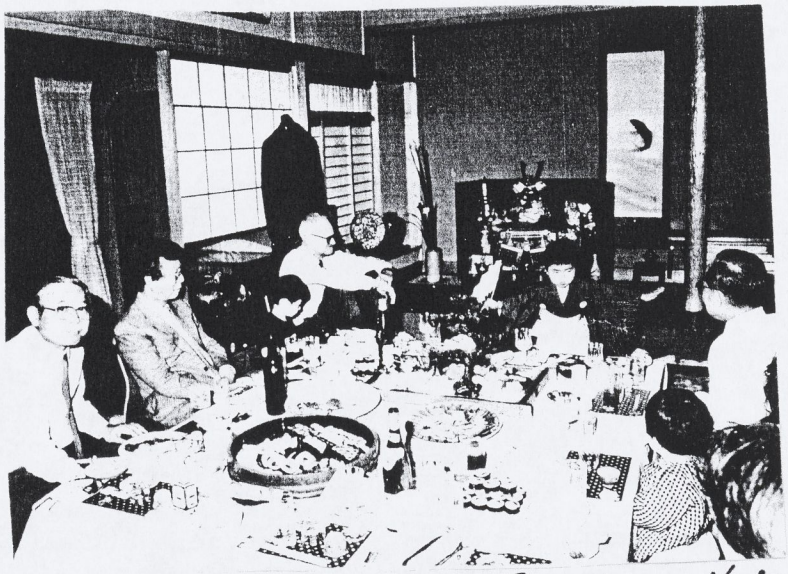
Dr Yazu told me that our case was truly unique because the war souvenir was returned directly to the original owner by the war area participant, a person-to-person matter. In the other cases the original owner was dead either from the battlefield encounter or from the subsequent passage of postwar timThe souvenir usualy passed to arelative of the original owner. Ours was the meeting of the actual original sword possessor and the actual original former enemy sword recipient. Luckily we had both survived the years to make direct contact. This singularity entranced the Japanese public.

I am grateful for Lewis Robinson's kind invitation to me to join the MITC tour. I know that otherwise I would probably never have had the opportunity nor the wherewithal to visit Japan to meet Dr Yazu personally.

In 1989, the following year, the Dr and Mrs Yazu made a visit to West Yellowstone. I will deal with that visit in a forthcoming vignette.

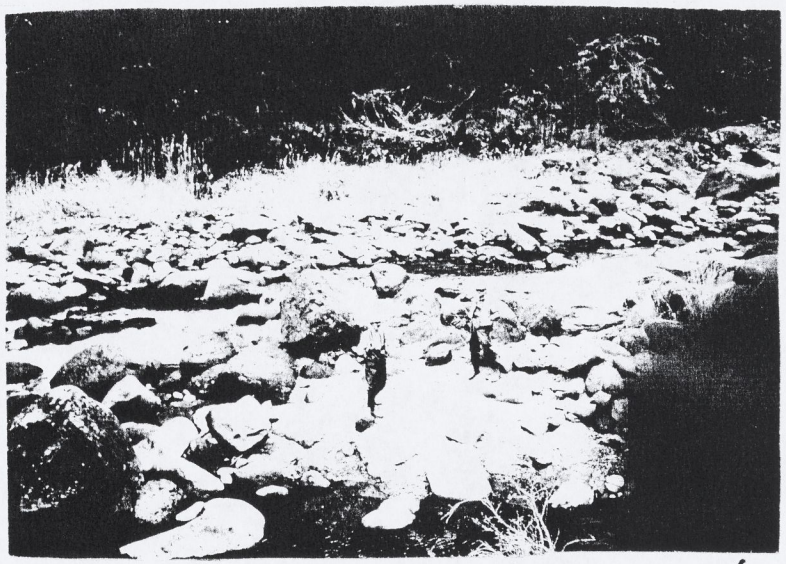
Thursday, April 14th, Fukuoka Airport
Yazus Minamikawas

Saturday, April 16th, Otani Hotel, Fukuoka
Lewis Robinson Shuichi Akinaru



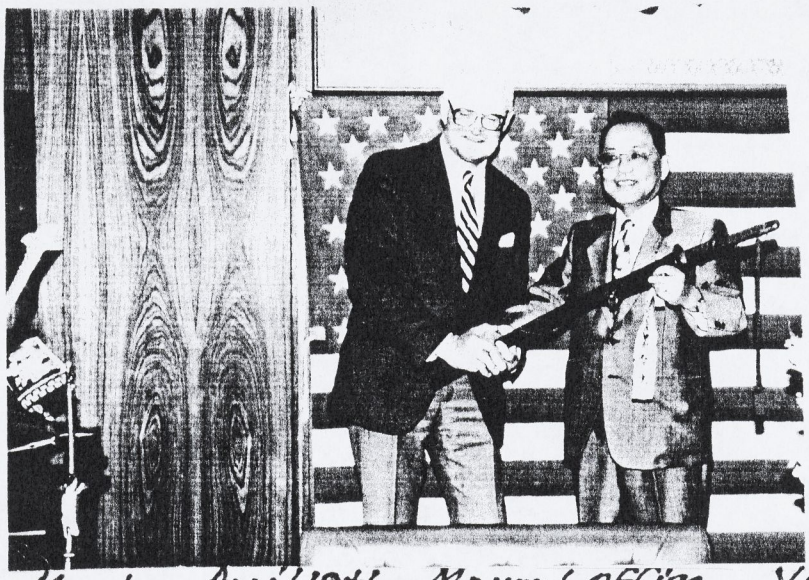
Saturday April 16th, Yasu Resickeee, Yukuhashi City
Matsushita. Friend. Nephews sons. Yzzu Atsuko

San Tsuyoshi. Fiancee Noriko. Fumie.
Michiko Minamikawa
satoru Matsuo

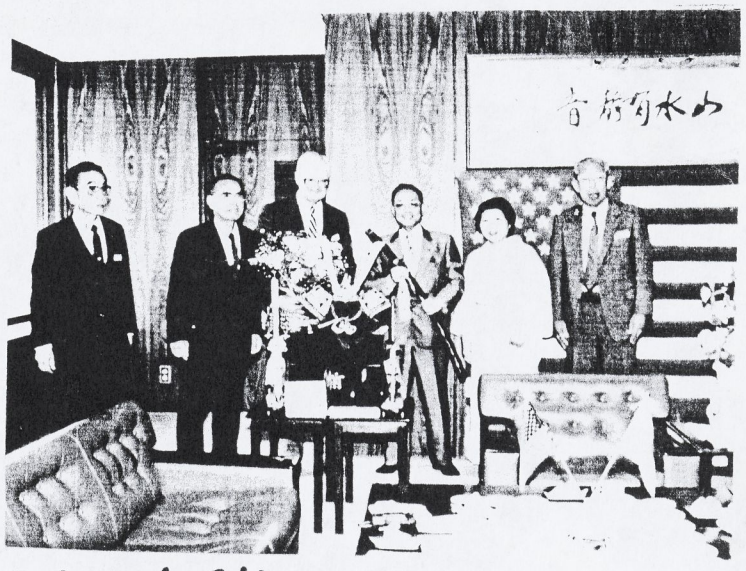


Sunday, April 17th, Naiukogawa, Oita-Ken
Akinaru (L) Dumbar (R)

Sunday, April 17th, Okago kawa-
Oita-ke



Monday, April 18th, Mayor's office, Yukuhashi - City
Dunbar Yazu

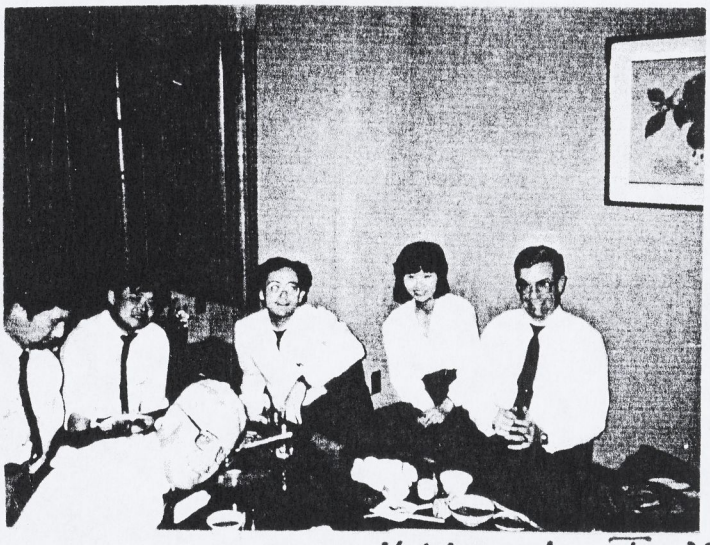


Chief of Staff, Mayor Hori, Dunbar, Yazu, Hsuko, Asst

Monday, April 18th, Garden of Mayor's house
Dunbar, Hsuko, Mayor

Monday, April 18th, Bokai-so Hotel,
Minoshima Beach
Hsuko

Monday, April 18th, Minoshima Beach
Yazus Dunbar



Thursday, April 21st, Hotel party, TOKYO
- Kawabata, Staples, Ms Fukazawa Robinson